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THE WORKS OF
JOHN RUSKIN

EDITED BY

E. T. COOK

AND

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1907

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VOLUME XXVIII

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTERS 37-72

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Lesson Photograph: N°1

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Virgin and Child with St. John

From the picture by Fra Filippo Lippi

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTERS TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN

VOLUME II

CONTAINING

LETTERS 37–72

1874, 1875, 1876

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1907

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INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXVIII

This volume contains Letters 37–72 of *Fors Clavigera;* that is, volumes iv., v., and vi. of the original issue (1874, 1875, 1876). Full particulars of the original publication, and of subsequent alterations, are given in the Bibliographical Note (p. xxiii.).

To the general account of *Fors Clavigera*, given in the Introduction to Vol. XXVII., it is only necessary to add here a few particulars about Ruskin's movements and enterprises during the years 1874–1876. Two features of the present volume will strike every reader. One is the bulk, in spite of the brevity of its prefatory manner; the other is the more and more distinctively Christian tone of the author's teaching. To this latter point he himself called attention in a subsequent Letter.[1] Both these features of the volume are connected with a phase of Ruskin's history, which has been described in a previous Introduction. The time covered by the present Letters of *Fors* was the time of his "conclusive" sorrow.[2] The romance of his life came, after much tribulation, to a tragic ending; and, as Carlyle noted, "despair on the personal question" made Ruskin "go ahead all the more with fire and sword upon the universal one."[3] Thus *Fors Clavigera*, and the business of the St. George's Guild which grew out of it, came to occupy more and more of his time and thoughts. The correspondence connected with it greatly increased, and the numbers of *Fors* itself became longer. At the same time their tone became more definitely religious, and their temper was heightened. The writing of these Letters, with their passionate appeals and note of mystic fervour, greatly excited Ruskin, and this is probably the reason which led Carlyle to regret their continuance. "Ruskin," he wrote to his brother, Dr. John Carlyle (November 6, 1875), "has not sent me the *Fors Clavigera* this month, hitherto. Does that mean anything? I fear it does not mean that he has given it up altogether!"[4]

[1] See Vol. XXIX. p. 86.
[2] See Letter 61, § 3 (p. 486).
[3] See Vol. XXIV. p. xx.
[4] *New Letters of Carlyle*, edited by Alexander Carlyle, vol. ii. p. 316. Carlyle's pleasure in an earlier number of 1875 is noted below, p. 319 *n.*

Several of the earlier Letters in this volume are written, it will be seen, from Italy, where Ruskin spent several months in 1874. The influence of his sojourn at Assisi was particularly marked, both in causing some revision of his estimate of Italian art, and in quickening his spiritual life. These impressions are noted by him in *Fors*,[1] and have been discussed in an earlier Introduction.[2] The sketch of the Sacristan's Cell at Assisi, introduced into the present volume (Plate II.) was made at this time.

The development of Ruskin's schemes in connexion with St. George's Guild appears in the Letters themselves, and the subject is further dealt with in Vol. XXX. One or two minor enterprises, to which incidental reference is made in the present volume, may, however, here be noted. One of these, which belongs to an earlier date, was an endeavour to exhibit "an ideally clean street pavement, in the centre of London, in the pleasant environs of Church Lane, St. Giles's."[3] This modern instance of cleansing Augean stables was to be the first Labour of St. George, as Ruskin explained in the following letter to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (December 28, 1871):—

> "Sir,—I have been every day on the point of writing to you since your notice, on the 18th,[4] of the dirty state of the London streets, to ask whether any of your readers would care to know how such matters are managed in my neighbourhood. I was obliged, a few years ago, for the benefit of my health, to take a small house in one of the country towns of Utopia; and though I was at first disappointed in the climate, which indeed is no better than our own (except that there is no foul marsh air), I found my cheerfulness and ability for work greatly increased by the mere power of getting exercise pleasantly close to my door, even in the worst of the winter, when, though I have a little garden at the back of my house, I dislike going into it, because the things look all so dead; and find my walk on the whole pleasanter in the streets, these being always perfectly clean, and the wood-carving of the houses prettier than much of our indoor furniture. But it was about the streets I wanted to tell you. The Utopians have the oddest way of carrying out things, when once they begin, as far as they can go; and it occurred to them one dirty December long since, when they, like us, had only crossing-sweepers, that they might just as well sweep the whole

[1] See Letter 76 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 90–91).
[2] Vol. XXIII. pp. xlv., xlvi.
[3] Letter 48, § 3 (p. 204).
[4] A paragraph complaining of the condition of the streets.

of the street as the crossings of it, so that they might cross anywhere. Of course that meant more work for the sweepers; but the Utopians have always hands enough for whatever work is to be done in the open air;—they appointed a due number of broomsmen to every quarter of the town; and since then, at any time of the year, it is in our little town as in great Rotterdam when Doctor Brown saw it on his journey from Norwich to Colen in 1668,[1] 'the women go about in white slippers,' which is pretty to see. Now, Sir, it would, of course, be more difficult to manage anything like this in London, because, for one thing, in our town we have a rivulet running down every street that slopes to the river;—and besides, because you have coal-dust and smoke and what not to deal with; and the habit of spitting, which is worst of all—in Utopia a man would as soon vomit as spit in the street (or anywhere else, indeed, if he could help it). But still it is certain we can at least anywhere do as much for the whole street, as we have done for the crossing; and to show that we can, I mean, on 1st January next, to take three street-sweepers into constant service; they will be the first workpeople I employ with the interest of the St. George's fund, of which I shall get my first dividend this January; and, whenever I can get leave from the police and inhabitants, I will keep my three sweepers steadily at work for eight hours a day; and I hope soon to show you a bit of our London streets kept as clean as the deck of a ship of the line.

"I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

"JOHN RUSKIN.

"*December* 27, 1871."

Ruskin was as good as his word, and in the following January his brigade was at work. He himself was the bishop, or overseer, of this work, and his diary, as has been already noted,[2] shows that he carefully numbered and took stock of his labourers. A passage now appended to *Fors* shows his interest in their domestic economy.[3] He took the broom himself, for a start; put on his gardener, Downs, as foreman of the job; and often drove round with his friends to inspect the works. He ascribes the collapse of the experiment to the removal of his personal direction when he left Denmark Hill for Brantwood.[4]

[1] Dr. Edward Browne, the son of the author of the *Religio Medici*, Sir Thomas Browne. Writing to his father from Rotterdam, in 1668, he says: "The cleanenesse and neatnesse of this towne is so new unto mee, that it affoordeth great satisfaction, most persons going about the streets in white slippers" (*Life and Works of Sir Thomas Browne*, 1836, vol. i. p. 154).

[2] Vol. XXII. p. xxv.

[3] Appendix 3, Vol. XXIX. p. 535.

[4] See below, p. 204.

Something must be allowed, also, for "the young rogue of a crossing-sweeper" mentioned in *Fors*. He was "an extremely handsome and lively shoeblack, picked up in St. Giles'. It turned out that he was not unknown in the world; he had sat to artists—to Mr. Edward Clifford, to Mr. Severn; and went by the name of 'Cheeky.' He used to be caught at pitch and toss or marbles in unswept Museum Street. Ruskin rarely ever dismissed a servant; but street sweeping was not good enough for Cheeky, and so he enlisted. The army was not good enough, and so he deserted; and was last seen disappearing into the darkness, after calling a cab for his old friends one night at the Albert Hall."[1] And so the enterprise was abandoned; but sometimes when I find a piece of London road which is better swept owing to the quickened zeal of our municipal authorities, I seem to see the figure of Ruskin with his broom among the workers.

The other experiment, to which Ruskin refers in the same place in *Fors*, was the starting of a tea-shop. This was opened in 1874 at 29 Paddington Street, near his Marylebone property. The painting of the sign—"Mr. Ruskin's Tea-shop"—which caused him (he tells us) some months of artistic indecision,[2] was ultimately undertaken by Mr. Arthur Severn. Ruskin "resolutely refused to compete with neighbouring tradesmen either in gas or rhetoric"; and it is to be doubted whether the absence of these allurements was compensated for by the set of fine old china, bought at Siena, with which he dressed his shop-window. Two old servants of his mother's, Harriet and Lucy Tovey, were installed as shopwomen, and when, two years later, Harriet died, the shop was abandoned.[3] The experiment had a very useful purpose. Ruskin's object was to sell pure tea only—a matter in which, as a confirmed tea-drinker, he was somewhat of a connoisseur; and also to sell it in packets as small as poor customers chose to buy, without making a profit on the subdivision—a very important point in the domestic economy of the poor, especially at times of alteration in the tea-duty. When I hear of larger, and more successful undertakings on the same basis, I seem to see Ruskin behind the counter; and I recall a practice which was to prevail in the Utopia of his master: "For, if I may venture to say a ridiculous thing, if we were to compel the best men everywhere to keep taverns for a time, to carry on retail trade, or do anything of that sort: or if, in consequence of some necessity, the best women were compelled to take to a similar calling,

[1] W. G. Collingwood, *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 293.
[2] See p. 205.
[3] See Letter 67, § 23 (p. 661).

then we should know how agreeable and pleasant all these things are. And if they were carried on according to pure reason, all such occupations would be held in honour, and those who practised them would be deemed parents or nurses."[1]

Ruskin's movements during the years covered by this volume are recounted in earlier Introductions. During the later part of 1873 and the earlier months of 1874 he was much in Oxford,[2] and the volume opens with an incident at his lectures there (p. 14). Then came the foreign tour, already mentioned, during which he wrote Letters 41–47 and part of 48. At the end of 1874 he was again in Oxford, but the years 1875 and 1876 were mostly spent at Brantwood.[3] The death of "the woman whom he hoped would have been his wife" is foreshadowed in Letter 49 (p. 246), and this was the cause of his partial retirement from Oxford. His interest in the peasants around his country home appears in the Letters on cottage libraries (50, 51, 59). The driving tours, which have been described in an earlier volume,[4] appear in Letters 50, 52, and 66. A visit to Arundel[5] is mentioned in Letter 62. In August 1876 Ruskin went to Venice, but before he left he visited the property of the St. George's Guild at Barmouth, as mentioned in Letter 69. His stay at Venice, in connection with *Fors Clavigera*, may more conveniently be treated in the Introduction to the next volume.

With regard to the *illustrations* in this volume, only two of the plates—namely, the specimen of "Lombardic Writing" (IV.) and the facsimile of "Nelson's Writing" (VI.)—appeared in the Letters as issued by Ruskin; for with Letter 37, the frontispieces to *Fors* were, as he explains, suspended (p. 25). He issued, however, in another form, several illustrations which were discussed in *Fors*. One of these was an enlargement from a woodcut in Holbein's "Dance of Death." The enlargement was made by Arthur Burgess, and from this autotypes were taken which Ruskin placed on sale to readers of *Fors*, through his agent, Mr. William Ward. In the present volume the enlargement has been re-cut on wood by Mr. H. S. Uhlrich (Plate III.).

Next, Ruskin selected four photographs of well-known works of art to serve as elementary standards or lessons. He sent copies of the photographs to his Museum at Sheffield, and placed others on sale,

[1] Plato, *Laws*, xi. 918 (Jowett's translation).
[2] Vol. XXIII. p. xxx.
[3] Vol. XXIV. pp. xx.–xxxiv.
[4] Vol. XXIV. p. xxvii.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. xxvi.

again through Mr. Ward.[1] These "Lesson Photographs," as they were called, were of the following works:—

1. "Madonna and Child, with St. John," by Fra Filippo Lippi, in the Uffizi at Florence (*Frontispiece*);

2. "The Etruscan Leucothea," as Ruskin named it—a bas-relief in the Villa Albani at Rome (Plate V.);

3. Titian's "Madonna with the Cherries," in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna (Plate VII.); and,

4. "The Infanta Margarita Teresa, as a Child," by Velasquez, in the same gallery (Plate VIII.).

This numbering corresponds with the order in which Ruskin selected the examples, and is adopted in his list;[2] but historically of course No. 2 precedes No. 1, and readers should note that he sometimes calls the "Leucothea" the "first Lesson Photograph."[3] Modern criticism, it may be added, rejects alike the Etruscan ascription and the identification of the subject as "Leucothea with the infant Bacchus"; there can be little doubt that the work is an early Attic sepulchral relief (see further, on this subject, p. 574 *n.*). In this volume the "Lessons" are represented by photogravures from selected photographs.

Ruskin makes many interesting remarks on these four examples in the text; and in one place (p. 574) he remarks that the "Etruscan Leucothea" stands half-way between "the Egyptian Madonna" and the Florentine Madonna of Lippi. A woodcut has accordingly been introduced in this edition (Fig. 11) of a bronze of Isis and Horus in the British Museum. A comparison of the three examples is interesting as showing the development of an artistic type. The other illustrations printed with the text were all in the original edition. Another new plate (IIA.) introduced in this volume, is a woodcut by Mr. H. S. Uhlrich, showing a page of a Thirteenth-Century Psalter: the reason for its inclusion is explained in a note to the text (p. 324).

The two plates not yet mentioned illustrate the Letters from Assisi. Plate I. is a photogravure from Giotto's fresco of "The Marriage of St. Francis and Poverty," described in the text (p. 164). Plate II. is a photogravure of two sketches by Ruskin—in pencil and body-colour ($6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ each)—which are framed together in his Oxford School (Educational Series, No. 296[4]). The upper sketch is of the façade of the Upper Church at Assisi; the lower, of the Sacristan's Cell which Ruskin used as his study.

[1] See below, pp. 459, 550, 574, 625.
[2] At p. 625.
[3] See, for instance, p. 626.
[4] See Vol. XXI. p. 101 *n.*

For general remarks on the *manuscripts* and *text* of *Fors Clavigera*, the reader is referred to the preceding Introduction.[1] Passages of interest, given from the first edition or added from the MS., will be found here on pp. 403, 420, 564, 576. In connexion with a passage attacking Mr. Gladstone which Ruskin afterwards withdrew,[2] a facsimile of a letter to Mr. George Allen, giving him instructions to that effect, is inserted (p. 403). The other facsimiles are of a passage of much personal interest (p. 81); and of the first draft for "St. George's Creed" (p. 420).

E. T. C.

[1] Vol. XXVII. pp. lxxxviii.–lxxxix.
[2] As explained in Letter 87, Vol. XXIX. p. 364.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—For general Note on *Fors Clavigera,* see Vol. XXVII. p. xci. Here details are given of (1) the issue of Letters 37–72 in separate form; (2) the issue of the same Letters in octavo volumes; and (3) the curtailments in the same Letters made in the "Small Edition" (see Vol. XXVII. p. c.).

(1) LETTERS 37–72: SEPARATE ISSUE

Title-pages were not issued with these Letters. The title on the front of the wrapper of each of them was as follows, the only changes being in the numbers of the Letters and the dates:[1]—

> Fors Clavigera. | Letters | To the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain | by John Ruskin, LL.D. | Letter the Thirty-seventh. | January 1st, 1874. | [*Rose.*] | London: Printed for the Author by | Watson & Hazell, London and Aylesbury; | and sold by | Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | Price Tenpence.

The dates given below are those of the publication of the First Editions. On the back of the wrapper was the following "Advertisement":—

> "*** For reasons which will be explained in the course of these Letters, I wish to retain complete command over their mode of publication.
>
> "For the present, they will be sold by Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. Post-office Orders, in advance, may be made payable to Mr. George Allen, Chief Office, London.
>
> "They will be sold for Tenpence each, without abatement on quantity, and forwarded, post-paid, on remittance of the price of the number required, to any place in the United Kingdom."

The price, as stated, was raised to Tenpence from Sevenpence (see Letter 37, § 12). The price of volumes supplied by the publisher correspondingly became 10s., but this was reduced in March 1893 to 7s. The wrappers were of pale grey paper, and the size, octavo, as before.

The pagination was now continuous through each set of twelve Letters.

Except in the case of the first edition of Letters 58, 59, 61–72, which consisted of 1050 copies, all the editions of Letters 37–72 consisted of 1000 copies.

The title of the Letter was also, except where otherwise stated (see under Letter 57), added in the Third Edition in each case.

LETTERS 37–48, FORMING VOLUME IV.: 1874

Letter 37. *First Edition* (January 1, 1874).—Pages 1–24.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (September 1885).
Letter 38. *First Edition* (February 1, 1874).—Pages 25–50.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (March 1886).

[1] It may also be noted that on and after Letter 60 the imprint was changed to "Hazell, Watson, & Viney, London and Aylesbury."

LETTER 39. *First Edition* (March 2, 1874).—Pages 51–71 (p. 72 blank)
Second Edition (July 1877). *Third Edition* (July 1886).
LETTER 40. *First Edition* (April 1, 1874).—Pages 73–100.
Second Edition (April 1877). *Third Edition* (April 1886).
LETTER 41. *First Edition* (May 1, 1874).—Pages 101–114.
Second Edition (June 1877). *Third Edition* (July 1886).
LETTER 42. *First Edition* (June 1, 1874).—Pages 115–136.
Second Edition (April 1877). *Third Edition* (July 1886).

Letters 41 and 42, though differently dated, were in fact issued together: see Letter 41, § 1, p. 79.

LETTER 43. *First Edition* (July 1, 1874).—Pages 137–160.
Second Edition (June 1877). *Third Edition* (July 1886).
LETTER 44. *First Edition* (August 1, 1874).—Pages 161–189.
Second Edition (April 1877). *Third Edition* (April 1886).
LETTER 45. *First Edition* (September 1, 1874).—Pages 191–218.
Second Edition (March 1877). *Third Edition* (January 1886).
LETTER 46. *First Edition* (October 1, 1874).—Pages 219–242.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (October 1885).
LETTER 47. *First Edition* (November 2, 1874).—Pages 243–262.
Second Edition (May 1877). *Third Edition* (July 1886).
LETTER 48. *First Edition* (December 24, 1874).—Pages 263–294.
Second Edition (May 1877). *Third Edition* (July 1886).

Letters 37–48 have not been reprinted collectively in volume form. Volumes supplied by the publisher have been made up from time to time of the current editions of the separate Letters. The title-page as issued in 1875 is as given here (p. 3).

LETTERS 49–60, FORMING VOLUME V.: 1875

LETTER 49. *First Edition* (January 1, 1875).—Pages 1–27.
Second Edition (July 1876). *Third Edition* (January 1886).
LETTER 50. *First Edition* (February 1, 1875).—Pages 29–51.
Second Edition (May 1877). *Third Edition* (July 1886).
LETTER 51. *First Edition* (March 1, 1875).—Pages 53–88.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (April 1886).
LETTER 52. *First Edition* (April 1, 1875).—Pages 89–116.
Second Edition (June 1877). *Third Edition* (September 1886).
LETTER 53. *First Edition* (May 1, 1875).—Pages 117–153.
Second Edition (May 1877). *Third Edition* (September 1886).
LETTER 54. *First Edition* (June 1, 1875).—Pages 155–182.
Second Edition (March 1877). *Third Edition* (September 1886).
LETTER 55. *First Edition* (July 1, 1875).—Pages 183–216.
Second Edition (July 1877). *Third Edition* (April 1886).
LETTER 56. *First Edition* (August 2, 1875).—Pages 217–245.
Second Edition (July 1877).

In this edition the letter from a correspondent (§ 21, p. 396 in this volume) which occupied pp. 233–238 of the first edition was withdrawn. This alteration caused the text to end on p. 242.

Third Edition (September 1886).—Text as in the second edition. Except

in the first edition, there are no pp. 243–246, as Letter 57 (in all editions) still begins on p. 247.

LETTER 57. *First Edition* (September 1, 1875).—Pages 247–270.
Second Edition (February 1877).

This Letter contained some disparaging remarks upon Mr. Gladstone, whom Ruskin visited at Hawarden in January 1878 (see Vol. XXV. p. xxiii.). He thereupon cancelled the Second Edition, and issued a third.

Third Edition (February 1878).—For the cancelled passage and the explanatory note by the author, see p. 403.

Fourth Edition (September 1886).—The title of the Letter was now added.

LETTER 58. *First Edition* (October 1, 1875). Pages 271–298.
Second Edition (November 1876). *Third Edition* (May 1885).
LETTER 59. *First Edition* (November 1, 1875).—Pages 299–328.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (April 1886).
LETTER 60. *First Edition* (December 1, 1875).—Pages 329–354.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (April 1886).

Letters 49–60 have never been reprinted collectively in volume form. Volumes supplied by the publisher have been made up from time to time of the current editions of the separate Letters. The title-page originally supplied is reproduced in this volume (p. 225).

LETTERS 61–72, FORMING VOLUME VI.: 1876

LETTER 61. *First Edition* (January 1, 1876).—Pages 1–39.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (August 1885).
LETTER 62. *First Edition* (February 1, 1876).—Pages 41–78.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (October 1885).
LETTER 63. *First Edition* (March 1, 1876).—Pages 79–108.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (March 1886).
LETTER 64. *First Edition* (April 1, 1876).—Pages 109–140.
Second Edition (March 1877). This edition omitted one passage (see p. 576 *n.*). *Third Edition* (April 1886).

With this Letter an illustration was issued, facing p. 123, "Facsimile from Lombardic Writing" (in the present volume Plate IV.).

LETTER 65. *First Edition* (May 1, 1876).—Pages 141–169.
Second Edition (March 1877). *Third Edition* (April 1886).
LETTER 66. *First Edition* (June 1, 1876).—Pages 171–202.
Second Edition (March 1877). *Third Edition* (October 1885).

With this Letter a frontispiece was issued, "Facsimile of the last words written by Nelson" (here Plate VI.).

LETTER 67. *First Edition* (July 1, 1876).—Pages 203–242.
Second Edition (February 1877). *Third Edition* (September 1884).
LETTER 68. *First Edition* (August 1, 1876).—Pages 243–273.
Second Edition (April 1877). *Third Edition* (October 1885).
LETTER 69. *First Edition* (September 1, 1876).—Pages 275–310.
Second Edition (April 1877). *Third Edition* (March 1886).
LETTER 70. *First Edition* (October 2, 1876).—Pages 311–338.
Second Edition (May 1877). *Third Edition* (October 1885).

LETTER 71. *First Edition* (November 1, 1876).—Pages 339–376.

Of this Letter 100 copies were bound in red leatherette (for sale in Venice), lettered on the front, "Fors Clavigera. No. 71. | The Legend of St. Ursula | Ruskin."

Second Edition (July 1877).

Third Edition (October 1884).—In the List of Contents issued in 1882 the Letter is entitled "The Feudal Ranks," but by inadvertence, or because in the leatherette copies a different title was given, no title was printed above the letter.

LETTER 72. *First Edition* (December 1, 1876).—Pages 377–396.

Second Edition (June 1877). *Third Edition* (April 1886).

Letters 61–72 have never been reprinted collectively in volume form. Volumes supplied by the publisher have been made up from time to time of current copies of the several Letters. The title-page originally supplied was as here printed (p. 471). The volume as now supplied by the publisher has a different title-page thus :—

> Fors Clavigera. | Letters | To the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of Corpus | Christi College, Oxford. | Vol. VI. | Third Edition. | [*Rose.*] | George Allen, | Orpington and London. | 1895.

"Third Edition" means that the volume is made up of third edition copies of the several Letters.

LETTER TO YOUNG GIRLS

(*A reprint, with addition, from Letters 65 and 66*)

First Edition (1876).—This is a pamphlet without title-page, but with the following "drop-title" on p. 1 :—

> Letter to Young Girls. | By J. Ruskin, LL.D.

A footnote to the title states, "Reprinted, with slight addition, from *Fors Clavigera.*"

Duodecimo, pp. 8. The imprint at the foot of p. 8 is "Published by and to be had of George Allen, Sunnyside, | Orpington, Kent." The headline is "Letter to Young Girls" on each page.

Issued stitched, without wrappers, and sold in packets containing twelve copies, at the price of eightpence per packet.

Later editions have been very numerous. They are distinguished by the number of the edition or thousand being added at the end of the text on p. 8, where also the publisher's imprint has varied from time to time. The edition now current (1907) is "Seventy-fifth Thousand" and bears the date "May 1902."

The Letter consists of: (1) On pp. 1–5 a reprint (with slight revisions) of *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 65, §§ 24, 25. For note of the revisions, see below, pp. 608, 610. (2) On pp. 5–7 a reprint (again with revisions) of *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 66, § 24. For note of the revisions, see below, pp. 635, 637. (3) On pp. 7–8 an additional passage. This has here been

incorporated in the text (see below, pp. 636–637). It may be noted that the revisions made by the author in preparing the reprint were not embodied in later editions of *Fors*. In cases where such revisions are in matters of style and punctuation, they are now embodied in the text; the other revisions being given in footnotes.

SMALL EDITION

Letters 37–72 are contained in the Small Edition, thus: Letters 37-48 in vol. ii. pp. 272 to end; while Letters 49-72 make vol. iii.

For further particulars of this edition, see the Bibliographical Note in Vol. XXVII. p. c.

The curtailments, etc., made in Letters 37-72 are as follow, in addition to the omission of all the "Notes and Correspondence" in Letters 37, 38, 39, 40, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 50, 51, 52, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 60, 62, 63, 66, 67, 68, 70, and 71.

Letter 39, § 9 *n.*, see p. 60 *n.*

Letter 42, § 5, the passage "From the Rinnovamento . . . pregnant sentences" is omitted in consequence of the omission of the "Notes and Correspondence" referred to in it.

LETTER 43. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that Article (II.), § 15, is printed as a footnote to the last line of § 6, and that a few lines of the quotation from Lecky in § 14 are given as a footnote where Lecky is mentioned in Letter 48, § 5.

LETTER 44, § 11, the author's second footnote is omitted in consequence of the omission of the "Notes and Correspondence."

LETTER 45, § 16, at line 14 of the quotation from Chaucer, the author's footnote is altered to "Or sarsynysh (sarsenet). Fr. Sarrasinesse." See the present note on the passage (p. 161 *n.*).

LETTER 48. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that "Subscriptions" (§ 23) are given, and that Article (III.), § 20, is given as a footnote to Letter 47, § 9.

LETTER 49, § 9, footnote, the words "which I will presently reprint" are altered to "reprinted in 'On the Old Road,' vol. ii."; § 13, lines 4, 5, the words "The reader . . . this year" are omitted. The "Notes and Correspondence" are also omitted, except that Article (II.), § 18, is printed (with the omission of the two lines at the end, "I append . . . Faith"), a portion of Article (III.), § 19, is given and the whole of § 20.

LETTER 53, § 2, lines 1–16 (down to "for myself") are omitted; the footnote is omitted (as also in the present edition: see below under "Variæ"); § 3, lines 20 to the end are omitted; the whole of § 7 is omitted. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that § 24 is printed at the end of Letter 51.

LETTER 55, § 1, lines 10–12, the Small Edition reads, "The three clergymen who have successively corresponded with me have every one . . ."; in §§ 1, 3, Mr. Headlam's name is omitted; § 3, line 31, to § 4, line 5, "Nay, this notable . . . March 1874," omitted.

LETTER 56, § 1, lines 1-10 ("I believe . . . misrepresenting *me*" and "For instance") are omitted.

LETTER 57, § 10, the long passage "Yet people tell me . . . close to the tower" is omitted.

LETTER 59. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that Article (I.), § 12, is printed as a footnote to Letter 58, § 1, and that a small portion of Article (V.), § 16, is printed as a footnote to § 9.

LETTER 60. The whole of § 1 is omitted.

LETTER 61. The note at the beginning ("In the house . . . from it") is omitted; § 8, lines 5–7, the words "Happily . . . talk of mine," and the note, are omitted. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that a condensation of Article (I.), §§ 18, 19, is given.

LETTER 62. A few lines of § 1, referring to misprints, are omitted; § 14, last line, the footnote is omitted.

LETTER 63, § 12, line 1, "An aggrieved correspondent" is substituted for "My aggrieved correspondent of Wakefield"; § 16, the footnote is omitted; § 22 is omitted.

LETTER 64, § 10, the passage referring to "my new 'Elements of Drawing'" is omitted; § 16, the coloured facsimile of the octavo edition is represented only by a black and white block, and the following note is appended: "As it has been found impracticable to reproduce the hand-coloured plate as it appeared in the original edition, a few remarks on the colour have been omitted.—ED." §§ 18, 19, 20, the text of the Small Edition ends at line 18 of § 18 (with the words "than the large"). The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that Article (III.), § 24, is printed as a note at the end of Letter 62.

LETTER 65. §§ 20, 21 are omitted, except that lines ("The circle . . . may be") are printed as a footnote to Letter 64, § 15. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that Article (III.), §§ 24, 25, are given at the end of Letter 66.

LETTER 66. The whole of the long passage, §§ 8–15, is omitted, and § 16 begins at "My writing-lesson." At the end of the Letter, the whole of the *Letter to Young Girls* (following the text of the reprint, with the additional passage) is given.

LETTER 67, § 10, the footnote is omitted; § 19, the second footnote is omitted.

LETTER 68, § 4, lines 1–8 ("Mr. Harrison's letter . . . lawyers are not") are omitted; § 9, the footnote is omitted; § 10, lines 5–7 from the end, the words "I print . . . and" are omitted.

LETTER 69, § 4, the footnote is omitted. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that an extract from Article (III.), § 19, is printed as part of the text (with consequential editorial alterations) in § 3.

LETTER 70, § 9, the footnote is omitted, as the prospectus is given in small print.

LETTER 71, § 8, line 8, the words "displayed in our correspondence" are omitted; § 13, the second footnote is omitted.

LETTER 72. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that the first paragraph of Article (III.), § 14, is printed as a footnote to § 3; and that a part of Article (V.), § 16, is given as a footnote to Letter 75, § 17.

REVIEWS

Fraser's Magazine, June 1874, New Series, vol. 9, pp. 688–701, an article on "Mr. Ruskin's Recent Writings," by Leslie Stephen (referred to in Letter 48; below, p. 207).

Fun, March 29, 1876, a full-page cartoon of "Saint Rusty" with a halo labelled "Super-Fine Art"; the cartoon is entitled "Playing with Edged Tools: an Undeserved Snub for Sheffield."

Saturday Review, October 24, 1874 ("Mr. Ruskin on Mr. Ruskin"); and March 4, 1876 ("Mr. Ruskin and Wakefield"): see p. 382 *n.*

Monetary Gazette, November 13, 1875; January 15, February 16 (referred to at p. 558, below), May 17, July 12, August 16, and September 13, 1876.

Spectator, December 2, 1876 (a review of the *Letter to Young Girls*).

Fortnightly Review, July 1876, "Past and Present," by Mr. Frederic Harrison, being, "A Letter to Professor Ruskin in reply to one addressed to the Writer by Mr. Ruskin in *Fors Clavigera* for June 1876": see p. 618 *n.*

Variæ Lectiones.—The following is a list of variations in the text other than those already described. The more important are given as footnotes to the text, and to these a reference only is here given. Minor matters of spelling, punctuation, etc., are as a rule not enumerated, but a few are mentioned, in order to assist collectors, whose copies of Letters may be without the wrappers (which state the edition), to identify editions:—

Letter 37, line 7 of the verses at the beginning, ed. 1 misprinted "in ayme" for "m' ayme." § 1, line 10, "ancles" for "ankles" in ed. 1; § 11, in the seventh line of the passage from Plato, the misprint (in all previous editions) of "greater" for "gentler" is here corrected; and in the nineteenth line, "pleasure" is corrected to "pleasures."

Letter 38, § 9, line 7, "Bridges" is here a correction for "Bridge"; § 11, line 9 of the author's note, "Eldin" is a correction for "Eldon"; § 18, line 8, see p. 44 *n.*

Letter 39, § 1, the letters to the diagram were omitted in ed. 3. § 4, line 13, "might" for "may" is Ruskin's correction in his copy.

Letter 40, § 10, line 25, "having found" for "getting" is Ruskin's correction in his copy. § 14, "Elwin" is here a correction for "Elwyn."

Letter 41, § 8, footnote, last line, "some" for "his" is Ruskin's correction in his copy. § 10, line 17, ed. 1 wrongly inserted "or" before "perhaps."

Letter 42, § 1, line 11, "coloured" for "covered" in ed. 1. § 6, line 13, "Eugeneans" (hitherto) corrected by Ruskin in his copy to "Euganeans." § 12, lines 5–7, in ed. 1 the punctuation was "yellow, now, with age, and flexible, but not unclean with much use, except . . " In referring to the passage in Letter 53, § 2, Ruskin appended the following footnote:—

> "Will the reader be kind enough, in the two last lines of page 128, to put with his pen, a semicolon after 'age,' a comma after 'unclean,' and a semicolon after 'use'? He will find the sentence thus take a different meaning."

Letter 43, § 5, line 21, "dug" was misprinted "pug" in ed. 3. § 8, in ed. 1 there were numerous misprints in the French which were subsequently corrected (*e.g.*, "chopes" for "chopines").

Letter 44, § 6, in the second extract from Lockhart, "na" is here substituted for "nae" and "naething" for "nothing."

Letter 45, § 13, line 19, "spicula" is here a correction for "spiculæ." § 14, in the extracts, "Carnivora" is here printed in capitals in accordance with Ruskin's copy. § 19, lines 20, 21, see p. 166 *n.*

Letter 46, § 2, line 25, "one" italicised in accordance with Ruskin's copy. § 7, the two lines "(And now I go on with the piece of this letter written last month at Assisi.)" have hitherto been printed at the beginning of § 6, but they obviously belong to the beginning of § 7. § 11, last word similarly italicised in accordance with Ruskin's copy.

Letter 47, § 7, line 15, "unproved" was misprinted "improved" in ed. 1.

Letter 48, § 13, line 21, "thoughtlessness" was misprinted "thoughtless" in ed. 2. "Notes and Correspondence," § 22, third line from end, "Certified" was misprinted "Certifical" in ed. 2.

Letter 49, § 7, footnote, the reference to *Lamentations* has hitherto been incorrectly given as "v. 13," instead of "iv. 13, 14."

Letter 50, § 5, line 21, "cuts" is here altered to "cut" in accordance with Ruskin's copy. § 11, footnote, "therefor" was printed "therefore" in ed. 1. § 14, line 13, "Sibthorpe" is here corrected to "Sibthorp."

Letter 51, § 12, line 22 and footnote, "Cassell and Galpin" in ed. 1. § 13, line 18, "palpus" in ed. 1. § 14, second footnote, "overthrown" has hitherto been misprinted for "overflown" (Ruskin corrects the misprint in his copy). § 16, last four lines, the "and" has here been transferred from before "the one which Bingley" to before "the leaf-cutting Bee." § 19, line 13, "Tome" was misprinted "Tom" in ed. 1. § 22, line 28, "peewit's" in ed. 1. § 23, line 23, "Dovrefjeld" is here a correction for "Dovrefeldt."

Letter 52, § 5, line 8, "mother's" is here corrected to "mother" (as in *Præterita*). § 13, line 22, "Cokayne" is here a correction for "Cockayne." § 15, line 15, "bee's" was misprinted "bees'" in ed. 1. § 22, line 17, "devours" is the author's correction in his copy for "discerns." § 28, last line, "Welsh" was misprinted "Welch" in ed. 1.

Letter 53, § 2, line 41, for a footnote appended here in previous editions, see under Letter 42. § 6, line 10, "sixth" is here a correction for "seventh." § 9, line 13, of the black-letter type, see p. 325 *n.* § 9, "own" is italicised as marked by Ruskin in his copy. § 10, footnote, after the reference to *Crown of Wild Olive*, previous editions add "and put in the fifth line of that page, a comma after 'heaven,' and in the eighth line a semicolon after 'blessing.'" In this edition these corrections have been made. § 13, line 7, "creatures" in ed. 1. § 15, footnote, "bit" for "bits" in ed. 1. § 15, lines 9 and 10 of the passage from Pope have hitherto been omitted; as Ruskin says we are to read the whole passage, the omission must have been inadvertent. § 25, line 6, "Jewel" is here a correction for "Jewell."

Letter 54, title, "Platted" is Ruskin's correction in his copy (in

accordance with the spelling in the Bible) for "Plaited." § 15, line 19, "did" is now italicised in accordance with Ruskin's marking in his copy. §§ 22, 24 (passages from Ascham's *Scholemaster*), see pp. 354, 356 *nn.*

Letter 56, "Notes and Correspondence," § 21 was omitted after the first edition (see p. 396 *n.*).

Letter 57, § 2, see p. 403 *n.* § 10, line 17, see p. 409 *n.*; see also pp. 410 *n.*, 411 *n.* § 11, line 6, "One of the pamphlets . . . *Fors*" was not in ed. 1.

Letter 59, § 3, line 9, "fifth" is here a correction for "fourth." § 8, footnote, "this Madonna" for "the Madonna" in ed. 1. § 8, line 18, "of" is inserted in the Small Edition before "the little angular," but the sentence reads correctly as Ruskin wrote it, if commas are inserted (as here) after "begin" and "again."

Letter 60, see p. 467. In ed. 1 the "Notes and Correspondence" was differently and presumably wrongly arranged. Thus "I." (§ 8) began, "The extract in the following letter makes me wonder . . ." "II." (§ 9) was called "(Letter from a clergyman, now an accepted companion)," and the letter ended at "(Ecc. Polity, Book II.)," while the rest of the letter was given as "III. (Useful letter from a friend)."

Letter 61. For Ruskin's note of various misprints in ed. 1 of this Letter, see Letter 62, § 1 (p. 511). The misprints were corrected in all later editions. They were the following: § 18, line 11, "deaths" was misprinted "death" in ed. 1. § 21 (p. 508, line 18) ed. 1 had no note of interrogation. § 22 (p. 509 *n.*), the first words were printed in ed. 1 "Yes, my dear, shares down; and—it." In § 3, line 6, "my" is italicised in accordance with Ruskin's marking in his own copy.

Letter 62, § 1, various references to lines and pages are altered in this edition. § 13, line 2, "Carey's" is here corrected to "Cary's." § 19, subscription list: No. 12, "J. S." corrected by Ruskin in his copy to "J. A.," and No. 38, "S. S." to "Sarah A. Grindon, £2, 2s. 0d." § 24 (p. 535, line 37) "Blade" in ed. 1 corrected to "Blades" in later editions.

Letter 63, § 11, line 7, ed. 1 has "maternal" for "paternal." § 13, line 29, see p. 548 *n.* § 15, line 20, "fifth" is here a correction for "third." § 16, author's footnote, "T. R. Green" is here corrected to "J. R. Green." § 24, see p. 559 *n.*

Letter 64, § 4, line 19, "material" was misprinted "materal" in ed. 1. § 5, line 16, the commas before and after "there" were omitted in ed. 1. § 10, line 8, "at the side" is here an alteration for "below"; line 22, "Nectanebus" is here a correction for "Nectabenes." § 19, for a passage omitted in the later editions, see p. 575 *n.* § 20, line 2, "modern" is here inserted before "Japanese" in accordance with Ruskin's note. § 21, line 2, "the next page" is here an alteration for "next two pages." Page 579, line 7, "1875" has hitherto been misprinted "1876." § 24, the signature "R. L." has hitherto been misprinted "H. L."

Letter 65, § 8, line 21, "Ion's" is Ruskin's alteration (in his copy) for "his." § 11, "Araunah" was misprinted "Arannah" in ed 1. § 14, author's footnote, the reference to Genesis xiii. "18" is here a correction

for "28," and that to Joshua "xvii." 15 is a correction for "xvi." § 17, line 6, ed. 1 had the following footnote:—

> "* I need scarcely desire the reader to correct the misprint of 'maternal' for 'paternal' in line 14 of p. 90 in *Fors* of March. In last *Fors*, please put the i into 'material' in p. 112, line 16, and a comma before and after 'there' in p. 113, line 8."

§ 17, author's footnote, line 4, ed. 1 had "Elspeth" for "Elizabeth" (see p. 634). § 21, line 3, see p. 605 *n.* § 26, line 2, "charges" was misprinted "changes" in ed. 1 (see p. 634).

Letter 66. For a notice in ed. 1, see p. 612 *n.* §§ 3, 9, "Frederick" is here corrected to "Frederic." § 6, line 3, ed. 1 has "LXX." for "Septuagint." § 12, line 17, "verily" is Ruskin's correction for "indeed." § 19 (line 11 of Mr. Tarrant's letter), "employed myself" in ed. 1 (line 14 of the same), "conduct" is now inserted after "entire." § 24, line 11, "Work" has hitherto been misprinted "Word."

Letter 67, § 8, line 27, ed. 3 misprints "set for" for "set forth." § 14, line 6, ed. 1 reads correctly "in sum"; later editions, "in some." § 17, (6) footnote, see p. 652 *n.* § 20, fourth line from end, "second" is here substituted for "first." § 21, the "Cash Account" has hitherto been printed on a separate page, and at the end of § 21 there have been the words, "For Cash Account, see next page (230)." § 22, line 2, "May" is here a correction for "June."

Letter 68, § 2, last line but one, "flour" was misprinted "flower" in the second thousand. § 6, line 8, the word "householder's" is now inserted before "life," in accordance with Ruskin's copy.

Letter 69, § 3, line 20, "number" is Ruskin's correction for "quantity." § 19, line 4 from end, "so soon as" in ed. 1; "as soon as," in later editions. § 20, p. 707, line 9, "$3\frac{1}{2}$" in ed. 1, "$2\frac{1}{2}$" later.

Letter 70, § 10, line 14, "fourth" is here corrected to "third." § 17, in ed. 1, Article (III.) of the "Notes and Correspondence" was headed "From 'Carlisle Journal,'" and at the end were the words "*Carlisle Journal*, August 18, 1876."

Letter 71, § 5, line 2, "be" was misprinted "he" in ed. 1. § 6, line 10, "angel" is the author's correction (in his copy) for "angels"—the reference being to the angel in "The Dream of St. Ursula." § 10, line 3, "Iapetic" misprinted "Lapetic" in all the previous 8vo editions (see p. 738 *n.*).

Letter 72, § 3, note, ed. 1 reads "terminal," afterwards corrected to "third." § 4, author's footnote, the reference to Dante's *Inferno* was corrected in ed. 3 from "xxiii." to "xxxiii." (as noted by Ruskin at the end of Letter 74). § 11, line 7, "page" is here altered to "paragraph" (in correspondence with altered references in line 1). § 13, last line, in the accounts, ed. 1 has "Balance, Nov. 15" against £1135, 3s. 4d. § 15, line 2, "26" is here added.]

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTERS 37–72

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOL. IV.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1874.

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(1874)

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THE CITY WHICH IS OUR OWN 13

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law forbidding middlemen in the fish trade. No legislation possible for liars and traitors; only gravitation down to the pit. 3, 4. The fish trade in England: letter from a correspondent describing how the big fish-dealers keep up prices; letter on trawling in Loch Fyne. 5, 6. How the author would regulate the sale of fish, if he could replace his Grace the Costermonger. 7. Costermongering to be done by gentlemen; true mongers of sweet fish, and false fishers for rotten souls. 8, 9. Better work for clergy and lawyers. 10, 11. Principles of the distribution of food and regulation of prices. Price of all other articles to be founded on that of food. (Anecdote of Raeburn and Lord Eldin: a dinner of herrings and potatoes.) 12. Margate, Past and Present; "living in style" according to ideas of the modern British public. 13. Expostulation with the author as to the price of *Fors*. 14, 15. His reply: (i.) The book is only written for those who can reach it. Cheap literature valueless to those who cannot understand it. (ii.) The book is worth tenpence a letter. Florentine law fixing the price of eels to be applied to books. 16. Letter from the author to a provincial editor declining to send a copy of *Fors*.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—17. Letter to a girl on Dress. 18, 19. Letters from a correspondent describing his farms in Upper Wharfdale ("a piece of St. George's England, still mercifully left"), and St. Bernard's Monastery in Charnwood Forest.

LETTER 39 (*March*)

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do some Divine work, or undo some Diabolic work, every day. 13. Author's letter to a lady asking her to arrange her dinner-party on the supposition that Christ had sent to say He would be one of her guests. 14. What boys and girls can do, of Divine work. 15. The ethics of gardening. 16. Flowers and the poor.

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Beet and cane sugar. (*Herne Hill.*) 10. Author and the cuckoo-clock: his ignorance of its mechanism. Science and handicraft in St. George's Schools. 11. The gist of *Fors,* to make people build their own houses, provide and cook their own dinners, and be content with both. The secret of contentment: the author unhappy because he is always wanting to be something else than he is. 12. Comments on reported fight between a dwarf and a bull-dog; 13. and on stoning a squirrel: thoughtlessness the chief calamity of the time. 14. Noah and his ark, and the builder of the *Devastation,* at the Advent. 15. The Advent Collect. 16. Comments on Ephesians vi. 14–17. 17. Enjoy Christmas thankfully. The joyfullest Christmas carol, the 96th Psalm.

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FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTER 37

THE CITY WHICH IS OUR OWN[1]

1*st January*, 1874.

"Selon la loy, et ly prophetes,
Qui a charité parfaicte
Il ayme Dieu sur toute rien,
De cueur, de force, et d'ame nette;
Celui devons-nous tous de debte
Comme soy-mesmes, son prochain;
Qu'on dit qui m' ayme, ayme mon chien.
De tel pierre, et de tel merrien
Est ès cieulx nostre maison faicte;
Car nulz ne peut dire, 'c'est mien,'
Fors ce qu'il a mis en ce bien;
Tout le remenant est retraicte."[2]

"According to the Law and the Prophets,
He who has perfect charity,
Loves God above everything,
With heart, with flesh, and with spirit pure.
Him also, our neighbour, we are all in debt
To love as ourselves;
For one says, Who loves me, loves my dog.
Of such stone, and of such crossbeam,
Is in the heavens our house made;
For no one can say, 'It is mine,'
Beyond what he has put into that good;
All the rest is taken away."

1. ONE day last November, at Oxford, as I was going in at the private door of the University galleries, to give a

[1] [For the meaning of the title, see below, § 11, p. 24. Ruskin, in addition to the above title, wrote in his own copy, "My mind to me a kingdom is" (the opening line of a poem by Sir Edward Dyer, poet, courtier, and friend of Sir Philip Sidney). "The Stone and Crossbeam" (see line 8 of motto) was another rejected title for the Letter).]

[2] [Lines 1560–1571 of *Le Testament de Jean de Meung*, appended to *Le Roman de la Rose*.]

lecture on the Fine Arts in Florence,[1] I was hindered for a moment by a nice little girl, whipping a top on the pavement. She was a *very* nice little girl; and rejoiced wholly in her whip, and top; but could not inflict the reviving chastisement with all the activity that was in her, because she had on a large and dilapidated pair of woman's shoes, which projected the full length of her own little foot behind it and before; and being securely fastened to her ankles in the manner of mocassins, admitted, indeed, of dextrous glissades, and other modes of progress quite sufficient for ordinary purposes; but not conveniently of all the evolutions proper to the pursuit of a whipping-top.

There were some worthy people at my lecture, and I think the lecture was one of my best. It gave some really trustworthy information about art in Florence six hundred years ago. But all the time I was speaking, I knew that nothing spoken about art, either by myself or other people, could be of the least use to anybody there. For their primary business, and mine, was with art in Oxford, now; not with art in Florence, then; and art in Oxford now was absolutely dependent on our power of solving the question —which I knew that my audience would not even allow to be proposed for solution—"Why have our little girls large shoes?"

2. Indeed, my great difficulty, of late, whether in lecturing or writing, is in the intensely practical and matter-of-fact character of my own mind[2] as opposed to the loquacious and speculative disposition, not only of the British public, but of all my quondam friends. I am left utterly stranded, and alone, in life, and thought. Life and knowledge, I ought to say; for I have done what thinking was needful for me long ago, and know enough to act upon, for the few days, or years, I may have yet to live. I find some of my friends greatly agitated in mind, for instance,

[1] [One of the last six lectures on Tuscan Art, published under the title *Val d'Arno* (Vol. XXIII.).]

[2] [Compare *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 407; and Letter 11, § 17 (Vol. XXVII. p. 193).]

about Responsibility, Free-will, and the like.[1] I settled all those matters for myself, before I was ten years old, by jumping up and down an awkward turn of four steps in my nursery-stairs, and considering whether it was likely that God knew whether I should jump only three, or the whole four at a time. Having settled it in my mind that He knew quite well, though I didn't, which I should do; and also whether I should fall or not in the course of the performance,—though I was altogether responsible for taking care not to,—I never troubled my head more on the matter, from that day to this. But my friends keep buzzing and puzzling about it, as if they had to order the course of the world themselves; and won't attend to me for an instant, if I ask why little girls have large shoes.

3. I don't suppose any man, with a tongue in his head, and zeal to use it, was ever left so entirely unattended to, as he grew old, by his early friends; and it is doubly and trebly strange to me, because I have lost none of my power of sympathy with *them*. Some are chemists; and I am always glad to hear of the last new thing in elements; some are palæontologists, and I am no less happy to know of any lately unburied beast peculiar in his bones; the lawyers and clergymen can always interest me with any story out of their courts or parishes;—but not one of them ever asks what I am about myself. If they chance to meet me in the streets of Oxford, they ask whether I am staying there. When I say, yes, they ask how I like it; and when I tell them I don't like it at all, and don't think little girls should have large shoes, they tell me I ought to read the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*.[2] As if a man who had lived to be fifty-four, content with what philosophy was needful to assure him that salt was savoury, and pepper hot, could ever be made positive in his old age, in the impertinent manner of these youngsters. But positive

[1] [For Ruskin on Free-will, see Vol. XVIII. p. 51 *n*.]

[2] [An injunction which Ruskin did not obey: see his avowal in Letter 67, p. 663 (*e*).]

in a pertinent and practical manner, I have been, and shall be, with such stern and steady wedge of fact and act as time may let me drive into the gnarled blockheadism of the British mob.

4. I am free to confess I did not quite know the sort of creature I had to deal with, when I began,[1] fifteen years ago, nor the quantity of ingenious resistance to practical reform which could be offered by theoretical reformers. Look, for instance, at this report of a speech of Mr. Bright's in the *Times*, on the subject of adulteration of food.*

"The noble lord has taken great pains upon this question, and has brought before the House a great amount of detail in connection with it. As I listened to his observations I hoped and believed that there was, though unintentional, no little exaggeration in them. Although there may be particular cases in which great harm to health and great fraud may possibly be shown, yet I think that general statements of this kind, implicating to a large extent the traders of this country, are dangerous, and are almost certain to be unjust. Now, my hon. friend (Mr. Pochin) who has just addressed the House in a speech showing his entire mastery of the question, has confirmed my opinion, for he has shown—and I dare say he knows as much of the matter as any present—that there is a great

* Of 6th March, not long ago, but I have lost note of the year.[2]

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[1] [That is, began his distinctively political work, in *Unto this Last* (1860).]

[2] [Speech in the House of Commons on March 5, 1869, when Bright was President of the Board of Trade. Lord Eustace Cecil had moved, "That it is expedient that her Majesty's Government should give their earliest attention to the widespread and most reprehensible practices of using false weights and measures, and of adulterating food, drink, and drugs." Bright's speech, as here quoted by Ruskin from the *Times*, is given in the same words in "Hansard." Where Ruskin's first dots occur, the speaker recited Lord Eustace Cecil's motion. Where the second set of dots occur, Bright referred to a statement made by the Secretary of the Standards Commission reporting that the convictions for fraudulent weights and measures were few. The fact that this Commission was sitting was adduced as a reason against action. He pointed out that local authorities had power to institute proceedings against offenders, and that the rarity of such action tended to show that the evil had been much exaggerated. At the end of the speech, Bright explained that the Government could not take immediate action, invited private members to produce a Bill, said that previous legislation had been a failure, and added, "I regard these subjects as about the most difficult, and at the same time, I think, about the least advantageous to which any Party can devote itself." Froude had previously called attention to Bright's speech in an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for January 1870, entitled "England and her Colonies," now reprinted in *Short Studies upon Great Subjects*, 1891, vol. ii. pp. 196, 197. For other references to it, see Vol. XX. p. 111 *n.*; and *Fors*, Letter 74, § 11 (Vol. XXIX. p. 39).]

deal of exaggeration in the opinions which have prevailed in many parts of the country, and which have even been found to prevail upon the matter in this House. . . . Now, I am prepared to show, that the exaggeration of the noble lord—I do not say intentionally, of course; I am sure he is incapable of that—is just as great in the matter of weights and measures as in that of adulteration. Probably he is not aware that in the list of persons employing weights that are inaccurate—I do not say fraudulent—no distinction is drawn between those who are intentionally fraudulent and those who are accidentally inaccurate, and that the penalty is precisely the same, and the offence is just as eagerly detected, whether there be a fraud or merely an accident. Now, the noble lord will probably be surprised when I tell him that many persons are fined annually, not because their weights are too small, but because they are too large. In fact, when the weights are inaccurate, but are in favour of the customer, still the owner and user of the weight is liable to the penalty, and is fined. . . . My own impression with regard to this adulteration is that it arises from the very great, and perhaps inevitable, competition in business; and that to a great extent it is promoted by the ignorance of customers. As the ignorance of customers generally is diminishing, we may hope that before long the adulteration of food may also diminish. The noble lord appears to ask that something much more extensive and stringent should be done by Parliament. The fact is, it is vain to attempt by the power of Parliament to penetrate into and to track out evils such as those on which the noble lord has dwelt at such length. It is quite impossible that you should have the oversight of the shops of the country by inspectors, and that you should have persons going into shops to buy sugar, pickles, and Cayenne pepper, to get them analyzed, and then raise complaints against shopkeepers, and bring them before the magistrates. If men in their private businesses were to be tracked by Government officers and inspectors every hour of the day, life would not be worth having, and I recommend them to remove to another country, where they would not be subject to such annoyance."

5. Now, I neither know, nor does it matter to the public, what Mr. Bright actually said; but the report in the *Times* is the permanent and universally influential form of his sayings: and observe what the substance is, of these three or four hundred Parliamentary words, so reported.

First. That an evil which has been exaggerated ought not to be prevented.

Secondly. That at present we punish honest men as much as rogues; and must always continue to do so if we punish anybody.

Thirdly. That life would not be worth having if one's weights and measures were liable to inspection.

I can assure Mr. Bright that people who know what life means, can sustain the calamity of the inspection of their weights and measures with fortitude. I myself keep a tea-and-sugar shop.[1] I have had my scales and weights inspected more than once or twice, and am not in the least disposed to bid my native land good-night[2] on that account. That I could bid it nothing *but* good-night—never good-morning, the smoke of it quenching the sun, and its parliamentary talk, of such quality as the above, having become darkness voluble,[3] and some of it worse even than that, a mere watchman's rattle, sprung by alarmed constituencies of rascals when an honest man comes in sight, —these are things indeed which should make any man's life little worth having, unless he separate himself from the scandalous crowd; but it must not be in exile from his country.

6. I have not hitherto stated, except in general terms, the design to which these letters point, though it has been again and again defined, and it seems to me explicitly enough—the highest possible education, namely, of English men and women living by agriculture in their native land. Indeed, during these three past years I have not hoped to do more than make my readers feel what mischiefs they have to conquer. It is time now to say more clearly what I want them to do.

The substantial wealth of man consists in the earth he cultivates, with its pleasant or serviceable animals and plants, and in the rightly produced work of his own hands. I mean to buy, for the St. George's Company, the first pieces of ground offered to me at fair price (when the subscriptions enable me to give *any* price),—to put them as rapidly as possible into order, and to settle upon them as many families as they can support, of young and healthy persons, on the condition that they do the best they can for

[1] [See Letter 48, § 4 (below, p. 204).]
[2] [Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, i. 13.]
[3] [Ruskin in his copy marked these lines for special emphasis.]

their livelihood with their own hands, and submit themselves and their children to the rules written for them.

I do not care where the land is, nor of what quality. I would rather it should be poor, for I want space more than food. I will make the best of it that I can, at once, by wage-labour, under the best agricultural advice. It is easy now to obtain good counsel, and many of our landlords would willingly undertake such operations occasionally, but for the fixed notion that every improvement of land should at once pay, whereas the St. George's Company is to be consistently monastic in its principles of labour, and to work for the redemption of any desert land, without other idea of gain than the certainty of future good to others. I should best like a bit of marsh land of small value, which I would trench into alternate ridge and canal, changing it all into solid land, and deep water, to be farmed in fish. If, instead, I get a rocky piece, I shall first arrange reservoirs for rain, then put what earth is sprinkled on it into workable masses; and ascertaining, in either case, how many mouths the gained spaces of ground will easily feed, put upon them families chosen for me by old landlords, who know their people, and can send me cheerful and honest ones, accustomed to obey orders, and live in the fear of God. Whether the fear be Catholic, or Church-of-England, or Presbyterian, I do not in the least care, so that the family be capable of any kind of sincere devotion;[1] and conscious of the sacredness of order. If any young couples of the higher classes choose to accept such rough life, I would rather have them for tenants than any others.

Tenants, I say, and at long lease, if they behave well: with power eventually to purchase the piece of land they live on for themselves, if they can save the price of it; the rent they pay, meanwhile, being the tithe of the annual produce, to St. George's fund. The modes of the cultivation

[1] [For other passages in which Ruskin insists on sincerity of belief as more important than form of creed, see below, p. 79; and Letter 30, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 547 and *n.*).]

of the land are to be under the control of the overseer of the whole estate, appointed by the Trustees of the fund; but the tenants shall build their own houses to their own minds, under certain conditions as to materials and strength; and have for themselves the entire produce of the land, except the tithe aforesaid.

7. The children will be required to attend training schools for bodily exercise, and music, with such other education as I have already described.[1] Every household will have its library, given it from the fund, and consisting of a fixed number of volumes,—some constant, the others chosen by each family out of a list of permitted books, from which they afterwards may increase their library if they choose. The formation of this library for choice, by a republication of classical authors in standard forms, has long been a main object with me.[2] No newspapers, nor any books but those named in the annually renewed lists, are to be allowed in any household. In time I hope to get a journal published, containing notice of any really important matters taking place in this or other countries, in the closely sifted truth of them.[3]

8. The first essential point in the education given to the children will be the habit of instant, finely accurate, and totally unreasoning, obedience to their fathers, mothers, and tutors; the same precise and unquestioning submission being required from heads of families to the officers set over them. The second essential will be the understanding of the nature of honour, making the obedience solemn and constant;[4] so that the slightest wilful violation of the laws of the society may be regarded as a grave breach of trust, and no less disgraceful than a soldier's recoiling from his place in a battle.

In our present state of utter moral disorganization, it

[1] [See Letters 5, § 21; 8, § 10; and 9, §§ 2–12 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 95, 142, 146).]
[2] [See *Sesame and Lilies*, § 49 (Vol. XVIII. p. 104); and, for later references to the scheme, Letters 51, 57, 58, 61, and 67 (pp. 276, 407, 434, 499, 648).]
[3] [Compare Letter 3, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 45); and below, p. 26.]
[4] [Compare Letter 42, § 6 (p. 95).]

might indeed seem as if it would be impossible either to secure obedience, or explain the sensation of honour; but the instincts of both are native in man,[1] and the roots of them cannot wither, even under the dust-heap of modern liberal opinions. My settlers, you observe, are to be young people, bred on old estates; my commandants will be veteran soldiers;[2] and it will be soon perceived that pride based on servitude to the will of another[3] is far loftier and happier than pride based on servitude to humour of one's own.

Each family will at first be put on its trial for a year, without any lease of the land: if they behave well, they shall have a lease for three years; if through that time they satisfy their officers, a life-long lease, with power to purchase.

9. I have already stated that no machines moved by artificial power are to be used on the estates of the society;[4] wind, water, and animal force are to be the only motive powers employed, and there is to be as little trade or importation as possible; the utmost simplicity of life, and restriction of possession, being combined with the highest attainable refinement of temper and thought. Everything that the members of any household can sufficiently make for themselves, they are so to make, however clumsily; but the carpenter and smith, trained to perfectest work in wood and iron, are to be employed on the parts of houses and implements in which finish is essential to strength. The ploughshare and spade must be made by the smith, and the roof and floors by a carpenter; but the

[1] [See, later on, p. 63 *n.*; and Article I. of St. George's Creed: Letter 58, § 2 (p. 419).]

[2] [For a reference to this point, see *General Statement Explaining the Nature and Purposes of St. George's Guild*, § 2 (Vol. XXX.).]

[3] [On "the first duty of every man to find his true master," see *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 82 (Vol. XIX. p. 129); and compare Letter 70, § 4 *n.* (p. 715).]

[4] [See Letters 5, §§ 10–13; 8, § 10; and 12, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 87–90, 143, 200). On reading this passage, a "manufacturing friend" (Mr. Joseph Brooke) wrote stating the difficulties he felt. Ruskin replied partly in *Fors* (see below, pp. 132 *seq.*), partly in private letters. These have now been placed at the editors' disposal, and are printed in Appendix 10: see Vol. XXIX. pp. 547–552.]

boys of the house must be able to make either a horseshoe, or a table.

10. Simplicity of life without coarseness, and delight in life without lasciviousness, are, under such conditions, not only possible to human creatures, but natural to them. I do not pretend to tell you straightforwardly all laws of nature respecting the conduct of men; but some of those laws I know, and will endeavour to get obeyed; others, as they are needful, will be in the sequel of such obedience ascertained. What final relations may take place between masters and servants, labourers and employers, old people and young, useful people and useless, in such a society, only experience can conclude; nor is there any reason to anticipate the conclusion. Some few things the most obstinate will admit, and the least credulous believe: that washed faces are healthier than dirty ones, whole clothes decenter than ragged ones, kind behaviour more serviceable than malicious, and pure air pleasanter than foul. Upon that much of "philosophie positive"[1] I mean to act; and, little by little, to define in these letters the processes of action. That it should be left to me to begin such a work, with only one man in England—Thomas Carlyle—to whom I can look for steady guidance, is alike wonderful and sorrowful to me; but as the thing is so, I can only do what seems to me necessary, none else coming forward to do it. For my own part, I entirely hate the whole business; I dislike having either power or responsibility; am ashamed to ask for money, and plagued in spending it. I don't want to talk, nor to write, nor to advise or direct anybody. I am far more provoked at being thought foolish by foolish people, than pleased at being thought sensible by sensible people; and the average proportion of the numbers of each is not to my advantage.[2] If I could find any one able to carry on the plan instead of me, I never should trouble

[1] [See above, § 3.]

[2] [For another reference to the saying of Carlyle's here in Ruskin's mind, see Vol. XII. p. 342.]

myself about it more; and even now, it is only with extreme effort and chastisement of my indolence that I go on: but, unless I am struck with palsy, I do not seriously doubt my perseverance, until I find somebody able to take up the matter in the same mind, and with a better heart.

11. The laws required to be obeyed by the families living on the land will be,—with some relaxation and modification, so as to fit them for English people,—those of Florence in the fourteenth century. In what additional rules may be adopted, I shall follow, for the most part, Bacon, or Sir Thomas More, under sanction always of the higher authority which of late the English nation has wholly set its strength to defy—that of the Founder of its Religion; nor without due acceptance of what teaching was given to the children of God by their Father, before the day of Christ, of which, for present ending, read and attend to these following quiet words.*

"'In what point of view, then, and on what ground shall a man be profited by injustice or intemperance or other baseness, even though he acquire money or power?'

'There is no ground on which this can be maintained.'

'What shall he profit if his injustice be undetected? for he who is undetected only gets worse, whereas he who is detected and punished has the brutal part of his nature silenced and humanized; the gentler element in him is liberated, and his whole soul is perfected and ennobled by the acquirement of justice and temperance and wisdom, more than the body ever is by receiving gifts of beauty, strength, and health, in proportion as the soul is more honourable than the body.'

'Certainly,' he said.

'Will not, then, the man of understanding, gather all that is in him, and stretch himself like a bent bow to this aim of life; and, in the first place, honour studies which thus chastise and deliver his soul in perfection; and despise others?'[1]

* The close of the ninth book of Plato's *Republic*. I use for the most part Mr. Jowett's translation, here and there modifying it in my own arbitrarily dogged or diffuse way of Englishing passages of complex significance.

[1] [Jowett's version is: "The man of understanding will concentrate himself on this as the work of life. And, in the first place, he will honour studies which impress these qualities on the soul, and will disregard others." For other references to Jowett's translation, see Letter 82 (Vol. XXIX. p. 240 *n.*); and compare a letter to Norton of July 9, 1879 (in a later volume of this edition).]

'Clearly,' he said.

'In the next place, he will keep under his body, and so far will he be from yielding to brutal and irrational pleasures,* that he will not even[1] first look to bodily health as his main object, nor desire to be fair, or strong, or well, unless he is likely thereby to gain temperance; but he will be always desirous of preserving the harmony of the body for the sake of the concord of the soul?'

'Certainly,' he replied, 'that he will, if he is indeed taught by the Muses.'[2]

'And he will also observe the principle of classing and concord in the acquisition of wealth; and will not, because the mob beatify him, increase his endless load of wealth to his own infinite harm?'

'I think not,' he said.

'He will look at the city which is within him, and take care to avoid any change of his own institutions, such as might arise either from abundance or from want; and he will duly regulate his acquisition and expense in so far as he is able?'

'Very true.'

'And, for the same reason, he will accept such honours as he deems likely to make him a better man; but those which are likely to loosen his possessed habit,[3] whether private or public honours, he will avoid?'

'Then, if this be his chief care, he will not be a politician?'

'By the dog of Egypt, he will! in the city which is his own,[4] though in his native country perhaps not, unless some providential accident should occur.'

'I understand; you speak of that city of which we are the founders, and which exists in idea only, for I do not think there is such an one anywhere on earth?'

'In heaven,' I replied, 'there is laid up a pattern of such a city; and he who desires may behold this, and, beholding, govern himself accordingly. But whether there really is, or ever will be, such an one, is of no importance to him, for he will act accordingly to the laws of that city and of no other?'

'True,' he said."

* Plato does not mean here, merely dissipation of a destructive kind (as the next sentence shows), but also healthy animal stupidities, as our hunting, shooting, and the like.[5]

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[1] [Here Jowett has "... that he will regard even health as quite a secondary matter; his first object will be not that he may be fair ..."]

[2] [Jowett's version is: "... has true music in him. And there is a principle of order (ξύνταξιν) and harmony in the acquisition of wealth; this also he will observe, and will not allow himself to be dazzled by the opinion of the world, and heap up riches to his own infinite harm."]

[3] [Jowett has "... likely to disorder his constitution" (λύσειν τὴν ὑπάρχουσαν ἕξιν).]

[4] [See the title of this Letter.]

[5] [For Ruskin's view of such sports, see Vol. VII. p. 340 *n.*; and compare Letters 45, 46, and 51 (below, pp. 156, 177, 286). See also Article V. in St. George's Creed (below, p. 419).]

12. It is due to my readers to state my reasons for raising the price, and withdrawing the frontispieces, of *Fors.*[1]

The cessation of the latter has nothing to do with the price. At least, for the raised price I could easily afford the plates, and they would help the sale; but I cannot spare my good assistant's time in their preparation, and find that, in the existing state of trade, I cannot trust other people, without perpetual looking after them; for which I have no time myself. Even last year the printing of my *Fors* frontispieces prevented the publication of my Oxford lectures on engraving;[2] and it is absolutely necessary that my Oxford work should be done rightly, whatever else I leave undone. Secondly, for the rise in price. I hold it my duty to give my advice for nothing; but not to write it in careful English, and correct press, for nothing. I like the feeling of being paid for my true work as much as any other labourer; and though I write *Fors,* not for money, but because I know it to be wanted, as I would build a wall against the advancing sea for nothing, if I couldn't be paid for doing it; yet I will have proper pay from the harbour-master, if I can get it. As soon as the book gives me and the publisher what is right, the surplus shall go to the St. George's fund.[3] The price will not signify ultimately;—sevenpence, or tenpence, or a shilling, will be all the same to the public if the book is found useful;—but I fix, and mean to keep to, tenpence, because I intend striking for use on my farms[4] the pure silver coin called in Florence the "soldo," of which the golden florin was worth twenty (the soldo itself being misnamed from the Roman "solidus"); and this soldo will represent the Roman denarius, and be worth ten silver pence; and this is to be the price of *Fors.*

Then one further *petty* reason I have for raising the price. In all my dealings with the public, I wish them to understand that my first price is my lowest. They may have to pay more; but never a farthing less. And I am a little provoked at not having been helped in the least by the Working Men's College, after I taught there for five years,[5] or by any of my old pupils there, whom I have lost sight of:—(three remain who would always help me in anything[6]), and I think they will soon begin to want *Fors,* now,—and they shall not have it for sevenpence.

[1] [See the Bibliographical Note, above, p. xxiii.]

[2] [*Ariadne Florentina;* for the delay in its publication, see Vol. XXII. p. 463.]

[3] [On the cost of *Fors,* see Letter 6, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 99).]

[4] [On the proposed, but never actually struck, coinage for St. George's farms, see Letter 58, §§ 14–16 (pp. 430–432); and on the "soldo," Vol. XV. p. 376.]

[5] [Namely, 1854–1859: see Vol. V. pp. xxxvii. *seq.*]

[6] [Ruskin refers no doubt to Mr. George Allen and Mr. William Ward (both pupils at the Working Men's College); while the third is probably Arthur Burgess, who, though he did not belong to the College, was an old pupil and general assistant of Ruskin (see Vol. XIV. pp. 349 *seq.*).]

13. The following three stray newspaper cuttings may as well be printed now; they have lain some time by me. The first two relate to economy. The last is, I hope, an exaggerated report; and I give it as an example of the kind of news which my own journal will *not* give on hearsay.[1] But I know that things did take place in India which were not capable of exaggeration in horror, and such are the results, remember, of our past missionary work, as a whole, in India and China.

I point to them to-day, in order that I may express my entire concurrence in all that I have seen reported of Professor Max Müller's lecture in Westminster Abbey,[2] though there are one or two things I should like to say in addition, if I can find time.

14. "Those who find fault with the present Government on account of its rigid economy, and accuse it of shabbiness, have little idea of the straits it is put to for money and the sacrifices it is obliged to make in order to make both ends meet. The following melancholy facts will serve to show how hardly pushed this great nation is to find sixpence even for a good purpose. The Hakluyt Society was, as some of our readers may know, formed in the year 1846 for the purpose of printing in English for distribution among its members rare and valuable voyages, travels, and geographical records, including the more important early narratives of British enterprise.[3] For many years the Home Office, the Board of Trade, and the Admiralty have been in the habit of subscribing for the publications of this society; and considering that an annual subscription of one guinea entitles each subscriber to receive without further charge a copy of every work produced by the society within the year subscribed for, it can hardly be said that the outlay was ruinous to the Exchequer. But we live in an exceptional period; and accordingly last year the society received a communication from the Board of Trade to the effect that its publications were no longer required. Then the Home Office wrote to say that its subscription must be discontinued, and followed up the communication by another, asking whether it might have a copy of the society's publications, supplied to it gratuitously. Lastly, the Admiralty felt itself constrained by the urgency of the times to reduce its subscription, and asked to have only one instead of two copies annually. It seems rather hard on the Hakluyt Society that the Home Office should beg to have its publications for nothing, and for the sake of appearance it seems advisable that the Admiralty should continue its subscription for two copies, and lend one set to its impoverished brother in Whitehall until the advent of better times."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

15. "We make a present of a suggestion to Professor Beesly, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the artizans who are calling upon the country to strike a blow for France.[4] They must appoint a Select Committee to see what war really means.

[1] [See above, § 7, p. 20.]

[2] [See *On Missions: a Lecture delivered in Westminster Abbey on December 3, 1873, by F. Max Müller, with an Introductory Sermon by A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster:* 1873. For another reference to foreign missions, see Letter 60, § 8 (below, p. 468).]

[3] [For Ruskin's interest in the Society's publications, see Letter 13, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 236).]

[4] [The reference here is to the agitation conducted in 1870–1871 by the Positivist leaders in this country (Professor Beesly, Mr. Harrison, Mr. R. Congreve and others, in conjunction with Mr. George Odger and other representatives of the working classes), with a view to inducing the Government of the day to take up arms on the side of France against Prussia. A "Remonstrance" to this effect was addressed to Mr. Gladstone; Professor Beesly published a pamphlet (*A Word for*

Special commissioners will find out for them how many pounds, on an average, have been lost by the families whose breadwinners have gone to Paris with the King, or to Le Mans with Chanzy. Those hunters of facts will also let the working men know how many fields are unsown round Metz and on the Loire. Next, the Select Committee will get an exact return of the killed and wounded from Count Bismarck and M. Gambetta. Some novelist or poet—a George Eliot or a Browning—will then be asked to lavish all the knowledge of human emotion in the painting of one family group out of the half-million which the returns of the stricken will show. That picture will be distributed broadcast among the working men and their wives. Then the Select Committee will call to its aid the statisticians and the political economists—the Leone Levis,[1] and the John Stuart Mills. Those authorities will calculate what sum the war has taken from the wages fund of France and Germany; what number of working men it will cast out of employment, or force to accept lower wages, or compel to emigrate." (I do not often indulge myself in the study of the works of Mr. Levi or Mr. Mill;—but have they really never done anything of this kind hitherto?) "Thus the facts will be brought before the toiling people, solidly, simply, truthfully. Finally, Professor Beesly and Mr. Harrison will call another meeting, will state the results of the investigation, will say, 'This is the meaning of war,' and will ask the workmen whether they are prepared to pay the inevitable price of helping Republican France. The answer, we imagine, would at once shock and surprise the scholarly gentlemen to whom the Democrats are indebted for their logic and their rhetoric. Meanwhile Mr. Ruskin and the Council of the Workmen's National Peace Society have been doing some small measure of the task which we have mapped out. The Council asks the bellicose section of the operative classes a number of questions about the cost and the effect of battles.[2] Some, it is true, are not very cogent, and some are absurd; but, taken together, they press the inquiry whether war pays anybody, and in particular whether it pays the working man. Mr. Ruskin sets forth the truth much more vividly in the letter which appeared in our impression of Thursday.[3] 'Half the money lost by the inundation of the Tiber,' etc. (the *Telegraph* quotes the letter to the end).

"Before stating what might have been done with the force which has been spent in the work of mutual slaughter, Mr. Ruskin might have explained what good it has undone, and how. Take, first, the destruction of capital. Millions of pounds have been spent on gunpowder, bombs, round shot, cannon, needle-guns, chassepôts, and mitrailleuses. But for the war, a great part of the sum would have been expended in the growing of wheat, the spinning of cloth, the building of railway bridges, and the construction of ships. As the political economists say, the amount would have been spent productively, or, to use the plain words of common speech, would have been so used that, directly or indirectly, it would have added to the wealth of the country, and increased the fund to be distributed among the working people. But the wealth has been blown away from the muzzle of the cannon, or scattered among the woods and forts of Paris in the shape of broken shells and dismounted guns. Now, every shot which is fired is a direct loss to the labouring classes of France and Germany. *King William on the one side,*

France); Dr. J. H. Bridges another (*Why we should Stand by France*); and Mr. Congreve, a third (*Positivist Considerations on the War*). A public meeting of "the Committee of Sympathizers with France" was held at the Cannon Street Hotel on Tuesday, January 3. As a counterblast to this, the "Council of the Workmen's National Peace Society" issued a series of "Questions for the Working Men of Great Britain to ask themselves before they vote at public meetings in favour of a war policy to assist France."]

[1] [Leone Levi (1821–1888), Professor of Commerce in King's College, London; author of numerous books on economics and mercantile law.]

[2] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 41 *n.*]

[3] [Printed in Vol. XVII. p. 547: see also Letter 33, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 262).]

and General Trochu on the other, really load their guns with gold. They put the wages of the working people into every shell. The splinters of iron that strew the fields represent the pay which would have gone to the farm labourers of Alsace, the mechanics of Paris and Berlin, and the silk-weavers of Lyons. If the political economist were some magician, he would command the supernatural agent to transform the broken gun-carriages, the fragments of bombs, and the round shot into loaves of bread, bottles of wine, fields of corn, clothes, houses, cattle, furniture, books, the virtue of women, the health of children, the years of the aged. The whole field would become alive with the forms, the wealth, the beauty, the bustle of great cities. If working men ever saw such a transformation, they would rise up from end to end of Europe, and execrate the King or Emperor who should let loose the dogs of war. And yet such a scene would represent only a small part of the real havoc. For every man whom Germany takes away from the field or the workshop to place in the barrack or the camp, she must sustain as certain a loss as if she were to cast money into the sea. The loss may be necessary as an insurance against still greater injury; but nevertheless the waste does take place, and on the working people does it mainly fall. The young recruit may have been earning thirty shillings a week or a day, and that sum is lost to himself or his friends. Hitherto he has supported himself; now he must be maintained by the State—that is, by his fellow-subjects. Hitherto he has added to the national wealth by ploughing the fields, building houses, constructing railways. A skilful statistician could state, with some approach to accuracy, the number of pounds by which the amount of his yearly productive contribution could be estimated. It might be thirty, or a hundred, or a thousand. Well, he ceases to produce the moment that he becomes a soldier. He is then a drone. He is as unproductive as a pauper. The millions of pounds spent in feeding and drilling the army as clearly represent a dead loss as the millions spent on workhouses. Nor are these the only ways in which war destroys wealth. Hundreds of railway bridges have been broken down; the communications between different parts of the country have been cut off; hundreds of thousands have lost their means of livelihood; and great tracts of country are wasted like a desert. Thus the total destruction of wealth has been appalling. A considerable time ago Professor Leone Levi calculated that Germany alone had lost more than £300,000,000; France must have lost much more; and, even if we make a liberal discount from so tremendous a computation, we may safely say that the war has cost both nations at least half as much as the National Debt of England.

"A large part of that amount, it is true, would have been spent unproductively, even if the war had not taken place. A vast sum would have been lavished on the luxuries of dress and the table, on the beauties of art, and on the appliances of war. But it is safe to calculate that at least half of the amount would have been so expended as to bring a productive return. Two or three hundred millions would have been at the service of peace; and Mr. Ruskin's letter points the question, What could have been done with that enormous total? If it were at the disposal of an English statesman as far-seeing in peace as Bismarck is in war, what might not be done for the England of the present and the future? The prospect is almost millennial. Harbours of refuge might be built all round the coast; the fever dens of London, Manchester, and Liverpool might give place to abodes of health; the poor children of the United Kingdom might be taught to read and write; great universities might be endowed; the waste lands might be cultivated, and the Bog of Allen drained; the National Debt could be swiftly reduced; and a hundred other great national enterprises would sooner or later be fulfilled. But all this store of human good has been blown away from the muzzles of the Krupps and the chassepôts. It has literally been transformed into smoke. We do not deny that such a waste may be necessary in order to guard against still further destruction. Wars have often been imperative. It would frequently be the height of national wickedness to choose an ignoble peace. Nevertheless war is the most costly and most wasteful of human pursuits. When the

working class followers of Professor Beesly ask themselves what is the price of battle, what it represents, and by whom the chief part is paid, they will be better able to respond to the appeal for armed intervention than they were on Tuesday night."—*Daily Telegraph, January 14th*, 1871.

16. "The story of the massacre of Tientsin, on the 21st June last, is told in a private letter dated Cheefoo, June 30th, published in Thursday's *Standard*, but the signature of which is not given. The horrors narrated are frightful, and remembering how frequently stories of similar horrors in the Mutiny melted away on close investigation,—though but too many were true,—we may hope that the writer, who does not seem to have been in Tientsin at the time, has heard somewhat exaggerated accounts. Yet making all allowances for this, there was evidently horror enough. The first attack was on the French Consul, who was murdered, the Chinese mandarins refusing aid. Then the Consulate was broken open, and two Catholic priests murdered, as well as M. and Madame Thomassin, an attaché to the Legation at Pekin and his bride. Then came the worst part. The mob, acting with regular Chinese soldiers, it is said, whom their officers did not attempt to restrain, attacked the hospital of the French Sisters of Charity, stripped them, exposed them to the mob, plucked out their eyes, mutilated them in other ways, and divided portions of their flesh among the infuriated people, and then set fire to the hospital, in which a hundred orphan children, who were the objects of the sisters' care, were burnt to death."—*The Spectator, September 3rd*, 1870.

LETTER 38

"CHILDREN, HAVE YE HERE ANY MEAT?"[1]

HERNE HILL, *December*, 1873.

1. THE laws of Florence in the fourteenth century, for us in the nineteenth![2]

Even so, good reader. You have, perhaps, long imagined that the judges of Israel, and heroes of Greece, the consuls of Rome,[3] and the dukes of Venice, the powers of Florence, and the kings of England, were all merely the dim foreshadowings and obscure prophesyings of the advent of the Jones and Robinson of the future: demi-gods revealed in your own day, whose demi-divine votes, if luckily coincident upon any subject, become totally divine, and establish the ordinances thereof, for ever.

You will find it entirely otherwise, gentlemen, whether of the suburb, or centre. Laws small and great, for ever unchangeable;—irresistible by all the force of Robinson, and unimprovable by finest jurisprudence of Jones, have long since been known, and, by wise nations, obeyed.

2. Out of the statute books of one of these I begin with an apparently unimportant order, but the sway of it cuts deep.

"No person whatsoever shall buy fish, to sell it again, either in the market of Florence, or in any markets in the state of Florence."

It is one of many such laws, entirely abolishing the profession of middleman, or costermonger of perishable articles of food, in the city of the Lily.

[1] [Luke xxiv. 41; John xxi. 5.]

[2] [See Letter 37, § 11 (p. 23). Ruskin quotes here (§ 2) and in § 15 from Florentine archives. A large collection of laws (not including, however, those for the fish trade) is printed in the third volume (1866) of Paolo Emiliani-Giudici's *Storia dei Communi Italiani*.]

[3] [See, for a similar reference, *Aratra Pentelici*, § 214 (Vol. XX. p. 357).]

"Entirely abolishing;—nonsense!" thinks your modern commercial worship. "Who was to prevent private contract?"

Nobody, my good sir;—there is, as you very justly feel, no power in law whatever to prevent private contract. No quantity of laws, penalties, or constitutions, can be of the slightest use to a public inherently licentious and deceitful. There is no legislation for liars and traitors. They cannot be prevented from the pit; the earth finally swallows them. They find their level against all embankment—soak their way down, irrestrainably, to the gutter grating;—happiest the nation that most rapidly so gets rid of their stench. There is no law, I repeat, for these, but gravitation. Organic laws can only be serviceable to, and in general will only be written by, a public of honourable citizens, loyal to their state, and faithful to each other.

3. The profession of middleman was then, by civic consent, and formal law, rendered impossible in Florence with respect to fish. What advantage the modern blessed possibility of such mediatorial function brings to our hungry multitudes; and how the miraculous draught of fishes, which living St. Peter discerns, and often dextrously catches—"the shoals of them like shining continents" (said Carlyle to me, only yesterday)—are by such apostolic succession miraculously diminished, instead of multiplied; and, instead of baskets full of fragments taken up from the ground, baskets full of whole fish laid down on it, lest perchance any hungry person should cheaply eat of the same,—here is a pleasant little account for you, by my good and simple clergyman's wife. It would have been better still, if I had not been forced to warn her that I wanted it for *Fors*, which of course took the sparkle out of her directly.

4. Here is one little naughty bit of private preface, which really must go with the rest. "I have written my little letter about the fish trade, and L. says it is all right. I am afraid you won't think there is anything in it worth putting in *Fors*, as I really know very little about it, and

absolutely nothing that every one else does not know, except ladies, who generally never trouble about anything, but scold their cooks, and abuse the fishmongers—when they cannot pay the weekly bills easily." (After this we are quite proper.)

"The poor fishermen who toil all through these bitter nights, and the retail dealer who carries heavy baskets, or drags a truck so many weary miles along the roads, get but a poor living out of their labour; but what are called 'fish salesmen,' who by reason of their command of capital keep entire command of the London markets, are making enormous fortunes.

"When you ask the fishermen why they do not manage better for themselves at the present demand for fish, they explain how helpless they are in the hands of what they call 'the big men.' Some fishermen at Aldborough, who have a boat of their own, told my brother that one season, when the sea seemed full of herrings, they saw in the newspapers how dear they were in London, and resolved to make a venture on their own account; so they spent all their available money in the purchase of a quantity of the right sort of baskets, and, going out to sea, filled them all, —putting the usual five hundred lovely fresh fish in each,—sent them straight up to London by train, to the charge of a salesman they knew of, begging him to send them into the market and do the best he could for them. But he was very angry with the fishermen; and wrote them word that the market was quite sufficiently stocked; that if more fish were sent in, *the prices would go down;* that he should not allow their fish to be sold at all; and, if they made a fuss about it, he would not send their baskets back, and would make them pay the carriage. As it was, he returned them, after a time; but the poor men never received one farthing for their thousands of nice fish, and only got a scolding for having dared to try and do without the agents who buy the fish from the boats at whatever price they choose to settle amongst themselves.

"When we were at Yarmouth this autumn, the enormous abundance of herrings on the fish quay was perfectly wonderful; it must be (I should think) two hundred yards long, and is capable of accommodating the unloading of a perfect fleet of boats. The 'swills,' as they call the baskets, each containing five hundred fish, were side by side, touching each other, all over this immense space, and men were shovelling salt about, with spades, over heaps of fish, previous to packing at once in boxes. I said, 'How surprised our poor people would be to see such a sight, after constantly being obliged to pay three-halfpence for every herring they buy.' An old fisherman answered me, saying, 'No one need pay that, ma'am, if we could get the fish to them; we could have plenty more boats, and plenty more fish, if we could have them taken where the poor people could get them.' We brought home a hundred dried herrings, for which we paid ten shillings; when we asked if we might buy some lovely mackerel on the Fish Quay, they said (the fishermen) that they were not allowed to sell them there, except all at once. Since then, I have read an account of a Royal Commission having been

investigating the subject of the fishery for some time past, and the result of its inquiries seems to prove that it is inexhaustible, and that in the North Sea it is always harvest-time.*

"When I told our fishmonger all about it, he said I was quite right about the 'big men' in London, and added, 'They will not let us have the fish under their own prices; and if it is so plentiful that they cannot sell it all at that, they have it thrown away, or carted off for manure; sometimes sunk in the river. If we could only get it here, my trade would be twice what it is, for, except sprats, the poor can seldom buy fish now.'[1]

"I asked him if the new Columbia Market[2] was of no use in making things easier, but he said, 'No'; that these salesmen had got that into their hands also; and were so rich that they would keep any number of markets in their own hands. A few hundred pounds sacrificed any day to keep up the prices they think well worth their while."

* Not quite so, gentlemen of the Royal Commission. Harvests, no less than sales, and fishermen no less than salesmen, need regulation by just human law. Here is a piece of news, for instance, from Glasgow, concerning Loch Fyne:—"Owing to the permission to fish for herring by trawling, which not only scrapes up the spawn from the bottom, but catches great quantities of the fry, which are useless for market, and only fit for manure, it is a fact that, whereas Loch Fyne used to be celebrated for containing the finest herrings to be caught anywhere, and thousands and tens of thousands of boxes used to be exported from Inverary, there are not now enough caught there to *enable them to export a single box*, and the quantity caught lower down the loch, near its mouth (and every year the herring are being driven farther and farther down) is not a tithe of what it used to be. Such a thing as a Loch Fyne herring (of the old size and quality) cannot be had now in Glasgow for any money, and this is only a type of the destruction which trawling, and too short close-time, are causing to all the west-coast fishing. Whiting Bay, Arran, has been rid of its whiting by trawling on the spawning coast opposite. The cupidity of careless fishers, unchecked by beneficial law, is here also 'killing the goose that lays the golden eggs,' and herring of any kind are *very* scarce and very bad in Glasgow, at a penny and sometimes twopence each. Professor Huxley gave his sanction to trawling, in a Government Commission, I am told, some years ago,[3] and it has been allowed ever since. I will tell you something similar about the seal-fishing off Newfoundland, another time."

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[1] [For a later reference to this passage, see Letter 88, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 383).]

[2] [In Bethnal Green; erected by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at a cost of £200,000. "As a place of business in the way designed by its noble founder, Columbia Market from the very first has proved a comparative failure. . . . In April 1877 it was reopened as a meat market" (Cassell's *Old and New London*, vol. v. p. 506).]

[3] [Huxley (who afterwards in 1881 succeeded Frank Buckland as Inspector of Fisheries) "had been a member from 1863–65 of the Commission which had conducted an elaborate investigation into the fisheries of the United Kingdom, and had taken a large share in the preparation of the Report. This protracted investigation had convinced Huxley that the supply of fish in the deep sea was practically inexhaustible. . . . He was not, however, equally certain that particular

5. What do you think of that, by way of Free-trade? —my British-never-never-never-will-be-slaves,—hey? Free-trade; and the Divine Law of Supply and Demand; and the Sacred Necessity of Competition, and what not;—and here's a meek little English housewife who can't get leave, on her bended knees, from Sultan Costermonger, to eat a fresh herring at Yarmouth! and must pay three-halfpence apiece, for his leave to eat them anywhere;—and you, you simpletons—Fishermen, indeed!—Cod's heads and shoulders, say rather,—meekly receiving back your empty baskets; your miracle of loaves and fishes executed for you by the Costermongering Father of the Faithful, in that thimblerig manner!

6. "But haven't you yourself been hard against competition, till now? and haven't *you* always wanted to regulate prices?"[1]

Yes, my good SS. Peter and Andrew!—very certainly I want to regulate prices; and very certainly I will, as to such things as I sell, or have the selling of. I should like to hear of anybody's getting this letter for less than tenpence!—and if you will send *me* some fish to sell for you, perhaps I may even resolve that they shall be sold at twopence each, or else made manure of,—like these very costermongers; but the twopence shall go into your pockets—not mine; which you will find a very pleasant and complete difference in principle between his Grace the Costermonger and me; and, secondly, if I raise the price of a herring to twopence, it will be because I know that people have been in some way misusing them, or wasting them; and need to get fewer for a time; or will eat twopenny herrings at fashionable tables (when they wouldn't touch halfpenny

areas of sea shore might not be exhausted. . . . His reports for 1882 and 1883, in which he gave elaborate accounts of the results of legislation on the Tyne and on the Severn, show that he keenly appreciated the necessity of regulating the Salmon Fisheries": Sir Spencer Walpole in Leonard Huxley's *Life and Letters of Huxley*, vol. ii. pp. 294–295 (1903 edition).]

[1] [See, for instance, on competition, *Unto this Last*, § 54 (Vol. XVII. p. 75); and on the regulation of prices, *Time and Tide*, § 80 (*ibid.* p. 386): on the latter point, compare Letter 58, § 17 (below, p. 433).]

ones), and so give the servants no reason to turn up their noses at them.* I may have twenty such good reasons for fixing the price of your fish; but not one of them will be his Grace the Costermonger's. All that I want you to see is, not only the possibility of regulating prices, but the fact that they *are* now regulated, and regulated by rascals, while all the world is bleating out its folly about Supply and Demand.

"Still, even in your way, you would be breaking the laws of Florence, anyhow, and buying to sell again?" Pardon me: I should no more buy your fish than a butcher's boy buys his master's mutton. I should simply carry your fish for you where I knew it was wanted; being as utterly your servant in the matter as if I were one of your own lads sent dripping up to the town with basket on back. And I should be paid, as your servant, so much wages (not *commission*, observe); making bargains far away for you, and many another Saunders Mucklebackit, just as your wife makes them, up the hill at Monkbarns; and no more buying the fish, to sell again, than she.[1]

7. "Well, but where could we get anybody to do this?"

Have you no sons then?—or, among them, none whom you can take from the mercy of the sea, and teach to serve you mercifully on the land?

It is not that way, however, that the thing will be done. It must be done for you by gentlemen. They may stagger on perhaps a year or two more in their vain ways; but the day *must* come when your poor little honest puppy, whom his people have been wanting to dress up in a surplice, and call, "The to be Feared," that he might have pay enough, by tithe or tax, to marry a pretty girl, and live in a parsonage,[2]—some poor little honest wretch of a

* In my aunt's younger days, at Perth, the servants used regularly to make bargain that they should not be forced to dine on salmon more than so many times a week.

[1] [*The Antiquary*, ch. xi.]
[2] [Compare Letter 40, § 14 (below, p. 76).]

puppy, I say, will eventually get it into his glossy head that he would be incomparably more reverend to mortals, and acceptable to St. Peter and all Saints, as a true monger of sweet fish, than a false fisher for rotten souls; and that his wife would be incomparably more "lady-like" —not to say Madonna-like—marching beside him in purple stockings and sabots—or even frankly barefoot—with her creel full of caller herring on her back, than in administering any quantity of Ecclesiastical scholarship to her Sunday-schools.[1]

8. "How dreadful—how atrocious!"—thinks the tender clerical lover. "*My* wife walk with a fish-basket on her back!"[2]

Yes, you young scamp, yours. You were going to lie to the Holy Ghost, then, were you, only that she might wear satin slippers and be called a "lady"? Suppose, instead of fish, I were to ask her and you to carry coals. Have you ever read your Bible carefully enough to wonder where Christ got them from, to make His fire (when He was so particular about St. Peter's dinner, and St. John's[3])? Or if I asked you to be hewers of wood, and drawers of water;—would that also seem intolerable to you? My poor clerical friends, God was never more in the burning bush of Sinai than He would be in every crackling faggot (cut with your own hands) that you warmed a poor hearth with: nor did that woman of Samaria ever give Him to drink more surely than you may, from every stream and well in this your land, that you can keep pure.

9. 20*th Dec.*—To hew wood—to draw water;—you think these base businesses, do you? and that you are noble, as well as sanctified, in binding faggot-burdens on poor men's backs, which you will not touch with your own fingers;[4]—

[1] [For other new duties for the clergy, see *Time and Tide*, § 106 (Vol. XVII. p. 404).]

[2] [Compare Letter 93, § 9 (Vol. XXIX. p. 475).]

[3] [John xxi. 9. The other Bible references in § 8 are Joshua ix. 21; Exodus iii. 2, xix. 18; and John iv. 7.]

[4] [See Matthew xxiii. 4.]

and in preaching the efficacy of baptism inside the church,[1] by yonder stream (under the first bridge of the Seven Bridges Road here at Oxford), while the sweet waters of it are choked with dust and dung, within ten fathoms from your font;—and in giving benediction with two fingers and your thumb, of a superfine quality, to the Marquis of B.?[2] Honester benediction, and more efficacious, can be had cheaper, gentlemen, in the existing market. Under my own system of regulating prices, I gave an Irishwoman twopence yesterday for two oranges, of which fruit—under pressure of competition—she was ready to supply me with three for a penny. "The Lord Almighty take you to eternal glory!" said she.

You lawyers, also,—distributors, by your own account, of the quite supreme blessing of Justice,—you are not so busily eloquent in her cause but that some of your sweet voices might be spared to Billingsgate, though the river air might take the curl out of your wigs, and so diminish that æsthetic claim, which, as aforesaid,[3] you still hold on existence. But you will bring yourselves to an end soon, —wigs and all,—unless you think better of it.

10. I will dismiss at once, in this letter, the question of regulation of prices, and return to it no more, except in setting down detailed law.

Any rational group of persons, large or small, living in war or peace, will have its commissariat;—its officers for provision of food. Famine in a fleet, or an army, may sometimes be inevitable; but in the event of *national* famine, the officers of the commissariat should be starved the first. God has given to man corn, wine, cheese, and honey, all preservable for a number of years;—filled His seas with inexhaustible salt, and incalculable fish; filled the woods with beasts, the winds with birds, and the fields with fruit. Under these circumstances, the stupid human brute stands

[1] [The new church of St. Frideswide, opened in 1872.]
[2] [See Letter 18, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 304).]
[3] [See Letter 1, § 6 (Vol. XXVII. p. 17).]

talking metaphysics, and expects to be fed by the law of Supply and Demand. I do not say that I shall always succeed in regulating prices, or quantities, absolutely to my mind; but in the event of any scarcity of provision, rich tables shall be served like the poorest, and—we will see.

11. The price of every other article will be founded on the price of food. The price of what it takes a day to produce, will be a day's maintenance; of what it takes a week to produce, a week's maintenance,—such maintenance being calculated according to the requirements of the occupation, and always with a proportional surplus for saving.

"How am I to know exactly what a day's maintenance is?" I don't want to know exactly. I don't know exactly how much dinner I ought to eat; but, on the whole, I eat enough, and not too much. And I shall not know "exactly" how much a painter ought to have for a picture. It may be a pound or two under the mark—a pound or two over. On the average it will be right,—that is to say, his decent keep* during the number of days' work that are properly accounted for in the production.

"How am I to hinder people from giving more if they like?"

* As for instance, and in farther illustration of the use of herrings, here is some account of the maintenance of young painters and lawyers in Edinburgh, sixty years since, sent me by the Third Fors; and good Dr. Brown, in an admirable sketch of the life of an admirable Scottish artist, says: "Raeburn (Sir Henry) was left an orphan at six, and was educated in Heriot's Hospital. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a goldsmith; but after his time was out, set himself entirely to portrait painting. About this time he became acquainted with the famous cynic, lawyer, and wit, John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldin,[1] then a young advocate. Both were poor. Young Clerk asked Raeburn to dine at his lodgings. Coming in, he found the landlady laying the cloth, and setting down two dishes, one containing three herrings, and the other three potatoes. 'Is this a'?' said John. 'Ay, it's a'.' 'A'! didna I tell ye, woman, that a gentleman is to dine wi' me, and that ye were to get six herrin' and six potatoes?'" [2]

[1] [Hitherto misprinted "Eldon." John Clerk (1757–1832), Lord Eldin, was a Lord of Session (1823–1828).]

[2] [Compressed from p. 2 of Dr. John Brown's notice of the artist prefixed to *Portraits by Sir Henry Raeburn, Photographed by Thomas Annan, with Bibliographical Sketches*, Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. There is no date on the title-page, but Dr. Brown's essay is dated December 6, 1873.]

People whom I catch doing as they like will generally have to leave the estate.

"But how is it to be decided to which of two purchasers, each willing to give its price, and more, anything is to belong?"

In various ways, according to the nature of the thing sold, and circumstances of sale. Sometimes by priority; sometimes by privilege; sometimes by lot; and sometimes by auction, at which whatever excess of price, above its recorded value, the article brings, shall go to the national treasury. So that nobody will ever buy anything to make a profit on it.

12. 11*th January*, 1874.—Thinking I should be the better of a look at the sea, I have come down to an old watering-place,[1] where one used to be able to get into a decent little inn, and possess one's self of a parlour with a bow window looking out on the beach, a pretty carpet, and a print or two of revenue cutters, and the Battle of the Nile. One could have a chop and some good cheese for dinner; fresh cream and cresses for breakfast, and a plate of shrimps.

I find myself in the Umfraville Hotel, a quarter of a mile long by a furlong deep; in a ghastly room, five-and-twenty feet square, and eighteen high,—that is to say, just four times as big as I want, and which I can no more light with my candles in the evening than I could the Peak cavern.[2] A gas apparatus in the middle of it serves me to knock my head against, but I take good care not to light it, or I should soon be stopped from my evening's work by a headache, and be unfit for my morning's business besides. The carpet is threadbare, and has the look of having been spat upon all over. There is only one window, of four huge panes of glass, through which one commands a view of a plaster balcony, some ornamental iron railings, an esplanade,—and,—well, I suppose,—in the

[1] [Margate.]
[2] [Familiar to Ruskin from his boyhood: see Vol. I. p. 412 and *Præterita*, i. § 83.]

distance, that is really the sea, where it used to be. I am ashamed to ask for shrimps,—not that I suppose I could get any if I did. There's no cream, "because, except in the season, we could only take so small a quantity, sir." The bread's stale, because it's Sunday; and the cheese, last night, was of the cheapest tallow sort. The bill will be at least three times my old bill;—I shall get no thanks from anybody for paying it;—and this is what the modern British public thinks is "living in style." But the most comic part of all the improved arrangements is that I can only have codlings for dinner, because all the cod goes to London, and none of the large fishing-boats dare sell a fish, here.

13. And now but a word or two more, final, as to the fixed price of this book.

A sensible and worthy tradesman writes to me in very earnest terms of expostulation, blaming me for putting the said book out of the reach of most of the persons it is meant for, and asking me how I can expect, for instance, the working men round him (in Lancashire),—who have been in the habit of strictly ascertaining that they have value for their money,—to buy, for tenpence, what they know might be given them for twopence-halfpenny.

14. Answer first:

My book is meant for no one who cannot reach it. If a man with all the ingenuity of Lancashire in his brains, and breed of Lancashire in his body; with all the steam and coal power in Lancashire to back his ingenuity and muscle; all the press of literary England vomiting the most valuable information at his feet; with all the tenderness of charitable England aiding him in his efforts, and ministering to his needs; with all the liberality of republican Europe rejoicing in his dignities as a man and a brother; and with all the science of enlightened Europe directing his opinions on the subject of the materials of the Sun, and the origin of his species; if, I say, a man so circumstanced, assisted, and informed, living besides in the richest country of the

globe, and, from his youth upwards, having been in the habit of "seeing that he had value for his money," cannot, as the upshot and net result of all, now afford to pay me tenpence a month—or an annual half-sovereign, for my literary labour,—in Heaven's name, let him buy the best reading he can for twopence-halfpenny. For that sum, I clearly perceive he can at once provide himself with two penny illustrated newspapers and one halfpenny one,—full of art, sentiment, and the Tichborne trial.[1] He can buy a quarter of the dramatic works of Shakespeare, or a whole novel of Sir Walter Scott's. Good value for his money, he thinks;—reads one of them through, and in all probability loses some five years of the eyesight of his old age; which he does not, with all his Lancashire ingenuity, reckon as part of the price of his cheap book. But how has he read? There is an act of *Midsummer Night's Dream* printed in a page. Steadily and dutifully, as a student should, he reads his page. The lines slip past his eyes, and mind, like sand in an hour-glass; he has some dim idea at the end of the act that he has been reading about Fairies, and Flowers, and Asses. Does he know what a Fairy is? Certainly not. Does he know what a flower is? He has perhaps never seen one wild, or happy, in his life. Does he even know—quite distinctly, inside and out—what an Ass is?

15. But, answer second. Whether my Lancashire friends need any aid to their discernment of what is good or bad in literature, I do not know;—but I mean to give them the best help I can; and, therefore, not to allow them to have for twopence what I know to be worth tenpence. For here is another law of Florence, still concerning fish, which is transferable at once to literature.

"Eel of the lake shall be sold for three soldi a pound; and eel of the common sort for a soldo and a half."

And eel of a bad sort was not allowed to be sold at all.

[1] [For other references to the Tichborne trial, see Letters 44, § 17 (p. 143), and 94, § 2 *n.* (Vol. XXIX. p. 480); also Vol. XXVI. p. 110.]

"Eel of the lake," I presume, was that of the Lake of Bolsena; Pope Martin IV. died of eating too many,[1] in spite of their high price. You observe I do not reckon my *Fors* Eel to be of Bolsena; I put it at the modest price of a soldo a pound, or English tenpence. One cannot be precise in such estimates;—one can only obtain rude approximations. Suppose, for instance, you read the *Times* newspaper for a week, from end to end; your aggregate of resultant useful information will certainly not be more than you may get out of a single number of *Fors*. But your *Times* for the week will cost you eighteenpence.

You borrow the *Times?* Borrow this then; till the days come when English people cease to think they can live by lending, or learn by borrowing.

16. I finish with copy of a bit of a private letter to the editor of an honestly managed country newspaper, who asked me to send him *Fors*.

"I find it—on examining the subject for these last three years very closely—necessary to defy the entire principle of advertisement; and to make no concession of any kind whatsoever to the public press—even in the minutest particular. And this year I cease sending *Fors* to *any* paper whatsoever. It *must* be bought by every one who has it, editor or private person.

"If there are ten people in ———— willing to subscribe a penny each for it, you can see it in turn; by no other means can I let it be seen. From friend to friend, or foe to foe, it must make its own way, or stand still, abiding its time."

[1] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 261 (Vol. XXIII. p. 153).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. The following bit of a private letter to a good girl belonging to the upper classes may be generally useful; so I asked her to copy it for *Fors*.

"*January*, 1874.

"Now mind you dress always charmingly; it is the first duty of a girl to be charming, and she cannot be charming if she is not charmingly dressed.

"And it is quite the first of firsts in the duties of girls in high position, nowadays, to set an example of beautiful dress without extravagance,—that is to say, without waste, or unnecessary splendour.

"On great occasions they may be a blaze of jewels, if they like, and can; but only when they are part of a great show or ceremony. In their daily life, and ordinary social relations, they ought *at present* to dress with marked simplicity, to put down the curses of luxury and waste which are consuming England.

"Women usually apologize to themselves for their pride and vanity, by saying, 'It is good for trade.'

"Now you may soon convince yourself, and everybody about you, of the monstrous folly of this, by a very simple piece of definite action.

"Wear, yourself, becoming, pleasantly varied, but simple dress, of the best possible material.

"What you think necessary to buy (beyond this) 'for the good of trade,' buy, and immediately *burn*.

"Even your dullest friends will see the folly of that proceeding. You can then explain to them that by wearing what they don't want (instead of burning it) for the good of trade, they are merely adding insolence and vulgarity to absurdity."[1]

18. I am very grateful to the writer of the following letters for his permission to print the portions of them bearing on our work.[2] The first was written several years ago.

"Now, my dear friend, I don't know why I should intrude what I now want to say about my little farm, which you disloyally dare to call a kingdom, but that I know you *do* feel an interest in such things; whereas I find not one in a hundred

[1] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, § 48 (Vol. XVI. p. 48 and *n.*).]

[2] [The letters were from Ruskin's friend, Charles H. Woodd, and refer to Oughtershaw in Upper Wharfedale—"a bit of God's garden," writes Miss Woodd, "still untouched by smoke or railways, though last year (1902) a new railway was begun, to run from Skipton to within 15 miles of us."]

does care a jot for the moral influence and responsibilities of landowners, or for those who live out of it, and, by the sweat of the brow for them and their's,[1] own luxuries which pamper them, whilst too often their tenants starve, and the children die of want and fever.

"One of the most awful things I almost ever heard was from the lips of a clergyman, near B——, when asked what became of the children, by day, of those mothers employed in mills. He said, 'Oh, I take care of them; they are brought to me, and I lay them in the churchyard.' Poor lambs! What a flock!

"But now for my little kingdom,—the *royalties* of which, by the way, still go to the Duke of Devonshire, as lord of the minerals under the earth.

"It had for many years been a growing dream and desire of mine (whether right or wrong I do not say) to possess a piece of God's earth, be it only a rock or a few acres of land, with a few people to live out of and upon it. Well, my good father had an estate about four miles across, embracing the whole upper streams and head of ——dale, some twelve hundred feet above the sea, and lifted thus far away above the din and smoke of men, surrounded by higher hills, the grassy slopes of Ingleborough and Carn Fell. It was a waste moorland, with a few sheep farms on it, undivided, held in common,—a few small enclosures of grass and flowers, taken off at the time of the Danes, retaining Danish names and farm usages,—a few tenements, built by that great and noble Lady Anne Clifford, two hundred years ago; in which dwelt honest, sturdy, great-hearted English men and women, as I think this land knows.

"Well, this land my father made over by deed of gift to me, reserving to himself the rents for life, but granting to me full liberty to 'improve' and lay out what I pleased; charged also with the maintenance of a schoolmaster for the little school-house I built in memory of my late wife, who loved the place and people. With this arrangement I was well pleased, and at once began to enclose and drain, and, on Adam Smith principle, make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. This has gone on for some years, affording labour to the few folks there, and some of their neighbours. Of the prejudices of the old farmers, the less said the better; and as to the prospective increased value of rental, I may look, at least, for my five per cent., may I not? I am well repaid, at present, by the delight gained to me in wandering over this little Arcady, where I fancy at times I still hear the strains of the pipe of the shepherd Lord Clifford of Cumberland,[2] blending with the crow of the moor-fowl, the song of the lark, and cry of the curlew, the bleating of sheep, and heaving and dying fall of the many waters. To think of all this, and yet men prefer the din of war or commercial strife! It is so pleasant a thing to know all the inhabitants, and all their little joys and woes,—like one of your bishops; and to be able to apportion them their work. Labour, there, is not accounted degrading work; even stone-breaking for the roads is not *pauper's* work, and a test of starvation, but taken gladly by tenant farmers to occupy spare time; for I at once set to work to make roads, rude bridges, plantations of fir-trees, and of oak and birch, which once flourished there, as the name signifies.

"I am now laying out some thousands of pounds in draining and liming, and *killing out* the Alpine flowers, which you tell me* is not wrong to do, as God has reserved other gardens for them, though I must say not one dies without a pang to me; yet I see there springs up the fresh grass, the daisy, the primrose—the

* I don't remember telling you anything of the sort. I should tell you another story now, my dear friend.

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[1] [This passage has hitherto been printed unintelligibly as "and by the sweat of the brow for them and their own luxuries . . ." The MS. is not available; but the alteration now adopted makes sense.]

[2] [See Letter 12, § 17, and the letter there referred to (Vol. XXVII. p. 210).]

life of growing men and women, the source of labour and of happiness; God be thanked if one does even a little to attain that for one's fellows, either for this world or the next!

"How I wish you could see them on our one day's feast and holiday, when all—as many as will come from all the country round—are regaled with a hearty Yorkshire tea at the *Hall*, as they will call a rough mullioned-windowed house I built upon a rock rising from the river's edge. The children have their games, and then all join in a missionary meeting, to hear something of their fellow-creatures who live in other lands; the little ones gather their pennies to support and educate a little Indian school child;* this not only for sentiment, but to teach a care for others near home and far off.

"The place is five miles from church, and, happily, as far from a public-house, though still, I grieve to say, drink is the one failing of these good people, mostly arising from the want of full occupation.

"You speak of *mining* as servile work: why so? Hugh Miller was a quarryman, and I know an old man who has wrought coal for me in a narrow seam, lying on his side to work, who has told me that in winter time he had rather work thus than sit over his fireside;† he is quiet and undisturbed, earns his bread, and is a man not without reflection. Then there is the smith, an artist in his way, and loves *his* work too; and as to the quarrymen and masons, they are some of the merriest fellows I know: they come five or six miles to work, *knitting* stockings as they walk along.

"I must just allude to one social feature which is pleasant,—that is, the free intercourse, without familiarity, or loss of respect for master and man. The farmer or small landowner sits at the same table at meals with the servants, yet the class position of yeoman or labourer is fully maintained, and due respect shown to the superior, and almost royal worship to the lord of the soil, if he is in anywise a good landlord. Now, is England quite beyond all hope, when such things exist here, in this nineteenth century of machine-made life? I know not why, I say again, I should inflict all this about *self* upon you, except that I have a hobby, and I love it, and so fancy others must do so too.

"Forgive me this, and believe me always,

"Yours affectionately."

"*5th January*, 1874.

19. "MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I have just come from an old Tudor house in Leicestershire, which tells of happier days in some ways than our own. It was once the Grange of St. Mary's Abbey, where rent and service were paid and done *in kind*. When there, I wished I could have gone a few miles with you to St. Bernard's Monastery[1] in Charnwood Forest; there you would see what somewhat resembles your St. George's land, only without the family and domestic features—

* Very fine; but have all the children in Sheffield and Leeds had their pennyworth of gospel, first?[2]

† All I can say is, tastes differ; but I have not myself tried the degree of comfort which may be attained in winter by lying on one's side in a coal-seam, and cannot therefore feel confidence in offering an opinion.

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[1] [A mile east of Whitwick; the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, the first Abbey completed by the Roman Catholics in England since the Reformation. A Cistercian monastery, founded in 1835, but removed to the present site in 1839; the buildings designed by Pugin; opened in 1844. The Abbey is occupied by about sixty monks of the Cistercian order, founded by the Englishman, Stephen Harding. They observe perpetual silence, employ themselves in husbandry, and have redeemed the neighbouring waste land by their industry.]

[2] [On the subject of home and foreign missions, compare Letter 60, § 8 (p. 468).]

certainly most essential to the happiness of a people.* But there you may see rich well-kept fields and gardens, where thirty years ago was nothing but wild moorland and granite tors on the hill ridges.

"The Cross of Calvary rises now on the highest rock; below are gardens and fields, all under the care and labour (happy labour it seems) of the Silent Brothers,† and a reformatory for boys. There is still much waste land adjoining. The spot is central, healthy, and as yet unoccupied: it really seems to offer itself to you. There, too, is space, pure air and water, and quarries of slate and granite, etc., for the less skilled labour.

"Well, you ask[1] if the dalesmen of Yorkshire rise to a vivid state of contented life and love of the pretty things of heaven and earth. They have a rough outside, at times hard to penetrate; but when you do, there is a warm heart, but not much culture, although a keen value of manly education, and their duty to God and man. Apart from the vanities of the so-called 'higher education,' their calling is mostly out of doors, in company with sheep and cattle; the philosophy of their minds often worthy of the Shepherd Lord,—not much sight for the beauties

* Very much so indeed, my good friend; and yet, the plague of it is, one never can get people to do anything that is wise or generous, unless they go and make monks of themselves. I believe this St. George's land of mine will really be the first place where it has been attempted to get married people to live in any charitable and human way, and graft apples where they may eat them, without getting driven out of their Paradise.

† There, again! why, in the name of all that's natural, can't decent men and women use their tongues, on occasion, for what God made them for,—talking in a civil way; but must either go and make dumb beasts of themselves, or else (far worse) let out their tongues for hire, and live by vomiting novels and reviews!

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[1] [The following is the letter from Ruskin, to which his correspondent is here replying:—

"*Dec.* 29, 1873.

"MY DEAR WOODD,—I am very grateful for your letter. I have just put aside for reference some former ones, very interesting and valuable, about your people. There is certainly no need for any measures of mine when proprietors like yourself are taking due charge of their people, and —so that the land be made the best of, that there is a 'return,' is all the better—my work being only to deal with land that can give no return except in the future.

"May I ask—for it is a matter of grave importance to me—how far *you* are satisfied with the state of your hill people. Satisfying themselves, it ought not to be interfered with, unless with extreme caution; but have you any idea of leading them into a more vivid and refined state of equally contented life? or of removing causes of unnecessary hardship? It seems to me you have exactly the conditions under your control which will enable you to ascertain and illustrate the duty of English landlords. You have a peaceful tenantry, who will not explode at a touch into insurrection; you have space, pure earth and water, and—the Knowledge of divine law, which is *my* notion of 'Capital.' What are you going to do? or to keep untouched?

"Ever affectionately yours,
"J. RUSKIN.

"Thanks for the lovely story of your little boy. The pretty things? What? How far might the hill peasant's child recognize them also?"

The "lovely story" was of Mr. Woodd's son, who, when taken out of a pond, said to his mother, "Am I drowned? I don't want to leave you and all the pretty things yet."]

of Nature beyond its *uses*. I CAN say their tastes are not *low* nor *degraded* by literature of the daily press, etc. I have known them for twenty years, have stood for hours beside them at work, building or draining, and I never heard one foul or coarse word. In sickness, both man and woman are devoted. They have, too, a reverence for social order and 'Divine Law,'—familiar without familiarity. This even pervades their own class or sub-classes;—for instance, although farmers and their families, and work-people and servants, all sit at the same table, it is a rare thing for a labourer to presume to ask in marriage a farmer's daughter. Their respect to landlords is equally shown. As a specimen of their politics, I may instance this;—to a man at the county election they voted for Stuart Wortley,[1] 'because he bore a well-known Yorkshire name, and had the blood of a gentleman.'

"As to *hardships*, I see none beyond those incident to their calling, in snow-storms, etc. You never see a child unshod or ill-clad. Very rarely do they allow a relative to receive aid from the parish.

"I tried a reading-club for winter evenings, but found they liked their own fireside better. Happily, there is, in my part, no public-house within six miles; still I must say drink is the vice of some. In winter they have much leisure time, in which there is a good deal of card-playing. Still some like reading; and we have among them now a fair lot of books, mostly from the Pure Literature Society. They are proud and independent, and, as you say, must be dealt with cautiously. Everywhere I see much might be done. Yet on the whole, when compared with the town life of men, one sees little to amend. There is a pleasant and curious combination of work. Mostly all workmen,—builders (*i.e.*, wallers), carpenters, smiths, etc.,—work a little farm as well as follow their own craft; this gives wholesome occupation as well as independence, and almost realizes Sir T. More's Utopian plan. There is contented life of men, women, and children,—happy in their work and joyful in prospect: what could one desire further, if each be full according to his capacity and refinement?

"You ask what I purpose to do further, or leave untouched. I desire to leave untouched some 3000 acres of moorland needed for their sheep, serviceable for peat fuel, freedom of air and mind and body, and the growth of all the lovely things of moss and heather. Wherever land is capable of improvement, I hold it is a grave responsibility until it is done. You must come and look for yourself some day.

"I enclose a cheque for ten guineas for St. George's Fund, with my best wishes for this new year.

"Ever yours affectionately."

I have questioned one or two minor points in my friend's letters; but on the whole, they simply describe a piece of St. George's old England, still mercifully left,—and such as I hope to make even a few pieces more, again; conquering them out of the Devil's new England.

[1] [That is, at the election for the West Riding, when the Hon. J. Stuart Wortley won the seat for the Conservatives. In 1846 he succeeded his father as Lord Wharncliffe, and the Liberals then regained the seat.]

LETTER 39[1]

THE CART GOES BETTER, SO[2]

1. On a foggy forenoon, two or three days ago, I wanted to make my way quickly from Hengler's Circus to Drury Lane Theatre, without losing time which might be philosophically employed; and therefore afoot, for in a cab I never can think of anything but how the driver is to get past whatever is in front of him.

On foot, then, I proceeded, and accordingly by a somewhat complex diagonal line, to be struck, as the stars might guide me, between Regent Circus and Covent Garden. I have never been able, by the way, to make any coachman understand that such diagonals were not always profitable. Coachmen, as far as I know them, always possess just enough geometry to feel that the hypothenuse is shorter than the two sides, but I never yet could get one to see than an hypothenuse constructed of cross streets in the manner of the line A C, had no advantage, in the matter of distance to be traversed, over the simple thoroughfares A B, B C, while it involved the loss of the momentum of the carriage, and a fresh start for the cattle, at seventeen corners instead of one, not to mention the probability of a block at half-a-dozen of them, none the less frequent since underground railways, and more difficult to get out of, in consequence of the increasing discourtesy and diminishing patience of all human creatures.

2. Now here is just one of the pieces of practical

[1] [As a summary of the contents of this Letter Ruskin wrote in his copy, "Comparison between Theatric true life and practical false."]

[2] [For the bearing of the title, see § 8.]

geometry and dynamics which a modern schoolmaster, exercising his pupils on the positions of letters in the word Chillianwallah,[1] would wholly despise. Whereas, in St. George's schools, it shall be very early learned, on a square and diagonal of actual road, with actual loaded wheelbarrow—first one-wheeled, and pushed; and secondly, two-wheeled, and pulled. And similarly, every bit of science the children learn shall be directly applied by them, and the use of it felt, which involves the truth of it being known in the best possible way, and without any debating thereof. And what they cannot apply they shall not be troubled to know. I am not the least desirous that they should know so much even of the sun as that it stands still (if it does). They may remain, for anything I care, under the most simple conviction that it gets up every morning and goes to bed every night; but they shall assuredly possess the applicable science of the hour it gets up at, and goes to bed at, on any day of the year, because they will have to regulate their own gettings up and goings to bed upon those solar proceedings.[2]

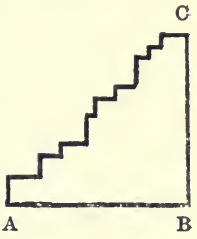

Fig. 1

3. Well, to return to Regent Street. Being afoot, I took the complex diagonal, because by wise regulation of one's time and angle of crossing, one may indeed move on foot in an economically drawn line, provided one does not miss its main direction. As it chanced, I took my line correctly enough; but found so much to look at and think of on the way, that I gained no material advantage. First, I could not help stopping to consider the metaphysical reasons of the extreme gravity and self-abstraction of Archer Street. Then I was delayed a while in Prince's Street,

[1] [See Letter 30, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 558).]

[2] [This passage was written in January 1874, and in his diary Ruskin notes the grumbling which his persistent early rising caused in his hotel in London. On the next day (January 22) he records a visit to the circus (see § 6 here): "the splendid fellows and girls and horses, so humiliating to me in their own power and virtue."]

Soho, wondering what Prince it had belonged to.[1] Then I got through Gerrard Street into Little Newport Street; and came there to a dead pause, to think why, in these days of division of mechanical labour, there should be so little space for classification of commodities, as to require oranges, celery, butchers' meat, cheap hosiery, soap, and salt fish, to be all sold in the same alley.

4. Some clue to the business was afforded me by the sign of the "Hôtel de l'Union des Peuples" at the corner, "bouillon et bœuf à emporter;" but I could not make out why, in spite of the union of people, the provision merchant at the opposite corner had given up business, and left his house with all its upper windows broken, and its door nailed up. Finally, I was stopped at the corner of Cranbourne Street by a sign over a large shop advising me to buy some "screwed boots and shoes." I am too shy to go in and ask, on such occasions, what screwed boots are, or at least too shy to come out again without buying any, if the people tell me politely, and yet I couldn't get the question what such things might be out of my head, and nearly got run over in consequence, before attaining the Arcadian shelter of Covent Garden. I was but just in time to get my tickets for Jack in the Box, on the day I wanted, and put them carefully in the envelope with those I had been just securing at Hengler's for my fifth visit to Cinderella. For indeed, during the last three weeks, the greater part of my available leisure has been spent between Cinderella and Jack in the Box; with this curious result upon my mind, that the intermediate scenes of Archer Street and Prince's Street, Soho, have become to me merely as one part of the drama, or pantomime, which I happen to have seen last;

[1] [The appearance of Archer Street, Great Windmill Street, is now a good deal changed, as the new Lyric and Apollo theatres abut upon it. Prince's Street, Wardour Street, was "so called from the Military Garden of Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of King James I., which stood on part of Prince's Street and Gerard Street." Hence, also, the name "Archer" Street. "Gerrard" (as the street is now called) is a mis-spelling. The whole district was laid out by the Prince as a garden for military exercises; it subsequently came into the possession of Charles Gerard, the first Earl of Macclesfield, who let the ground for building: see Peter Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, 1850, pp. 200, 410.]

or, so far as the difference in the appearance of men and things may compel me to admit some kind of specific distinction, I begin to ask myself, Which is the reality, and which the pantomime? Nay, it appears to me not of much moment which we choose to call Reality. Both are equally real; and the only question is whether the cheerful state of things which the spectators, especially the youngest and wisest, entirely applaud and approve at Hengler's and Drury Lane, must necessarily be interrupted always by the woeful interlude of the outside world.

5. It is a bitter question to me, for I am myself now, hopelessly, a man of the world!—of that woeful outside one, I mean. It is now Sunday; half-past eleven in the morning. Everybody about me is gone to church except the kind cook, who is straining a point of conscience to provide me with dinner. Everybody else is gone to church, to ask to be made angels of, and profess that they despise the world and the flesh, which I find myself always living in (rather, perhaps, living, or endeavouring to live, in too little of the last). And I am left alone with the cat, in the world of sin.

6. But I scarcely feel less an outcast when I come out of the Circus, on week days, into my own world of sorrow. Inside the Circus, there have been wonderful Mr. Edward Cooke, and pretty Mademoiselle Aguzzi, and the three brothers Leonard, like the three brothers in a German story,[1] and grave little Sandy, and bright and graceful Miss Hengler, all doing the most splendid feats of strength, and patience, and skill. There have been dear little Cinderella and her Prince, and all the pretty children beautifully dressed, taught thoroughly how to behave, and how to dance, and how to sit still, and giving everybody delight that looks at them; whereas, the instant I come outside the door, I find all the children about the streets ill-dressed, and ill-taught, and ill-behaved, and nobody cares to look at

[1] [As, for instance, in Grimm's "Three Children of Fortune." See also Ruskin's own story of *The King of the Golden River* (Vol. I. pp. 305 *seq.*), in which the characters are German.]

them. And then, at Drury Lane, there's just everything I want people to have always, got for them, for a little while; and they seem to enjoy them just as I should expect they would. Mushroom Common, with its lovely mushrooms, white and grey, so finely set off by the incognita fairy's scarlet cloak; the golden land of plenty with furrow and sheath; Buttercup Green, with its flock of mechanical sheep, which the whole audience claps because they are of pasteboard, as they do the sheep in Little Red Riding Hood because they are alive; but in either case, must have them on the stage in order to be pleased with them, and never clap when they see the creatures in a field outside. They can't have enough, any more than I can, of the loving duet between Tom Tucker and little Bo Peep: they would make the dark fairy dance all night long in her amber light if they could; and yet contentedly return to what they call a necessary state of things outside, where their corn is reaped by machinery, and the only duets are between steam whistles.[1] Why haven't they a steam whistle to whistle to them on the stage, instead of Miss Violet Cameron? Why haven't they a steam Jack in the Box to jump for them, instead of Mr. Evans? or a steam doll to dance for them, instead of Miss Kate Vaughan? They still seem to have human ears and eyes, in the Theatre; to know *there*, for an hour or two, that golden light, and song, and human skill and grace, are better than smoke-blackness, and shrieks of iron and fire, and monstrous powers of constrained elements. And then they return to their underground railroad, and say, "This, behold,—this is the right way to move, and live in a real world."

7. Very notable it is also that just as in these two theatrical entertainments—the Church and the Circus,—the imaginative congregations still retain some true notions of the value of human and beautiful things, and don't have steam-preachers nor steam-dancers,—so also they retain some just notion of the truth, in moral things: Little Cinderella,

[1] [Compare Letter 5, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 89).]

for instance, at Hengler's, never thinks of offering her poor fairy Godmother a ticket from the Mendicity Society. She immediately goes and fetches her some dinner. And she makes herself generally useful, and sweeps the doorstep, and dusts the door;—and none of the audience think any the worse of her on that account. They think the worse of her proud sisters who make her do it. But when they leave the Circus, they never think for a moment of making *themselves* useful, like Cinderella. They forthwith play the proud sisters as much as they can; and try to make anybody else, who will, sweep their doorsteps. Also, at Hengler's, nobody advises Cinderella to write novels, instead of doing her washing, by way of bettering herself. The audience, gentle and simple, feel that the only chance she has of pleasing her Godmother, or marrying a prince, is in remaining patiently at her tub, as long as the Fates will have it so, heavy though it be. Again, in all dramatic representation of Little Red Riding Hood, everybody disapproves of the carnivorous propensities of the Wolf. They clearly distinguish there—as clearly as the Fourteenth Psalm, itself—between the class of animal which eats, and the class of animal which is eaten.[1] But once outside the theatre, they declare the whole human race to be universally carnivorous[2]—and are ready themselves to eat up any quantity of Red Riding Hoods, body and soul, if they can make money by them.

And lastly,—at Hengler's and Drury Lane, see how the whole of the pleasure of life depends on the existence of Princes, Princesses, and Fairies. One never hears of a Republican pantomime; one never thinks Cinderella would be a bit better off if there were no princes. The audience understand that though it is not every good little housemaid who can marry a prince, the world would not be the least pleasanter, for the rest, if there were no princes to marry.

[1] [See Letter 36, § 8 (Vol. XXVII. p. 673).]
[2] [See below, Letter 42, § 14 (p. 103).]

8. Nevertheless, it being too certain that the sweeping of doorsteps diligently will not in all cases enable a pretty maiden to drive away from said doorsteps, for evermore, in a gilded coach,—one has to consider what may be the next best for her. And next best, or, in the greater number of cases, best altogether, will be that Love, with his felicities, should himself enter over the swept and garnished steps, and abide with her in her own life, such as it is. And since St. Valentine's grace is with us, at this season, I will finish my *Fors*, for this time, by carrying on our little romance of the Broom-maker, to the place in which he unexpectedly finds it. In which romance, while we may perceive the principal lesson intended by the author to be that the delights and prides of affectionate married life are consistent with the humblest station (or may even be more easily found there than in a higher one), we may for ourselves draw some farther conclusions which the good Swiss pastor only in part intended. We may consider in what degree the lightening of the wheels of Hansli's cart, when they drave heavily[1] by the wood of Muri, corresponds to the change of the English highway into Mount Parnassus, for Sir Philip Sidney;[2] and if the correspondence be not complete, and some deficiency in the divinest power of Love be traceable in the mind of the simple person as compared to that of the gentle one,[3] we may farther consider, in due time, how, without help from any fairy Godmother, we may make Cinderella's life gentle to her, as well as simple; and, without taking the peasant's hand from his labour, make his heart leap with joy as pure as a king's.*

* If to any reader, looking back on the history of Europe for the last four centuries, this sentence seems ironical, let him be assured that for the causes which make it seem so, during the last four centuries, the end of kinghood has come.

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[1] [Exodus xiv. 25.]
[2] [See Letter 35, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 652).]
[3] [On this aspect of the matter, compare Letter 55, § 5 (below, pp. 373–374).]

9. Well, said Hansli,[1] I'll help you; give me your bag; I'll put it among my brooms, and nobody will see it. Everybody knows *me*. Not a soul will think I've got your shoes underneath there. You've only to tell me where to leave them—or indeed where to stop for you, if you like. You can follow a little way off;—nobody will think we have anything to do with each other.

The young girl made no compliments.*

You are really very good,† said she, with a more serene face. She brought her packet, and Hans hid it so nicely that a cat couldn't have seen it.

Shall I push, or help you to pull? asked the young girl, as if it had been a matter of course that she should also do her part in the work.

As you like best, though you needn't mind; it isn't a pair or two of shoes that will make my cart much heavier. The young girl began by pushing; but that did not last long. Presently she found herself‡ in front, pulling also by the pole.

It seems to me that the cart goes better so,[2] said she. As one ought to suppose, she pulled with all her strength; that which nevertheless did not put her out of breath, nor hinder her from relating all she had in her head, or heart.

They got to the top of the hill of Stalden without Hansli's knowing how that had happened: the long alley§ seemed to have shortened itself by half.

There, one made one's dispositions; the young girl stopped behind,

* Untranslatable. It means, she made no false pretence of reluctance, and neither politely nor feebly declined what she meant to accept. But the phrase might be used of a person accepting with ungraceful eagerness, or want of sense of obligation. A slight sense of this simplicity is meant by our author to be here included in the expression.

† "Trop bon." It is a little more than "very good," but not at all equivalent to our English "too good."[3]

‡ "Se trouva." Untranslatable. It is very little more than "was" in front. But that little more,—the slight sense of not knowing quite how she got there,—is necessary to mark the under-current of meaning;[4] she goes behind the cart first, thinking it more modest; but presently, nevertheless, "finds herself" in front; "the cart goes better, so."

§ There used to be an avenue of tall trees, about a quarter of a mile long, on the Thun road, just at the brow of the descent to the bridge of the Aar, at the lower end of the main street of Berne.

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[1] [This narrative is continued from Letter 34, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 635). For the original, see Gotthelf's *Gesammelte Werke*, 1857, vol. ix. pp. 356–362.]

[2] [The title of this Letter.]

[3] [In the original, "Wolltest? frug es mit aufgeheitertem Angesicht, das ginge mir viel zu gut."]

[4] [The undercurrent, however, is not in the German original, which reads, "Anfangs stiez das Mädchen hinten am Karren, doch nicht lange ging's, so war es vorne und zog an der Stange. Es dünke ihm, es schicke sich ihm hier besser, sagte es."]

while Hansli, with her bag and his brooms, entered the town without the least difficulty, where he remitted her packet to the young girl, also without any accident; but they had scarcely time to say a word to each other before the press * of people, cattle, and vehicles separated them. Hansli had to look after his cart, lest it should be knocked to bits. And so ended the acquaintanceship for that day. This vexed Hansli not a little; howbeit he didn't think long about it. We cannot (more's the pity) affirm that the young girl had made an ineffaceable impression upon him,—and all the less, that she was not altogether made for producing ineffaceable impressions. She was a stunted little girl, with a broad face. That which she had of best was a good heart, and an indefatigable ardour for work; but those are things which, externally, are not very remarkable, and many people don't take much notice of them.

Nevertheless, the next Tuesday, when Hansli saw himself † at his cart again, he found it extremely heavy.

I wouldn't have believed, said he to himself, what a difference there is between two pulling, and one.

Will she be there again, I wonder, thought he, as he came near the little wood of Muri. I would take her bag very willingly if she would help me to pull. Also the road is nowhere so ugly as between here and the town.‡

And behold that it precisely happened that the young girl was sitting there upon the same bench, all the same as eight days before; only with the difference that she was not crying.

Have you got anything for me to carry to-day? asked Hansli, who found his cart at once became a great deal lighter at the sight of the young girl.

It is not only for that that I have waited, answered she; even if I had had nothing to carry to the town, I should have come, all the same; for eight days ago I wasn't able to thank you; nor to ask if that cost anything.

A fine question! said Hansli. Why, you served me for a second donkey; and yet I never asked how much I owed you for helping me to pull! So, as all that went of itself, the young girl brought her bundle, and Hansli hid it, and she went to put herself at the pole as if she had

* "Cohue." Confused and moving mass. We have no such useful word.[1]

† "Se revit." It would not be right to say here "se trouva," because there is no surprise, or discovery, in the doing once again what is done every week. But one may nevertheless contemplate oneself, and the situation, from a new point of view. Hansli "se revit"[2]—reviewed himself, literally; a very proper operation, every now and then, for everybody.

‡ A slight difference between the Swiss and English peasant is marked here; to the advantage of the former. At least, I imagine an English Hansli would not have known, even in love, whether the road was ugly or pretty.

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[1] [In the original, "Fluth."]

[2] [In the original simply "als Hansli wieder den Karren zog."]

known it all by heart. I had got a little way from home, said she, before it came into my head that I ought to have brought a cord to tie to the cart behind, and that would have gone better; but another time, if I return, I won't forget.

This association for mutual help found itself, then, established, without any longer diplomatic debates, and in the most simple manner. And, that day, it chanced that they were also able to come back together as far as the place where their roads parted; all the same, they were so prudent as not to show themselves together before the gens-d'armes at the town gates.

And now for some time Hansli's mother had been quite enchanted with her son. It seemed to her he was more gay, she said. He whistled and sang, now, all the blessed day; and tricked himself up, so that he could never have done.* Only just the other day he had bought a great-coat of drugget, in which he had nearly the air of a real counsellor. But she could not find any fault with him for all that; he was so good to her that certainly the good God must reward him;—as for herself, she was in no way of doing it, but could do nothing but pray for him. Not that you are to think, said she, that he puts everything into his clothes; he has some money too. If God spares his life, I'll wager that one day he'll come to have a cow:—he has been talking of a goat ever so long; but it's not likely I shall be spared to see it. And, after all, I don't pretend to be sure it will ever be.

Mother, said Hans one day, I don't know how it is; but either the cart gets heavier, or I'm not so strong as I was; for some time I've scarcely been able to manage it. It is getting really too much for me; especially on the Berne road, where there are so many hills.

I dare say, said the mother; aussi,[1] why do you go on loading it more every day? I've been fretting about you many a time; for one always suffers for over-work when one gets old. But you must take care. Put a dozen or two of brooms less on it, and it will roll again all right.

That's impossible, mother; I never have enough as it is, and I haven't time to go to Berne twice a week.

But, Hansli, suppose you got a donkey. I've heard say they are the most convenient beasts in the world: they cost almost nothing, eat almost nothing, and anything one likes to give them; and that's † as strong as a horse, without counting that one can make something of the milk,—not that I want any, but one may speak of it.‡

* "Se requinquait à n'en plus finir." Entirely beyond English rendering.[2]

† "Ça." Note the peculiar character and value, in modern French, of this general and slightly depreciatory pronoun, essentially a republican word,—hurried, inconsiderate, and insolent. The popular chant "ça ira" gives the typical power.

‡ "C'est seulement pour dire."[3] I've been at least ten minutes trying to translate it, and can't.

[1] [*Aussi:* see Letter 30, § 5, author's note (Vol. XXVII. p. 550).]

[2] [In the original, "und er pützerle sich z'weg, es habe keine Gattig."]

[3] [In the German, "nit dass ich möchte, aber nur so zu sagen."]

No, mother, said Hansli,—they're as self-willed as devils: sometimes one can't get them to do anything at all; and then what I should do with a donkey the other five days of the week! No, mother;—I was thinking of a wife,—hey, what say you?

But, Hansli, I think a goat or a donkey would be much better. A wife! What sort of idea is that that has come into your head? What would you do with a wife?

Do! said Hansli; what other people do, I suppose; and then, I thought she would help me to draw the cart, which goes ever so much better with another hand:—without counting that she could plant potatoes between times, and help me to make my brooms, which I couldn't get a goat or a donkey to do.

But, Hansli, do you think to find one, then, who will help you to draw the cart, and will be clever enough to do all that? asked the mother, searchingly.

Oh, mother, there's one who has helped me already often with the cart, said Hansli, and who would be good for a great deal besides; but as to whether she would marry me or not, I don't know, for I haven't asked her. I thought that I would tell you first.

You rogue of a boy, what's that you tell me there? I don't understand a word of it, cried the mother. You too!—are you also like that? The good God Himself might have told me, and I wouldn't have believed Him. What's that you say?—you've got a girl to help you to pull the cart! A pretty business to engage her for! Ah well,—trust men after this!

Thereupon Hansli put himself to recount the history; and how that had happened quite by chance; and how that girl was just expressly made for him: a girl as neat as a clock,—not showy, not extravagant,—and who would draw the cart better even than a cow could. But I haven't spoken to her of anything, however. All the same, I think I'm not disagreeable to her. Indeed, she has said to me once or twice that she wasn't in a hurry to marry; but if she could manage it, so as not to be worse off than she was now, she wouldn't be long making up her mind. She knows, for that matter, very well also why she is in the world. Her little brothers and sisters are growing up after her; and she knows well how things go, and how the youngest are always made the most of, for one never thinks of thanking the elder ones for the trouble they've had in bringing them up.

All that didn't much displease the mother; and the more she ruminated over these unexpected matters, the more it all seemed to her very proper. Then she put herself to make inquiries, and learned that nobody knew the least harm of the girl. They told her she did all she could to help her parents; but that with the best they could do, there wouldn't be much to fish for. Ah, well: it's all the better, thought she; for then neither of them can have much to say to the other.

The next Tuesday, while Hansli was getting his cart ready, his mother said to him—

Well, speak to that girl: if she consents, so will I; but I can't run after her. Tell her to come here on Sunday, that I may see her, and at

least we can talk a little. If she is willing to be nice, it will all go very well. Aussi, it must happen some time or other, I suppose.

But, mother, it isn't written anywhere that it must happen, whether or no; and if it doesn't suit you, nothing hinders me from leaving it all alone.

Nonsense, child; don't be a goose. Hasten thee to set out; and say to that girl, that if she likes to be my daughter-in-law, I'll take her, and be very well pleased.

Hansli set out, and found the young girl. Once that they were pulling together, he at his pole, and she at her cord, Hansli put himself to say—

That certainly goes as quick again when there are thus two cattle at the same cart. Last Saturday I went to Thun by myself, and dragged all the breath out of my body.

Yes, I've often thought, said the young girl, that it was very foolish of you not to get somebody to help you; all the business would go twice as easily, and you would gain twice as much.

What would you have? said Hansli. Sometimes one thinks too soon of a thing, sometimes too late,—one's always mortal.* But now it really seems to me that I should like to have somebody for a help; if you were of the same mind, you would be just the good thing for me. If that suits you, I'll marry you.

Well, why not,—if you don't think me too ugly nor too poor? answered the young girl. Once you've got me, it will be too late to despise me. As for me, I could scarcely fall in with a better chance. One always gets a husband,—but, aussi, of what sort? You are quite good enough† for me: you take care of your affairs, and I don't think you'll treat a wife like a dog.

My faith, she will be as much master as I; if she is not pleased that way, I don't know what more to do, said Hansli. And for other matters, I don't think you'll be worse off with me than you have been at home. If that suits you, come to see us on Sunday. It's my mother who told me to ask you, and to say that if you liked to be her daughter-in-law, she would be very well pleased.

Liked! But what could I want more! I am used to submit myself, and take things as they come,—worse to-day, better to-morrow,—sometimes more sour, sometimes less. I never have thought that a hard word made a hole in me, else by this time I shouldn't have had a bit of skin left as big as a kreutzer. But, all the same, I must tell my people, as the custom is. For the rest, they won't give themselves any trouble about

* "On est toujours homme." The proverb is frequent among the French and Germans.[1] The modesty of it is not altogether easy to an English mind, and would be totally incomprehensible to an ordinary Scotch one.

† "Assez brave."[2] Untranslatable, except by the old English sense of the word brave, and even that has more reference to outside show than the French word.

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[1] [In the German, "Man ist halt geng e Mensch."]
[2] [In the German, "Mir bist brav genug."]

the matter. There are enough of us in the house: if any one likes to go, nobody will stop them.*

And, aussi, that was what happened. On Sunday the young girl really appeared at Rychiswyl. Hansli had given her very clear directions; nor had she to ask long before she was told where the broom-seller lived. The mother made her pass a good examination upon the garden and the kitchen; and would know what book of prayers she used, and whether she could read in the New Testament, and also in the Bible,† for it was very bad for the children, and it was always they who suffered, if the mother didn't know enough for that, said the old woman. The girl pleased her, and the affair was concluded.

You won't have a beauty there, said she to Hansli, before the young girl; nor much to crow about, in what she has got. But all that is of no consequence. It isn't beauty that makes the pot boil; and as for money, there's many a man who wouldn't marry a girl unless she was rich, who has had to pay his father-in-law's debts in the end. When one has health, and work, in one's arms, one gets along always. I suppose (turning to the girl) you have got two good chemises and two gowns, so that you won't be the same on Sunday and work-days?

Oh yes, said the young girl; you needn't give yourself any trouble about that. I've one chemise quite new, and two good ones besides,—and four others which, in truth, are rather ragged. But my mother said I should have another; and my father, that he would make me my wedding shoes, and they should cost me nothing. And with that I've a very nice godmother, who is sure to give me something fine;—perhaps a saucepan, or a frying-stove,‡—who knows? without counting that perhaps I shall inherit something from her some day. She has some children, indeed, but they may die.

Perfectly satisfied on both sides, but especially the girl, to whom Hansli's house, so perfectly kept in order, appeared a palace in comparison with her own home, full of children and scraps of leather, they separated, soon to meet again and quit each other no more. As no soul made the slightest objection, and the preparations were easy,—seeing that new shoes and a new chemise are soon stitched together,—within a month, Hansli was no more alone on his way to Thun. And the old cart went again as well as ever.[1]

* You are to note carefully the conditions of sentiment in family relationships implied both here, and in the bride's reference, farther on, to her godmother's children. Poverty, with St. Francis' pardon, is not always holy in its influence: yet a richer girl might have felt exactly the same, without being innocent enough to say so.

† I believe the reverend and excellent novelist would himself authorize the distinction; but Hansli's mother must be answerable for it to my Evangelical readers.

‡ "Poêle à frire."[2] I don't quite understand the nature of this article.[3]

[1] [This narrative is continued in Letter 55, § 4 (p. 366).]

[2] [In the German, "Breitüffi."]

[3] [In the small edition this footnote is omitted, and "frying-stove" in the text is corrected to "frying-pan."]

10. And they lived happily ever after? You shall hear. The story is not at an end; note only, in the present phase of it, this most important point, that Hansli does not think of his wife as an expensive luxury, to be refused to himself unless under irresistible temptation. It is only the modern Pall-Mall-pattern Englishman who must "abstain from the luxury of marriage"[1] if he be wise. Hansli thinks of his wife, on the contrary, as a useful article, which he cannot any longer get on without. He gives us, in fact, a final definition of proper wifely quality,—"She will draw the cart better than a cow could."

[1] [See Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521).]

LETTER 40

THE SCOTTISH FIRESIDE[1]

1. I AM obliged to go to Italy this spring,[2] and find beside me a mass of *Fors* material in arrear, needing various explanation and arrangement, for which I have no time. Fors herself must look to it, and my readers use their own wits in thinking over what she has looked to. I begin with a piece of Marmontel, which was meant to follow, "in due time," the twenty-first letter,—of which, please glance at §§ 20–22 again.[3] This following bit is from another story[4] professing to give some account of Molière's Misanthrope, in his country life, after his last quarrel with Celimène. He calls on a country gentleman, M. de. Laval,

and was received by him with the simple and serious courtesy which announces neither the need nor the vain desire of making new connections. Behold, said he, a man who does not surrender himself at once. I esteem him the more. He congratulated M. de Laval on the agreeableness of his solitude. You come to live here, he said to him, far from men, and you are very right to avoid them.

I, Monsieur! I do not avoid men; I am neither so weak as to fear them, so proud as to despise them, nor so unhappy as to hate them.

This answer struck so home that Alceste was disconcerted by it; but he wished to sustain his debût, and began to satirize the world.

I have lived in the world like another, said M. de Laval, and I have not seen that it was so wicked. There are vices and virtues in it,—good

[1] [See below, § 11.]

[2] [See Vol. XXIII., pp. xxx. *seq.*, for account of his Continental tour from March 30 to October 21, 1874.]

[3] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 366-368.]

[4] ["Le Misanthrope Corrigé"; the passage translated by Ruskin is in vol. iii. pp. 256–259, 261–265, 266 of *Contes Moraux*, 1765. Asterisks are now inserted where he omits passages: see pp. 395–400 of "The Misanthrope Corrected" in Mr. Saintsbury's translation. Another passage from the same story is given in Letter 17 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 300–302).]

and evil mingled,—I confess; but nature is so made, and one should know how to accommodate oneself to it.

On my word, said Alceste, in that unison the evil governs to such a point that it chokes the other. Sir, replied the Viscount, if one were as eager to discover good as evil, and had the same delight in spreading the report of it,—if good examples were made public as the bad ones almost always are,—do you not think that the good would weigh down the balance?* But gratitude speaks so low, and indignation so loudly, that you cannot hear but the last. Both friendship and esteem are commonly moderate in their praises; they imitate the modesty of honour, in praise, while resentment and mortification exaggerate everything they describe.

Monsieur, said Alceste to the Viscount, you make me desire to think as you do; and even if the sad truth were on my side, your error would be preferable. Ah, yes, without doubt, replied M. de Laval, ill-humour is good for nothing, the fine part that it is, for a man to play, to fall into a fit of spite like a child!—and why? For the mistakes of the circle in which one has lived, as if the whole of nature were in the plot against us, and responsible for the hurt we have received.

You are right, replied Alceste, it would be unjust to consider all men as partners in fault; yet how many complaints may we not justly lodge against them, as a body? Believe me, sir, my judgment of them has serious and grave motives. You will do me justice when you know me. Permit me to see you often! *Often*, said the Viscount, will be difficult. I have much business, and my daughter and I have our studies, which leave us little leisure; but sometimes, if you will, let us profit by our neighbourhood, at our ease, and without formality, for the privilege of the country is to be alone, when we like. * * *

Some days afterwards Monsieur de Laval returned his visit, and Alceste spoke to him of the pleasure that he doubtless felt in making so many people happy. It is a beautiful example, he said, and, to the shame of men, a very rare one. How many persons there are, more powerful and more rich than you, who are nothing but a burden to their inferiors! I neither excuse nor blame them altogether, replied M. de Laval. In order to do good, one must know how to set about it; and do not think that it is so easy to effect our purpose. It is not enough even to be sagacious; it is needful also to be fortunate; it is necessary to find sensible and docile persons to manage:† and one has constantly need of much address,

* Well said, the Viscount. People think me a grumbler; but I wholly believe this,—nay, *know* this. The world exists, indeed, only by the strength of its silent virtue.[1]

† Well said, Viscount, again! So few people know the power of the Third Fors. If I had not chanced to give lessons in drawing to Octavia Hill, I could have done nothing in Marylebone,[2] nor she either, for a while yet, I fancy.

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[1] [On the nobleness of human nature, compare p. 21, above, and St. George's Creed II.: Letter 58, § 2 (p. 419).]

[2] [See Letter 10, § 15 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 175–176).]

and patience, to lead the people, naturally suspicious and timid, to what is really for their advantage. Indeed, said Alceste, such excuses are continually made; but have you not conquered all these obstacles? and why should not others conquer them? I, said M. de Laval, have been tempted by opportunity, and seconded by accident.* The people of this province, at the time that I came into possession of my estate, were in a condition of extreme distress. I did but stretch my arms to them; they gave themselves up to me in despair. An arbitrary tax had been lately imposed upon them, which they regarded with so much terror that they preferred sustaining hardships to making any appearance of having wealth; and I found, current through the country, this desolating and destructive maxim, "The more we work, the more we shall be trodden down." (It is precisely so in England to-day, also.) "*The men dared not be laborious; the women trembled to have children.*"

I went back to the source of the evil. I addressed myself to the man appointed for the reception of the tribute. Monsieur, I said to him, my vassals groan under the weight of the severe measures necessary to make them pay the tax. I wish to hear no more of them; tell me what is wanting yet to make up the payment for the year, and I will acquit the debt myself. Monsieur, replied the receiver, that cannot be. Why not? said I. Because it is not the rule. What! is it not the rule to pay the King the tribute that he demands with the least expense and the least delay possible? Yes, answered he, that would be enough for the King, but it would not be enough for *me*. Where should *I* be if they paid money down? It is by the expense of the compulsory measures that I live; they are the perquisites of my office. To this excellent reason I had nothing to reply, but I went to see the head of the department, and obtained from him the place of receiver-general for my peasants.

My children, I then said to them (assembling them on my return home), I have to announce to you that you are in future to deposit in my hands the exact amount of the King's tribute, and no more. There will be no more expenses, no more bailiff's visits. Every Sunday at the bank of the parish, your wives shall bring me their savings, and insensibly you shall find yourselves out of debt. Work now, and cultivate your land; make the most of it you can; no farther tax shall be laid on you. I answer for this to you—I who am your father. For those who are in arrear, I will take some measures for support, or I will advance them the sum necessary,† and a few days at the dead time of the year, employed in work for me, will reimburse me for my expenses. This plan was agreed upon, and we have followed it ever since. The housewives of the village bring me their little offerings: I encourage them, and speak to them of our good King; and what was an act of distressing servitude, has become an unoppressive act of love. * * *

Finally, as there was a good deal of superfluous time, I established the workshop that you have seen; it turns everything to account, and brings

* A lovely, classic, unbetterable sentence of Marmontel's, perfect in wisdom and modesty.

† Not for a dividend upon it, I beg you to observe, and even the capital to be repaid in work.

into useful service time which would be lost between the operations of agriculture: the profits of it are applied to public works. A still more precious advantage of this establishment is its having greatly increased the population—more children are born, as there is certainty of extended means for their support.

Now note, first, in this passage what material of loyalty and affection there was still in the French heart before the Revolution;[1] and, secondly, how useless it is to be a good King, if the good King allows his officers to live upon the cost of compulsory measures.* And remember that the French Revolution was the revolt of absolute loyalty and love against the senseless cruelty of a "good King."

2. Next, for a little specimen of the state of our own working population; and the "compulsory"—not "measures," but measureless license, under which their loyalty and love are placed,—here is a genuine working woman's letter; and if the reader thinks I have given it him in its own spelling that he may laugh at it, the reader is wrong.

"*May* 12, 1873.

"DEAR ——,—While Reading in the herald to Day on the subject on shortor houers of Labour † I was Reminded of A cercomstance that came under my hone notis when the 10 hours sistom Began in the cotton mills in Lancashire. I was Minding a mesheen with 30 treds in it I was then maid to mind 2 of 30 treds each with one shilling Advance of wages wich was 5s for one and 6s for tow with an increes of speed and with improved mecheens in A few years I was minding tow mecheens with tow 100 trads Each and Dubel speed for 9s perweek so that in our improved condation we had to turn out some 100 weght per day and we went as if the Devel was After us for 10 houers per day and with that comparetive small Advance in money and the feemals have ofton Been carred out fainting what with the heat and hard work and those that could not keep up mst go and make room for a nother and all this is Done in Christian England and then we are tould to Be content in the station of Life in wich the Lord as places us But I say the Lord never Did place us there so we have no Right to Be content o that Right and not might was the Law yours truely C. H. S."

* Or, worse still, as *our* public men do, upon the cost of *non*-compulsory measures!

† These small "powers" of terminal letters in some of the words are very curious.

[1] [Compare Letter 29 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 538–541).]

3. Next to this account of Machine-labour, here is one of Hand-labour, also in a genuine letter,—this second being to myself (I wish the other had been also, but it was to one of my friends).

"BECKENHAM, KENT,
"*Sept.* 24, 1873.

"That is a pleasant evening in our family when we read and discuss the subjects of *Fors Clavigera,* and we frequently reperuse them, as for instance, within a few days, your August letter. In page 16[1] I was much struck by the notice of the now exploded use of the spinning wheel. My mother, a Cumberland woman, was a spinner, and the whole process, from the fine thread that passed through her notable fingers, and the weaving into linen by an old cottager—a very 'Silas Marner,'—to the bleaching on the orchard grass, was well known to my sister* and myself, when children.

"When I married, part of the linen that I took to my new home was my mother's spinning, and one fine table-cloth was my grandmother's. *What factory, with its thousand spindles, and chemical bleaching powders, can send out such linen as that, which lasted three generations?* †

"I should not have troubled you with these remarks had I not, at the moment when I read your paragraph on hand-spinning, received a letter from my daughter, now for a time resident in Coburg (a friend of Octavia Hill's), which bears immediately on the subject. I have therefore ventured to transcribe it for your perusal, believing that the picture she draws from life, beautiful as it is for its simplicity, may give you a moment's pleasure."

"COBURG, *Sept.* 4, 1873.

4. "On Thursday I went to call on Frau L.; she was not in; so I went to her mother's, Frau E., knowing that I should find her there. They were all sitting down to afternoon coffee, and asked me to join them, which I gladly did. I had my work-basket with me, and as they were all at work, it was pleasant to do the same thing. Hildigard was there; in fact she lives there, to take care of Frau E. since she had her fall and stiffened her ankle, a year ago. Hildigard took her spinning, and tied on her white apron, filled the little brass basin of the spinning wheel with water, to wet her fingers, and set the wheel a-purring. I have never seen the process before, and it was very pretty to see her, with her white fingers, and to hear the little low sound. It is quite a pity, I think, ladies do not do it in England,—it is so pretty, and far nicer work than crochet, and so on, when it is finished. *This soft linen made by hand is so superior to any that you get now.* Presently the four children came in, and the great hunting dog, Feldman; and altogether I thought, as dear little

* A lady high in the ranks of kindly English literature.
† Italics mine, as usual.

[1] [Of the original issue. Letter 32, § 15 (Vol. XXVII. p. 596).]

Frau E. sat sewing in her arm-chair, and her old sister near her at her knitting, and Hildigard at her spinning, while pretty Frau L. sewed at her little girl's stuff-skirt,—all in the old-fashioned room full of old furniture, and hung round with miniatures of still older dames and officers, in, to our eyes, strange stiff costumes, that it was a most charming scene, and one I enjoyed as much as going to the theatre,—which I did in the evening."

5. A most charming scene, my dear lady, I have no doubt; just what Hengler's Circus was, to me, this Christmas.[1] Now for a little more of the charming scenery outside, and far away.

"12, TUNSTALL TERRACE, SUNDERLAND,
"14*th Feb.*, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The rice famine is down upon us in earnest, and finds our wretched 'administration' unprepared—a ministration unto death!

"It can carry childish gossip 'by return of post' into every village in India, but not food; no, not food even for mothers and babes. So far has our scientific and industrial progress attained.

"To-night comes news that hundreds of deaths from starvation have already occurred, and that even high-caste women are working on the roads;—no food from stores of ours except at the price of degrading, health-destroying, and perfectly useless toil. God help the nation responsible for this wickedness.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin, you wield the most powerful pen in England, can you not shame us into some sense of duty, some semblance of human feeling? [Certainly not. My good sir, as far as I know, nobody ever minds a word I say, except a few nice girls, who are a great comfort to me, but can't do anything. They don't even know how to spin, poor little lilies!]

"I observe that the *Daily News* of to-day is horrified at the idea that Disraeli should dream of appropriating any part of the surplus revenue to the help of India in this calamity[2] [of course], and even the *Spectator* calls that a 'dangerous' policy. So far is even 'the conscience of the Press' [What next?] corrupted by the dismal science.

"I am, yours truly."

[1] [See above, p. 51.]

[2] [The reference is to a leading article on the Bengal Famine, criticising a speech by Disraeli at Buckingham on February 10, in which he had said: "When I heard those discussions as to how this surplus was to be apportioned and the plunder shared, I could not help thinking that there were circumstances going on in this great Empire which ought perhaps to make us pause in our schemes of aggrandisement and division of the spoil, and turn to matters of a much more powerful character than our own comparatively miserable interests." If this meant, said the *Daily News*, that the surplus in the hands of the Imperial Government should be employed in the relief of Indian distress, "we need not discuss the merits of such a proposal, because it is certain that no English Government that could be formed would make it."]

6. So far the Third Fors has arranged matters for me; but I must put a stitch or two into her work.

Look back to my third letter, for March, 1871, § 3.[1] You see it is said there that the French war and its issues were none of Napoleon's doing, nor Count Bismarck's; that the mischief in them was St. Louis's doing; and the good, such as it was, the rough father of Frederick the Great's doing.

The father of Frederick the Great was an Evangelical divine of the strictest orthodoxy,—very fond of beer, bacon, and tobacco, and entirely resolved to have his own way, supposing, as pure Evangelical people always do, that his own way was God's also. It happened, however, for the good of Germany, that this king's own way, to a great extent, *was* God's also,—(we will look at Carlyle's statement of that fact another day [2]),—and accordingly he maintained, and the ghost of him,—with the help of his son, whom he had like to have shot as a disobedient and dissipated character,—maintains to this day in Germany, such sacred domestic life as that of which you have an account in the above letter. Which, in peace, is entirely happy, for its own part; and, in war, irresistible.

7. "Entirely *blessed*," I had written first, too carelessly; I have had to scratch out the "blessed" and put in "happy." For blessing is only for the meek and merciful, and a German cannot be either; he does not understand even the meaning of the words. In that is the intense, irreconcilable difference between the French and German natures. A Frenchman is selfish only when he is vile and lustful; but a German, selfish in the purest states of virtue and morality. A Frenchman is arrogant only in ignorance; but no quantity of learning ever makes a German modest.

[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 46.]

[2] [To Friedrich Wilhelm I.—Carlyle's "great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian nation" (i. 263)—Ruskin did not, however, revert in *Fors* (but see Vol. XVIII. p. 532). For the king's justification before Almighty God, see ii. 453. In writing of "the ghost of him," Ruskin was perhaps thinking of iii. 210, where Carlyle describes the old king as "though dead, still fighting." These references are to the edition of 1869, in seven volumes.]

"Sir," says Albert Dürer of his own work (and he is the modestest German I know), "it cannot be better done."[1] Luther serenely damns the entire gospel of St. James, because St. James happens to be not precisely of his own opinions.[2]

Accordingly, when the Germans get command of Lombardy,[3] they bombard Venice, steal her pictures (which they can't understand a single touch of), and entirely ruin the country, morally and physically, leaving behind them misery, vice, and intense hatred of themselves, wherever their accursed feet have trodden. They do precisely the same thing by France,—crush her, rob her, leave her in misery of rage and shame; and return home, smacking their lips, and singing Te Deums.[4]

But when the French conquer England, their action upon it is entirely beneficent. Gradually, the country, from a nest of restless savages, becomes strong and glorious; and having good material to work upon, they make of us at last a nation stronger than themselves.

8. Then the strength of France perishes, virtually, through the folly of St. Louis;[5]—her piety evaporates, her lust gathers infectious power, and the modern Cité rises round the Sainte Chapelle.

It is a woeful history. But St. Louis does not perish selfishly; and perhaps is not wholly dead yet,[6]—whatever Garibaldi and his red-jackets may think about him, and their "Holy Republic."[7]

[1] [See Vol. XIX. p. 52.]

[2] [Luther, finding the Epistle inconsistent with his version, or caricature, of St. Paul's doctrine of justification by faith, pronounced it "a veritable epistle of straw" ("eine rechte strohern Epistel"), and banished it as uncanonical to an appendix to the Bible: see *Luther's Works*, ed. Gustav Pfizer, Frankfort, 1840, pp. 1412, 1423, 1424, and Westcott *On the Canon*, ed. 3, pp. 448–454. The Lutheran Church, it may be added, has restored the Epistle to its proper place.]

[3] [Of the Austrian occupation, Ruskin elsewhere writes somewhat differently; see Vol. XVII. p. 431 and *n.*]

[4] [Compare Letter 1, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 23); below, p. 147; and Letter 80 (Vol. XXIX. p. 187).]

[5] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 94 (Vol. XXIII. p. 57).]

[6] [Compare Letter 8, § 6 (Vol. XXVII. p. 138).]

[7] [See Letters 1, § 5, and 3, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 16, 51).]

Meantime, Germany, through Geneva, works quaintly against France, in our British destiny, and makes an end of many a Sainte Chapelle, in our own sweet river islands. Read Froude's sketch of the Influence of the Reformation on Scottish Character, in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*.[1] And that would be enough for you to think of, this month; but as this letter is all made up of scraps, it may be as well to finish with this little private note on Luther's people, made last week.

9. *4th March*, 1874.—I have been horribly plagued and misguided by evangelical people, all my life;[2] and most of all lately; but my mother was one, and my Scotch aunt; and I have yet so much of the superstition left in me, that I can't help sometimes doing as evangelical people wish,—for all I know it comes to nothing.

One of them, for whom I still have some old liking left, sent me one of their horrible sausage-books the other day, made of chopped-up Bible; but with such a solemn and really pathetic adjuration to read a "text" every morning, that, merely for old acquaintance' sake, I couldn't refuse. It is all one to me, now, whether I read my Bible, or my Homer, at one leaf or another; only I take the liberty, pace my evangelical friend, of looking up the contexts if I happen not to know them.

10. Now I was very much beaten and overtired yesterday, chiefly owing to a week of black fog, spent in looking over a work of days and people long since dead;[3] and my "text" this morning was, "Deal courageously, and the Lord do that which seemeth Him good."[4] It sounds

[1] [Vol. i. p. 15 *seq.* in the edition of 1891.]

[2] [Compare Letter 30, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 546), and the other passages there noted. See also *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 88), and Ruskin's note on line 623 in *Rock Honeycomb*.]

[3] [Entries in his diary at this time, which are full of "black fog unbroken" and "diabolical plague wind," show that Ruskin had been re-reading his *Stones of Venice*. Thus he notes (February 27), "Found out much of Ducal Palace, and old things,—a precious day"; and again (March 3), "And yet the Venice was good. Let me make the best fruit of it I can, since he suffered so for it" (the reference being to his father's grief at Ruskin's long absence in Venice, while writing the book).]

[4] [See 2 Samuel x. 12 and 2 Chronicles xix. 11.]

a very saintly, submissive, and useful piece of advice; but I was not quite sure who gave it; and it was evidently desirable to ascertain that.

For, indeed, it chances to be given, not by a saint at all, but by quite one of the most self-willed people on record in any history,—about the last in the world to let the Lord do that which seemed Him good, if he could help it, unless it seemed just as good to himself also,—Joab the son of Zeruiah. The son, to wit, of David's elder sister;[1] who, finding that it seemed good to the Lord to advance the son of David's younger sister to a place of equal power with himself, unhesitatingly smites his thriving young cousin under the fifth rib, while pretending to kiss him, and leaves him wallowing in blood in the midst of the highway. But we have no record of the pious or resigned expressions he made use of on that occasion. We have no record, either, of several other matters one would have liked to know about these people. How it is, for instance, that David has to make a brother of Saul's son;[2] —having found, as it seems, no brotherly kindness—nor, more wonderful yet, sisterly kindness—at his own fireside. It is like a German story of the seventh son—or the seventh bullet—as far as the brothers are concerned;[3] but these sisters, had they also no love for their brave young shepherd brother? Did they receive no countenance from him when he was king? Even for Zeruiah's sake, might he not on his death-bed have at least allowed the Lord to do what seemed Him good with Zeruiah's son, who had so well served him in his battles (and so quietly in the matter of Bathsheba[4]), instead of charging the wisdom of Solomon to find some subtle way of preventing his hoar head from going down to the grave in peace?[5] My evangelical friend

[1] [For David's sisters, and the sons of Zeruiah, the elder sister, see 1 Chronicles ii. 16. For the advancement of Amasa, the son of Abigail (*ibid.*, 17), the younger sister, 2 Samuel xvii. 25. For Joab's murder of Amasa, *ibid.*, xx. 9, 10, 12.]

[2] [For David's affection for Jonathan, as for a brother, see 1 Samuel xix. 2 and 2 Samuel i. 26.]

[3] [Ruskin seems here to refer to Grimm's story of "The Seven Ravens."]

[4] [See 2 Samuel xi. 14 *seq.*]

[5] [See 1 Kings ii. 5, 6.]

will of course desire me not to wish to be wise above that which is written.[1] I am not to ask even who Zeruiah's husband was?—nor whether, in the West-end sense, he was her husband at all?—Well; but if I only want to be wise up to the meaning of what is written? I find, indeed, nothing whatever said of David's elder sister's lover;[2]—but, of his younger sister's lover, I find it written in this evangelical Book-Idol, in one place, that his name was Ithra, an Israelite, and in another that it was Jether, the Ishmaelite.[3] Ithra or Jether, is no matter; Israelite or Ishmaelite, perhaps matters not much; but it matters a great deal that you should know that this is an ill written, and worse transwritten, human history, and not by any means "Word of God"; and that whatever issues of life, divine or human, there may be in it, for you, can only be got by searching it; and not by chopping it up into small bits and swallowing it like pills.[4] What a trouble there is, for instance, just now, in all manner of people's minds, about Sunday keeping, just because these evangelical people *will* swallow their bits of texts in an entirely indigestible state, without chewing them. Read your Bibles honestly and utterly, my scrupulous friends, and stand by the consequences,—if you have what true men call "faith." In the first place, determine clearly, if there is a clear place in your brains to do it, whether you mean to observe the Sabbath as a Jew, or the day of the Resurrection, as a Christian. Do either thoroughly; you can't do both. If you choose to keep the "Sabbath," in defiance of your great prophet, St. Paul,[5] keep the new moons too, and the other fasts and feasts of the Jewish law; but even so, remember that the Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath also, and that not only it is

[1] [See 1 Corinthians iv. 6: compare Letter 12, § 6 (Vol. XXVII. p. 203).]

[2] [See 2 Samuel ii. 18, where the three sons of Zeruiah are named, though their father's name is not given.]

[3] [2 Samuel xvii. 25 and 1 Chronicles ii. 17. In Samuel Amasa is spoken of as the son of Ithra; in Chronicles, as the son of Jether.]

[4] [On Biblical "inspiration," see Letter 35, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 650); and compare, below, p. 245.]

[5] [See Romans xiv. 5 *seq.*; Galatians iv. 10; Colossians ii. 16.]

lawful to do good upon it,[1] but unlawful, in the strength of what you call keeping one day Holy, to do Evil on other six days, and make those unholy; and, finally, that neither new-moon keeping, nor Sabbath keeping, nor fasting, nor praying, will in anywise help an evangelical city like Edinburgh to stand in the judgment higher than Gomorrah, while her week-day arrangements for rent from her lower orders are as follows:*—

11. "We entered the first room by descending two steps. It seemed to be an old coal-cellar, with an earthen floor, shining in many places from damp, and from a greenish ooze which drained through the wall from a noxious collection of garbage outside, upon which a small window could have looked had it not been filled up with brown paper and rags. There was no grate, but a small fire smouldered on the floor, surrounded by heaps of ashes. The roof was unceiled, the walls were rough and broken, the only light came in from the open door, which let in unwholesome smells and sounds. No cow or horse could thrive in such a hole. It was abominable. It measured eleven feet by six feet, and the rent was 10d. per week, paid in advance. It was nearly dark at noon, even with the door open; but as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I saw that the plenishings consisted of an old bed, a barrel with a flagstone on the top of it for a table, a three-legged stool, and an iron pot. A very ragged girl, sorely afflicted with ophthalmia, stood among the ashes doing nothing. She had never been inside a school or church. She did not know how to do anything, but 'did for her father and brother.' On a heap of straw, partly covered with sacking, which was the bed in which father, son, and daughter slept, the brother, ill with rheumatism and sore legs, was lying moaning from under a heap of filthy rags. He had been a baker 'over in the New Town,' but seemed not very likely to recover. It looked as if the sick man had crept into his dark, damp lair, just to die of hopelessness. The father was past work, but 'sometimes got an odd job to do.' The sick man had supported the three. It was hard to be godly, impossible to be cleanly, impossible to be healthy in such circumstances.

"The next room was entered by a low, dark, impeded passage about

* *Notes on Old Edinburgh:* Edmonston and Douglas, 1869.[2] Things may possibly have mended in some respects in the last five years, but they have assuredly, in the country villages, got tenfold worse.

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[1] [Mark ii. 28; Luke vi. 5, 9.]

[2] [The quotation is from pp. 10, 11 of *Notes on Old Edinburgh*, by the Author of *The Englishwoman in America; i.e.* I. L. Bird (afterwards Mrs. Bishop), the well-known traveller. The pamphlet was No. 21 in a series (by different writers) entitled "Odds and Ends." For other references to the tenements here described, see Letters 73, § 3, and 77, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 15, 116).]

twelve feet long, too filthy to be traversed without a light. At the extremity of this was a dark winding stair which led up to four superincumbent storeys of crowded subdivided rooms; and beyond this, to the right, a pitch-dark passage with a 'room' on either side. It was not possible to believe that the most grinding greed could extort money from human beings for the tenancy of such dens as those to which this passage led. They were lairs into which a starving dog might creep to die, but nothing more. Opening a dilapidated door, we found ourselves in a recess nearly six feet high, and nine feet in length by five in breadth. It was not absolutely dark, yet matches aided our investigations even at noonday. There was an earthen floor full of holes, in some of which water had collected. The walls were black and rotten, and alive with woodlice. There was no grate. The rent paid for this evil den, which was only ventilated by the chimney, is 1s. per week, or £2, 12s. annually! The occupier was a mason's labourer, with a wife and three children. He had come to Edinburgh in search of work, and could not afford a 'higher rent.' The wife said that her husband took the 'wee drap.' So would the President of the Temperance League himself if he were hidden away in such a hole. The contents of this lair on our first visit were a great heap of ashes and other refuse in one corner, some damp musty straw in another, a broken box in the third, with a battered tin pannikin upon it, and nothing else of any kind, saving two small children, nearly nude, covered with running sores, and pitiable from some eye disease. Their hair was not long, but felted into wisps, and alive with vermin. When we went in they were sitting among the ashes of an extinct fire, and blinked at the light from our matches. Here a neighbour said they sat all day, unless their mother was merciful enough to turn them into the gutter. We were there at eleven the following night, and found the mother, a decent, tidy body, at '*hame*.' There was a small fire then, but no other light. She complained of little besides the darkness of the house, and said, in a tone of dull discontent, she supposed it was 'as good as such as they could expect in Edinburgh.'"

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

12. To my great satisfaction, I am asked by a pleasant correspondent, where and what the picture of the Princess's Dream is.[1] High up, in an out-of-the-way corner of the Academy of Venice, seen by no man—nor woman neither,—of all pictures in Europe the one I should choose for a gift, if a fairy queen gave me choice,—Victor Carpaccio's "Vision of St. Ursula."

13. The following letter, from the *Standard*, is worth preserving:—

"SIR,—For some time past the destruction of tons of young fry—viz., salmon, turbot, trout, soles, cod, whiting, etc.,—in fact, every fish that is to be found in the Thames,—has been enormous. I beg leave to say that it is now worse than ever, inasmuch as larger nets, and an increased number of them, are used, and the trade has commenced a month earlier than usual, from the peculiarity of the season.

"At this time there are, at one part of the river, four or five vessels at work, which in one tide catch three tons of fry; this is sifted and picked over by hand, and about three per cent. of fry is all that can be picked out small enough for the London market. The remainder of course dies during the process, and is thrown overboard! Does the London consumer realise the fact that at least thirty tons a week of young fry are thus sacrificed? Do Londoners know that under the name of 'whitebait' they eat a mixture largely composed of sprat fry, a fish which at Christmas cost 9d. a bushel, but which now fetches 2s. a quart, which is £3, 4s. a bushel? (Price regulated by Demand and Supply, you observe!—J. R.) It is bad enough that so many young salmon and trout are trapped and utterly wasted in these nets; but is it fair towards the public thus to diminish their supply of useful and cheap food?

"Mr. Frank Buckland would faint, were he to see the wholesale destruction of young fry off Southend (on one fishing-ground only). I may truly say that the fishermen themselves are ashamed of the havoc they are making—well they may be; but who is to blame?

"I have the honour to be, etc.,

"*Feb.* 23." "PISCICULUS."

14. The following note, written long before the last *Fors* on fish,[2] bears on some of the same matters, and may as well find place now. Of the Bishop to whom it alludes, I have also something to say in next, or next, *Fors*.[3] The note itself refers to what I said about the defence of Pope,[4] who, like all other gracious men, had grave faults; and who, like all other wise men, is intensely obnoxious to evangelical divines. I don't

[1] [See Letter 20, §§ 14–16 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 342–345). The picture is now well hung, in a room specially built for the series to which it belongs: see Vol. XXIV. p. 166. For later references to it, see below, pp. 744, 760, and Letters 74 and 91 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 31, 441).]

[2] [Letter 38.]

[3] [The Bishop is not, however, identified in any subsequent Letter.]

[4] [See Letter 32, § 4 *n.* (Vol. XXVII. p. 586).]

know what school of divines Mr. Elwin belongs to;[1] nor did I know his name when I wrote the note: I have been surprised, since, to see how good his work is; he writes with the precise pomposity of Macaulay, and in those worst and fatallest forms of fallacy which are true as far as they reach.

"There is an unhappy wretch of a clergyman I read of in the papers —spending his life industriously in showing the meanness of Alexander Pope—and how Alexander Pope cringed, and lied. He cringed—yes—to his friends;—nor is any man good for much who will not play spaniel to his friend, or his mistress, on occasion;—to how many more than their friends do average clergymen cringe? I have had a Bishop go round the Royal Academy even with *me*,—pretending he liked painting, when he was eternally incapable of knowing anything whatever about it. Pope lied also—alas, yes, for his vanity's sake. Very woeful. But he did not pass the whole of his life in trying to anticipate, or appropriate, or efface, other people's discoveries, as your modern men of science do so often; and for lying—any average partisan of religious dogma tells more lies in his pulpit in defence of what in his heart he knows to be indefensible, on any given Sunday, than Pope did in his whole life. Nay, how often is your clergyman himself nothing but a lie rampant—in the true old sense of the word,—creeping up into his pulpit pretending that he is there as a messenger of God, when he really took the place that he might be able to marry a pretty girl, and live like a 'gentleman' as he thinks.[2] Alas! how infinitely more of a gentleman if he would but hold his foolish tongue, and get a living honestly—by street-sweeping, or any other useful occupation—instead of sweeping the dust of his own thoughts into people's eyes—as this 'biographer.'"

15. I shall have a good deal to say about human madness, in the course of *Fors*;[3] the following letter, concerning the much less mischievous rabies of Dogs, is, however, also valuable. Note especially its closing paragraph. I omit a sentence here and there which seems to me unnecessary.

"On the 7th June last there appeared in the *Macclesfield Guardian* newspaper a letter on Rabies and the muzzling and confining of Dogs, signed 'Beth-Gêlert.' That communication contained several facts and opinions relating to the disease; the possible causes of the same; and the uselessness and cruelty of muzzling and confinement as a preventive to it. The first-named unnatural practice has been condemned (as was there shown) by no less authority than the leading medical journal of England,—which has termed muzzling '*a great practical mistake, and one which cannot fail to have an injurious effect both upon the health and temper of dogs; for, although rabies is a dreadful thing, dogs ought not, any more than men, to be constantly treated as creatures likely to go mad.*'

"This information and judgment, however, seem insufficient to convince some

[1] [The Rev. Whitwell Elwin (1816–1900), editor of the *Quarterly Review*, 1853–1860. In 1871, 1872 he published five volumes of an edition of the *Works of Pope*, with biographical and critical notes. He then abandoned the task, which was completed, in five more volumes, by Mr. W. J. Courthope (1881–1889).]

[2] [Compare Letter 38, § 7 (p. 35).]

[3] [See Letter 48 (below, pp. 203, 205–208, 219–220).]

minds, even although they have no observations or arguments to urge in opposition. It may be useful to the public to bring forward an opinion on the merits of that letter expressed by the late Thomas Turner, of Manchester, who was not only a member of the Council, but one of the ablest and most experienced surgeons in Europe. The words of so eminent a professional man cannot but be considered valuable, and must have weight with the sensible and sincere; though on men of an opposite character all evidence, all reason, is too often utterly cast away.

"'MOSLEY STREET, *June* 8, 1873.

"'DEAR ——,—Thanks for your sensible letter. It contains great and *kind* truths, and such as humanity should applaud. On the subject you write about there is a large amount of ignorance both in and out of the profession.

"'Ever yours,

"'THOMAS TURNER.'

"In addition to the foregoing statement of the founder of the Manchester Royal School of Medicine and Surgery, the opinion shall now be given of one of the best veterinarians in London, who, writing on the above letter in the *Macclesfield Guardian*, observed,—'*With regard to your paper on muzzling dogs, I feel certain from observation that the restraint put upon them by the muzzle is productive of evil, and has a tendency to cause fits, etc.*'

"Rabies, originally spontaneous, was probably created, like many other evils which afflict humanity, by the viciousness, ignorance, and selfishness of man himself. '*Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,*'—wrote the great peasant and national poet of Scotland. He would have uttered even a wider and more embracing truth had he said, man's inhumanity to his *fellow-creatures* makes countless millions mourn. Rabies is most prevalent amongst the breeds of dogs bred and maintained for the atrocious sports of 'the pit'; they are likewise the most dangerous when victims to that dreadful malady. Moreover, dogs kept to worry other animals are also among those most liable to the disease, and the most to be feared when mad. But, on the other hand, dogs who live as the friends and companions of men of true humanity, and never exposed to annoyance or ill-treatment, remain gentle and affectionate even under the excruciating agonies of this dire disease. Delabere Blaine, first an army surgeon and subsequently the greatest veterinarian of this or probably of any other nation, tells us in his *Canine Pathology*:—

"'It will sensibly affect any one to witness the earnest, imploring look I have often seen from the unhappy sufferers under this dreadful malady. The strongest attachment has been manifested to those around during their utmost sufferings; and the parched tongue has been carried over the hands and feet of those who noticed them, with more than usual fondness. This disposition has continued to the last moment of life,—in many cases, without one manifestation of any inclination to bite, or to do the smallest harm.'

"Here is another instance of 'with whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' The cruelty of man, as it ever does, recoils, like a viper, ultimately on man. He who invests in the Bank of Vice receives back his capital with compound interest at a high rate and to the uttermost farthing.

"When a mad dog bites many people, he sometimes quits scores for a long, long arrear of brutalities, insults, and oppression inflicted upon him by the baser portion of mankind:—the hard blow, the savage kick, the loud curse, the vile annoyance, the insulting word, the starving meal, the carrion food, the shortened chain, the rotten straw, the dirty kennel (appropriate name), the bitter winter's night, the parching heat of summer, the dull and dreary years of hopeless imprisonment, the thousand aches which patient merit of the unworthy takes, are represented, culminate there; and the cup man has poisoned, man is forced to drink.

"All these miseries are often, too often, the lot of this most affectionate creature, who has truly been called 'our faithful friend, gallant protector, and useful servant.'

"No muzzling, murder, or incarceration tyrannically inflicted on this much-enduring, much-insulted slave by his master, will ever extirpate rabies. No abuse of the wondrous creature beneficently bestowed by the Omniscient and Almighty on ungrateful man, to be the friend of the poor and the guardian of the rich, will ever extirpate rabies. Mercy and justice would help us much more.

"In many lands the disease is utterly unknown,—in the land of Egypt, for example, where dogs swarm in all the towns and villages. Yet the follower of Mohammed, more humane than the follower of Christ,—to our shame be it spoken,—neither imprisons, muzzles, nor murders them. England, it is believed, never passed such an Act of Parliament as this before the present century. There is, certainly, in the laws of Canute a punishment awarded to the man whose dog went mad, and by his negligence wandered up and down the country. A far more sensible measure than our own. Canute punished the *man*, not the *dog*. Also, in Edward the Third's reign, all owners of fighting dogs whose dogs were found wandering about the streets of London were fined. Very different species of legislation from the brainless or brutal Dog's Act of 1871, passed by a number of men, not one of whom it is probable either knew or cared to know anything of the nature of the creature they legislated about; not even that he perspires, not by means of his skin, but performs this vital function by means of his tongue, and that to muzzle *him* is tantamount to coating the skin of a man all over with paint or gutta-percha. Such selfishness and cruelty in this age appears to give evidence towards proof of the assertion made by our greatest writer on Art,—that 'we are now getting cruel in our avarice,'—'our hearts, of iron and clay, have hurled the Bible in the face of our God, and fallen down to grovel before Mammon.'[1]—If not, how is it that we can so abuse one of the Supreme's most choicest works,—a creature sent to be man's friend, and whose devotion so often 'puts to shame all human attachments'?

"We are reaping what we have sown: Rabies certainly seems on the increase in this district,—in whose neighbourhood, it is stated, muzzling was first practised. It may spread more widely if we force a crop. The best way to check it, is to do our duty to the noble creature the Almighty has entrusted to us, and treat him with the humanity and affection he so eminently deserves. To deprive him of liberty and exercise; to chain him like a felon; to debar him from access to his natural medicine; to prevent him from following the overpowering instincts of his being and the laws of Nature, is conduct revolting to reason and religion.

"The disease of Rabies comes on by degrees, not suddenly. Its symptoms can easily be read. Were knowledge more diffused, people would know the approach of the malady, and take timely precautions. To do as we now do,—namely, drive the unhappy creatures insane, into an agonizing sickness by sheer ignorance or inhumanity, and then, because one is ill, tie up the mouths of the healthy, and unnaturally restrain all the rest, is it not the conduct of idiots rather than of reasonable beings?

"Why all this hubbub about a disease which causes less loss of life than almost any other complaint known, and whose fatal effects can, in almost every case, be surely and certainly prevented by a surgeon? If our lawgivers and lawmakers (who, by the way, although the House of Commons is crowded with lawyers, do not in these times draw Acts of Parliament so that they can be comprehended, without the heavy cost of going to a superior court), wish to save human life, let them educate the hearts as well as heads of Englishmen, and give more attention to boiler and colliery explosions, railway smashes, and rotten ships; to the overcrowding and misery of the poor; to the adulteration of food and medicines. Also, to dirt, municipal stupidity, and neglect; by which one city alone, Manchester, loses annually above three thousand lives.

"I am, your humble servant,
"BETH-GÊLERT."

[1] [The reference seems to be to *Aratra Pentelici*, § 52 (Vol. XX. p. 234), from memory of which the writer of the Letter appears to quote.]

LETTER 41

BERNARD THE HAPPY[1]

PARIS, 1*st April*, 1874.

1. I FIND there are still primroses in Kent, and that it is possible still to see blue sky in London in the early morning. It was entirely pure as I drove down past my old Denmark Hill gate, bound for Cannon Street Station, on Monday morning last; gate, closed now on me for evermore,[2] that used to open gladly enough when I came back to it from work in Italy. Now, father and mother and nurse[3] all dead, and the roses of the spring, prime or late —what are they to me?

But I want to know, rather, what are they to *you?* What have *you*, workers in England, to do with April, or May, or June either; your mill-wheels go no faster for the sunshine, do they? and you can't get more smoke up the chimneys because more sap goes up the trunks. Do you so much as know or care who May was, or her son, Shepherd of the heathen souls,[4] so despised of you Christians?[5] Nevertheless, I have a word or two to say to you in the light of the hawthorn blossom, only you must read some rougher ones first. I have printed the June *Fors*[6] together with this, because I want you to read the

[1] [See below, § 8.]

[2] [For Ruskin's abandonment of his house at Denmark Hill (shortly after his mother's death), see Vol. XXII. p. xxv. He afterwards stayed, when in London, at Herne Hill in the house of his cousin, from which he would drive past Denmark Hill into London.]

[3] [For the death of his nurse, see Letter 23, §§ 15, 16 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 517–518).]

[4] [For Maia, mother of Hermes, see *Queen of the Air*, § 26 (Vol. XIX. p. 321).]

[5] [Compare what Ruskin says about the respect due to any creed in which great men have placed faith: *Ethics of the Dust*, § 118 (Vol. XVIII. p. 356); and see above, p. 19.]

[6] [Letter 42.]

June one first, only the substance of it is not good for the May-time; but read it, and when you get to near the end, where it speaks of the distinctions between the sins of the hot heart and the cold,[1] come back to this, for I want you to think, in the flush of May, what strength is in the flush of the heart also. You will find that in all my late books (during the last ten years) I have summed the needful virtue of men under the terms of gentleness and justice;[2] gentleness being the virtue which distinguishes gentlemen from churls, and justice that which distinguishes honest men from rogues. Now gentleness may be defined as the Habit or State of Love; the Red Carita of Giotto (see account of her in Letter Seventh[3]); and ungentleness or clownishness, the opposite State or Habit of Lust.

2. Now there are three great loves that rule the souls of men: the love of what is lovely in creatures, and of what is lovely in things, and what is lovely in report. And these three loves have each their relative corruption, a lust—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.[4]

And, as I have just said, a gentleman is distinguished from a churl by the purity of sentiment he can reach in all these three passions: by his imaginative love, as opposed to lust; his imaginative possession of wealth as opposed to avarice; his imaginative desire of honour as opposed to pride.

3. And it is quite possible for the simplest workman or labourer for whom I write to understand what the feelings of a gentleman are, and share them, if he will; but the crisis and horror of this present time are that its desire of money, and the fulness of luxury dishonestly attainable by common persons, are gradually making churls of all men; and the nobler passions are not merely disbelieved, but even the conception of them seems ludicrous to the

[1] [Letter 42, § 11, p. 100.]
[2] [For the references, see Letter 23, § 15 (Vol. XXVII. p. 409).]
[3] [Letter 7, § 17 (Vol. XXVII. p. 130).]
[4] [1 John ii. 16.]

And it is quite possible for the simplest workman or labourer ~~to~~ for whom I write, to understand what the feelings of a gentleman are, and share them, if he will: but ~~it is not possible, for any~~ the crisis and terror of this present time are that its desire of money and the ~~vanities~~ fulness of luxury dishonestly attainable by common ~~minds~~ persons, are gradually making churls of all men, and the nobler passions ~~as little~~ not merely disbelieved ~~in as the God himself~~; — ~~for indeed it is not of~~ ~~and~~ but even the conception of them, not believed, seems ludicrous to the ~~to~~ impotent churl mind; — so that, to take one so poor an instance of them as my own life, — because I have passed it in ~~charity~~ almsgiving, not in ~~speculation~~ fortune hunting; because I have ~~written~~ laboured always for ~~the~~ the honour of others, not my own, and ~~in praise~~ have chosen rather to make men ~~[illegible]~~ look ~~to praise~~ Turner and Luini than ~~to~~ to form or exhibit ~~practise~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ skill of my own hand,

comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could, for the roof they needed; because I love a woodwalk better than a London Street, and would rather ~~see~~ watch a seagull fly than ~~hear a bird sing than eat it~~ shoot it, and rather ~~see it fly~~ hear a thrush sing than eat it — finally because I never disobeyed my mother, because ~~and~~ I have honoured all women with solemn worship; and ~~never injured~~ have been kind even to the unthankful among them, and the evil — Therefore the ~~so~~ hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, — and the poor wretch who ~~sells~~ pawns the dirty linen of his ~~opinions~~ soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar — talks of the "Effeminate Sentimentality of Ruskin."

THE MS. OF A PORTION OF LETTER 41 (§ 3)

impotent churl mind; so that, to take only so poor an instance of them as my own life—because I have passed it in almsgiving, not in fortune-hunting; because I have laboured always for the honour of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini, than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I have lowered my rents, and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed;[1] because I love a wood walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a seagull fly, than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing, than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, because I have honoured all women with solemn worship, and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil;[2] therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar, talks of the "effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin."[3]

4. Now of these despised sentiments, which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that reverence for womanhood which, even through all the cruelties of the Middle Ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age.

To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed

[1] [For Ruskin's pioneer work in this matter, under Miss Octavia Hill's management, see Letter 10, § 15 (Vol. XXVII. p. 175).]

[2] [Luke vi. 35.]

[3] [The facsimile of the original MS. of § 3 (here reproduced) was given in *John Ruskin: a Biographical Outline*, by W. G. Collingwood, 1889. For Ruskin's refutation of the charge of "sentimentality," see *Time and Tide*, § 164 (Vol. XVII. p. 451); *Queen of the Air*, § 111 (Vol. XIX. p. 396); and below, Letter 42, § 14 (p. 102), where Ruskin attributes the remark to the *Saturday Review*, though on p. 87, in a reference to the present passage, he seems to attribute it to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It has not been found in the *Saturday*, and in *Time and Tide*, Ruskin cites it from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where the expression does occur (April 23, 1867), without the word "effeminate" (see Vol. XVII. p. 451 *n.*). Ruskin's memory of the periodical is probably at fault, but he may have been thinking of the abusive reception of *Unto this Last* by the *Saturday Review*, and of the epithets then applied to him: see Vol. XVII. p. xxviii.]

to the Madonna have been always a violent offence; they are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are openest to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialist temper of the Reformation. But after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or fallacy of the idea; I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher; but I am certain that to the habit of reverent belief in, and contemplation of, the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies, we must ascribe the highest results yet achieved in human nature, and that it is neither Madonna-worship nor saint-worship, but the evangelical self-worship and hell-worship—gloating, with an imagination as unfounded as it is foul, over the torments of the damned, instead of the glories of the blest,—which have in reality degraded the languid powers of Christianity to their present state of shame and reproach. There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity, in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden, "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and Holy is His name."[1] What we are about to substitute for such magnifying in our modern wisdom, let the reader judge from two slight things that chanced to be noticed by me in my walk round Paris. I generally go first to Our Lady's Church, for though the towers

[1] [Luke i. 49 (Prayer-book).]

and most part of the walls are now merely the modern model of the original building, much of the portal sculpture is still genuine, and especially the greater part of the lower arcades of the north-west door, where the common entrance is. I always held these such valuable pieces of the thirteenth-century work that I had them cast, in mass, some years ago, brought away casts, eight feet high by twelve wide, and gave them to the Architectural Museum.[1] So as I was examining these, and laboriously gleaning what was left of the old work among M. Viollet-le-Duc's fine fresh heads of animals and points of leaves,[2] I saw a brass plate in the back of one of the niches, where the improperly magnified saints used to be. At first I thought it was over one of the usual almsboxes which have a right to be at church entrances (if anywhere); but catching sight of an English word or two on it, I stopped to read, and read to the following effect:—

"F. du Larin,
office
of the
Victoria Pleasure Trips
And Excursions to Versailles.
Excursions to the Battle-fields round Paris.

"A four-horse coach with an English guide starts daily from Notre Dame Cathedral, at 10½ A.M. for Versailles, by the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, Montretout, and Ville d'Avray. Back in Paris at 5½ P.M. Fares must be secured one day in advance at the entrance of Notre Dame.[3]

"The Manager, H. du Larin."

"Magnificat anima mea Dominum, quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ Suæ."[4] Truly it seems to be time that God should again regard the lowliness of His handmaiden, now that she has become keeper of the coach-office for excursions to Versailles. The arrangement becomes still

[1] [See Vol. VIII. p. 13, and Vol. XII. p. lxxi.]
[2] [Viollet-le-Duc's "restoration" of the church was in progress for many years from 1845 onward.]
[3] [See a reference to this announcement in *Mornings in Florence*, § 121 (Vol. XXIII. p. 414).]
[4] [Luke i. 46, 48.]

more perfect in the objects of this Christian joyful pilgrimage (*from* Canterbury, as it were, instead of to it), the "Battle-fields round Paris"!

5. From Notre Dame I walked back into the livelier parts of the city, though in no very lively mood; but recovered some tranquillity in the Marché aux Fleurs, which is a pleasant spectacle in April, and then made some circuit of the Boulevards, where, as the Third Fors would have it, I suddenly came in view of one of the temples of the modern superstition, which is to replace Mariolatry. For it seems that human creatures *must* imagine something or some one in Apotheosis, and the Assumption of the Virgin, and Titian's or Tintoret's views on that matter being held reasonable no more, apotheosis of some other power follows as a matter of course. Here accordingly is one of the modern hymns on the Advent of Spring, which replace now in France the sweet Cathedral services of the Mois de Marie. It was printed in vast letters on a white sheet, dependent at the side of the porch or main entrance to the fur shop of the "Compagnie Anglo-Russe":—

"Le printemps s'annonce avec son gracieux cortège de rayons et de fleurs. Adieu, l'hiver! C'en est bien fini! Et cependant il faut que toutes ces fourrures soient enlevées, vendues, données, dans ces 6 jours. C'est une aubaine inesperée, un placement fabuleux; car, qu'on ne l'oublie pas, la fourrure vraie, la belle, la riche, a toujours sa valeur intrinsique. Et, comme couronnement de cette sorte d'Apothéose la Cie. Anglo-Russe remet gratis à tout acheteur un talisman merveilleux pour conserver la fourrure pendant 10 saisons."

"Unto Adam also, and to his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them."[1]

The Anglo-Russian company having now superseded Divine labour in such matters, you have also, instead of the grand old Dragon-Devil with his "Ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil," only a little weasel of a devil with an ermine tip to his tail, advising you "Ye shall be as Gods, buying your skins cheap."

6. I am a simpleton, am I, to quote such an exploded

[1] [Genesis iii. 21; and for the next quotation, see *ibid.*, iii. 5.]

book as Genesis? My good wiseacre readers, I know as many flaws in the book of Genesis as the best of you, but I knew the book before I knew its flaws, while you know the flaws, and never have known the book, nor can know it. And it is at present much the worse for you; for indeed the stories of this book of Genesis have been the nursery tales of men mightiest whom the world has yet seen in art, and policy, and virtue, and none of you will write better stories for your children, yet awhile. And your little Cains will learn quickly enough to ask if they are their brother's keepers,[1] and your little Fathers of Canaan merrily enough to show their own father's nakedness without dread either of banishment or malediction;[1] but many a day will pass, and their evil generations vanish with it, in that sudden nothingness of the wicked, "He passed away, and lo, he was not," before one will again rise, of whose death there may remain the Divine tradition, "He walked with God, and was not, for God took him."[2] Apotheosis! How the dim hope of it haunts even the last degradation of men; and through the six thousand years from Enoch, and the vague Greek ages which dreamed of their twin-hero stars, declines, in this final stage of civilization, into dependence on the sweet promise of the Anglo-Russian tempter, with his ermine tail, "Ye shall be as Gods, and buy cat-skin cheap."

7. So it must be. I know it, my good wiseacres. You can have no more Queens of Heaven, nor assumptions of triumphing saints. Even your simple country Queen of May, whom once you worshipped for a goddess—has not little Mr. Faraday[3] analysed her, and proved her to consist of charcoal and water, combined under what the Duke of Argyll calls the "reign of law"?[4] Your once

[1] [Genesis iv. 9; ix.]

[2] [Psalms xxxvii. 36; Genesis v. 24.]

[3] ["Physically Faraday was below the middle size, well-set, active, and with extraordinary animation of countenance" (Tyndall in the *Dictionary of National Biography*).]

[4] [For other references to the Duke's book so entitled, see Vol. XXIII. p. 115; and Letters 42, § 13, and 50, § 12 (below, pp. 102, 263); 82, § 16 *n.*, and 87, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 236, 368).]

fortune-guiding stars, which used to twinkle in a mysterious manner, and to make you wonder what they were,—everybody knows what they are now: only hydrogen gas, and they stink as they twinkle. My wiseacre acquaintances, it is very fine, doubtless, for you to know all these things, who have plenty of money in your pockets, and nothing particular to burden your chemical minds; but for the poor, who have nothing in their pockets, and the wretched, who have much on their hearts, what in the world is the good of knowing that the only heaven they have to go to is a large gasometer?

"Poor and wretched!" you answer. "But when once everybody is convinced that heaven is a large gasometer, and when we have turned all the world into a small gasometer, and can drive round it by steam, and in forty minutes be back again where we were,[1]—nobody will be poor or wretched any more. Sixty pounds on the square inch,—can anybody be wretched under that general application of high pressure?"[2]

(Assisi, 15*th April*.)

8. Good wiseacres, yes; it seems to me, at least, more than probable: but if not, and you all find yourselves rich and merry, with steam legs and steel hearts, I am well assured there will be found yet room, where your telescopes have not reached, nor can,—grind you their lenses ever so finely,—room for the quiet souls, who choose for their part, poverty, with light and peace.

I am writing at a narrow window, which looks out on some broken tiles and a dead wall. A wall dead in the profoundest sense, you wiseacres would think it. Six hundred years old, and as strong as when it was built, and paying nobody any interest, and still less commission, on the cost of repair. Both sides of the street, or pathway

[1] ["I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."
—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii. sc. 1.]

[2] [See Letter 42, end of § 17 (p. 105).]

rather,—it is not nine feet wide,—are similarly built with solid blocks of grey marble, arched rudely above the windows, with here and there a cross on the keystones.

If I chose to rise from my work and walk a hundred yards down this street (if one may so call the narrow path between grey walls, as quiet and lonely as a sheep-walk on Shap Fells), I should come to a small prison-like door;[1] and over the door is a tablet of white marble let into the grey, and on the tablet is written, in contracted Latin, what in English signifies:—

"Here, Bernard the Happy*
Received St. Francis of Assisi,
And saw him, in ecstasy."

Good wiseacres, you believe nothing of the sort, do you? Nobody ever yet was in ecstasy, you think, till now, when they may buy cat-skin cheap?

9. Do you believe in Blackfriars Bridge, then; and admit that some day or other there must have been reason to call it "Black Friar's"? As surely as the bridge stands over Thames, and St. Paul's above it, these two men, Paul and Francis, had their ecstasies, in bygone days, concerning other matters than ermine tails; and still the same ecstasies, or effeminate sentiments, are possible to human creatures, believe it or not as you will. I am not now, whatever the *Pall Mall Gazette* may think,[2] an ecstatic person myself. But thirty years ago I knew once or twice what joy meant, and have not forgotten the feeling; nay, even so little a

* "Bernard the happy." The Beato of Mont Oliveto; not Bernard of Clairvaux. The entire inscription is, "received St. Francis of Assisi to supper and bed"; but if I had written it so, it would have appeared that St. Francis's ecstasy was in consequence of his getting some supper.

[1] [Now the Palazzo Sbaraglini. Ruskin's note identifying "Bernard the Happy" with "the Beato of Monte Oliveto" (Bernard of Siena, who founded the Benedictine House of that place) is a mistake. The inscription refers to Bernard of Quintaville, the first companion of St. Francis; for the story of his inviting St. Francis to sup and lodge, see ch. ii. of the *Fioretti*.]

[2] [Here the reference is clearly to the article (April 23, 1867) referred to above (p. 81 *n.*).]

while as two years ago, I had it back again—for a day.[1] And I can assure you, good wiseacres, there is such a thing to be had; but not in cheap shops, nor, I was going to say, for money; yet in a certain sense it is buyable—by forsaking all that a man hath.[2] Buyable—literally enough—the freehold Elysian field at that price, but not a doit cheaper; and I believe, at this moment, the reason my voice has an uncertain sound, the reason that this design of mine stays unhelped, and that only a little group of men and women, moved chiefly by personal regard, stand with me in a course so plain and true, is that I have not yet given myself to it wholly, but have halted between good and evil, and sit still at the receipt of custom, and am always looking back from the plough.[3]

It is not wholly my fault this. There seem to me good reasons why I should go on with my work in Oxford; good reasons why I should have a house of my own with pictures and library; good reasons why I should still take interest from the bank;[4] good reasons why I should make myself as comfortable as I can wherever I go, travel with two servants, and have a dish of game at dinner. It is true, indeed, that I have given the half of my goods and more to the poor;[5] it is true also that the work in Oxford is not a matter of pride, but of duty with me; it is true that I think it wiser to live what seems to other people a rational and pleasant, not an enthusiastic, life; and that I serve my servants at least as much as they serve me. But, all this being so, I find there is yet something wrong; I have no peace, still less ecstasy. It seems to me as if one had indeed to wear camel's hair instead of dress coats before one can get that; and I was looking at St. Francis's camel's-hair coat yesterday (they have it still in the sacristy[6]), and

[1] [Probably in August 1872: see Vol. XXII. pp. xxviii., xxix.]
[2] [Luke xiv. 33.]
[3] [See 1 Kings xviii. 21; Matthew ix. 9; and Luke ix. 62.]
[4] [See Letter 21, § 18 (Vol. XXVII. p. 363), and 44, § 14 (below, p. 139); and compare Letter 80, § 15 (Vol. XXIX. p. 185).]
[5] [Luke xix. 8.]
[6] [Compare *Hortus Inclusus*, pp. 2–4 (pp. 3–5 of ed. 3).]

I don't like the look of it at all; the Anglo-Russian Company's[1] wear is ever so much nicer,—let the devil at least have this due.

10. And he must have a little more due even than this. It is not at all clear to me how far the Beggar and Pauper Saint, whose marriage with the Lady Poverty I have come here to paint from Giotto's dream of it,[2]—how far, I say, the mighty work he did in the world was owing to his vow of poverty, or diminished by it. If he had been content to preach love alone, whether among poor or rich, and if he had understood that love, for all God's creatures, was one and the same blessing; and that, if he was right to take the doves out of the fowler's hand, that they might build their nests, he was himself wrong when he went out in the winter's night on the hills, and made for himself dolls of snow, and said, "Francis, these—behold—these are thy wife and thy children."[3] If instead of quitting his father's trade, that he might nurse lepers, he had made his father's trade holy and pure, and honourable more than beggary, perhaps at this day the Black Friars might yet have had an unruined house by Thames shore, and the children of his native village not be standing in the porches of the temple built over his tomb, to ask alms of the infidel.

[1] [See above, p. 84.]

[2] [See below, p. 163.]

[3] ["By the breath of that infernal enemy which is wont to kindle the fire of concupiscence, he was assailed by a violent temptation. Then this holy lover of chastity . . . went out into the garden, and plunged into a heap of snow which had just then fallen. Having done this he gathered the snow in his hands, and made seven heaps, which setting before him, he thus discoursed with his inner man. 'Behold,' said he, 'this largest heap is thy wife; these four are thy two sons and thy two daughters; the other two are thy servant and thy handmaid; and for all these thou art bound to provide. Make haste, then, and provide clothing for them, lest they perish with cold. But if the solicitude for so many trouble thee, then be thou solicitous to serve one Lord alone'" (*The Life of S. Francis of Assisi, from the "Legenda Santi Francisci" of S. Bonaventure.* Edited, with a Preface, by Archbishop Manning, 1868, pp. 57–58). For his setting free the animals that were brought to him, see *ibid.*, pp. 102–108; his father, Pietro Bernardone, was a cotton merchant; for his nursing the lepers, see Vol. XXII. p. 409 *n.*]

LETTER 42

MISERICORDIA[1]

1. I MUST construct my letters still, for a while, of swept-up fragments;[2] every day provokes me to write new matter; but I must not lose the fruit of the old days. Here is some worth picking up, though ill-ripened for want of sunshine (the little we had spending itself on the rain), last year.

1st August, 1873.

Not being able to work steadily this morning, because there was a rainbow half a mile broad, and violet-bright, on the shoulders of the Old Man of Coniston—(by calling it half a mile broad, I mean that half a mile's breadth of mountain was covered by it,—and by calling it violet-bright, I mean that the violet zone of it came pure against the grey rocks; and note, by the way, that essentially all the colours of the rainbow are secondary;—yellow exists only as a line—red as a line—blue as a line; but the zone itself is of varied orange, green, and violet),—not being able, I say, for steady work, I opened an old diary of 1849, and as the Third Fors would have it, at this extract from the *Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*[3]

2. (Venice.)

"The Prince of Saxony went to see the Arsenal three days ago, waited on by a numerous nobility of both sexes; the *Bucentaur* was adorned and

[1] [See below, § 11. Rejected titles for this letter were "'Let not Mercy and Truth forsake thee'" (Proverbs iii. 3: see § 13) and "Venice in her White Cravat" (see § 5).]

[2] [See above, p. 62.]

[3] [Letters from Venice, March 29, April 19, 1740: see pp. 283, 284, 285 of vol. ii. of *The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* (1837); for another reference to her letters from Venice, see Vol. IX. p. xxiv.]

launched, a magnificent collation given; and we sailed a little in it. I was in company with the Signora Justiniani Gradenigo and Signora Marina Crizzo. There were two cannons founded in his (the Prince of Saxony's) presence, and a galley built and launched in an hour's time." (Well may Dante speak of that busy Arsenal![1])

"Last night there was a concert of voices and instruments at the Hospital of the Incurabili, where there were two girls that in the opinion of all people excel either Faustina or Cuzzoni.

"I am invited to-morrow to the Foscarini to dinner, which is to be followed by a concert and a ball."

The account of a regatta follows, in which the various nobles had boats costing £1000 sterling each, none less than £500, and enough of them to look like a little fleet. The Signora Pisani Mocenigo's represented the Chariot of the Night, drawn by four sea-horses, and showing the rising of the moon, accompanied with stars, the statues on each side representing the Hours, to the number of twenty-four.

Pleasant times, these, for Venice! one's *Bucentaur* launched, wherein to eat, buoyantly, a magnificent collation —beautiful ladies driving their ocean steeds in the Chariot of the Night—beautiful songs, at the Hospital of the Incurabili. Much bettered, these, from the rough days when one had to row and fight for life, thought Venice; better days still, in the nineteenth century, being—as she appears to believe now—in store for her.

8. You thought, I suppose, that in writing those numbers of *Fors* last year from Venice and Verona,[2] I was idling, or digressing?

Nothing of the kind. The business of *Fors* is to tell you of Venice and Verona; and many things of them.

You don't care about Venice and Verona? Of course not. Who does? And I beg you to observe that the day is coming when, exactly in the same sense, active working men will say to any antiquarian who purposes to tell them something of England, "We don't care about

[1] [*Inferno*, xxi. See Letter 18, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 313).]

[2] [This passage was written in 1873, and the reference is to Letters of 1872: see Letters 19, 20, Vol. XXVII. pp. 320, 334.]

England." And the antiquarian will answer, just as I have answered you now, "Of course not. Who does?"

4. Nay, the saying has been already said to me, and by a wise and good man. When I asked, at the end of my inaugural lecture at Oxford,[1] "Will you, youths of England, make your country again a royal throne of kings, a sceptred isle,[2] for all the world a source of light—a centre of peace?"—my University friends came to me, with grave faces, to remonstrate against irrelevant and Utopian topics of that nature being introduced in lectures on art;[3] and a very dear American friend wrote to me, when I sent the lecture to him, in some such terms as these: "Why will you diminish your real influence for good, by speaking as if England could now take any dominant place in the world? How many millions, think you, are there here, of the activest spirits of their time, who care nothing for England, and would read no farther, after coming upon such a passage?"

That England deserves little care from any man nowadays, is fatally true; that in a century more she will be—where Venice is—among the dead of nations, is far more than probable. And yet—that you do not care for dead Venice, is the sign of your own ruin; and that the Americans do not care for dying England, is only the sign of their inferiority to her.

For this dead Venice once taught us to be merchants, sailors, and gentlemen; and this dying England taught the Americans all they have of speech, or thought, hitherto. What thoughts they have not learned from England are foolish thoughts; what words they have not learned from England, unseemly words; the vile among them not being able even to be humorous parrots, but only obscene mocking birds. An American republican woman, lately, describes a child which "like cherubim and seraphim continually did

[1] [*Lectures on Art*, § 28 (Vol. XX. p. 41).]
[2] [*King Richard II.*, Act ii. sc. 1.]
[3] [Compare Vol. XX. p. xxviii.]

cry;"* such their feminine learning of the European fashions of "Te Deum"! And, as I tell you, Venice in like manner taught us, when she and we were honest, our marketing, and our manners. Then she began trading in pleasure, and souls of men, before us; followed that Babylonish trade[1] to her death,—we nothing loth to imitate, so plausible she was, in her mythic gondola, and Chariot of the Night! But where her pilotage has for the present carried her, and is like to carry *us*, it may be well to consider. And therefore I will ask you to glance back to my twentieth letter, giving account of the steam music, the modern Tasso's echoes,[2] practised on her principal lagoon.[3] That is her present manner, you observe, of "whistling *at her darg*."[4] But for festivity *after* work, or altogether superseding work—launching one's adorned *Bucentaur* for collation—let us hear what she is doing in that kind.

5. From the *Rinnovamento* (Renewal, or Revival), "Gazette of the people of Venice" of 2nd July, 1872, I print, in my terminal notes [p. 104], a portion of one of their daily correspondent's letters, describing his pleasures of the previous day, of which I here translate a few pregnant sentences:—

"I embarked on a little steamboat. It was elegant—it was vast. But its contents were enormously greater than its capacity. The little steamboat overflowed † with men, women, and boys. The Commandant, a proud young man, cried, 'Come in, come in!' and the crowd became always more close, and one could scarcely breathe" (the heroic exhortations of the proud youth leading his public to this painful result). "All at once a

* *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 31st, 1873.[5]

† "Rigurgitava"—gushed or gorged up; as a bottle which you have filled too full and too fast.

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[1] [See Revelation xvii. 5.]

[2] ["In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier."
—*Childe Harold*, iv. 3.]

[3] [See Letter 20, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 341).]

[4] [See Letter 32, § 20 (Vol. XXVII. p. 599).]

[5] [In a review (p. 12) of *Haphazard*, by Kate Field.]

delicate person * of the piazza, feeling herself unwell, cried 'I suffocate.' The Commandant perceived that suffocation did veritably prevail, and gave the word of command, 'Enough.'

"In eighteen minutes I had the good fortune to land safe at the establishment, 'The Favourite.' And here my eyes opened for wonder. In truth, only a respectable force of will could have succeeded in transforming this place, only a few months ago still desert and uncultivated, into a site of delights. Long alleys, grassy carpets, small mountains, charming little banks, châlets, solitary and mysterious paths, and then an interminable covered way which conducts to the bathing establishment; and in that, attendants dressed in mariners' dresses, a most commodious basin, the finest linen, and the most regular and solicitous service.

"Surprised, and satisfied, I plunged myself cheerfully into the sea. After the bath, is prescribed a walk. Obedient to the dictates of hygiene, I take my returning way along the pleasant shore of the sea to 'The Favourite.' A châlet, or rather an immense salon, is become a concert-room. And, in fact, an excellent orchestra is executing therein most chosen pieces. The artists are all endued in dress coats, and wear white cravats. I hear with delight a pot-pourri from *Faust.* I then take a turn through the most vast park, and visit the Restaurant.

"To conclude. The Lido has no more need to become a place of delights. It is, in truth, already become so.

"All honour to the brave who have effected the marvellous transformation."

* Sensale, an interesting Venetian word. The fair on the Feast of the Ascension at Venice became in mellifluous brevity, "Sensa," and the most ornamental of the ware purchaseable at it, therefore, Sensale.

A "Holy-Thursday-Fairing," feeling herself unwell, would be the properest translation.[1]

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[1] [Ruskin in his copy notes this passage as one which he meant to "Correct." It is true that *Sensa* (shortened from Ascensa) has in Venetian the sense here explained (see G. Boerio's *Dizionario del Dialetto Veneziano*), and that *sensale* might thus mean a "fairing." But *sensale* is also a very common Italian word, meaning simply "a broker" or "dealer," and this is doubtless what *un sensale di piazza* here means. Rawdon Brown pointed out the error to Ruskin, who sent the following reply (the letter is inserted in Brown's copy of *Fors*, now in St. Mark's Library at Venice):—

"Hôtel de Russie, Rome,
"*6th May*, 1874.

"My dear Brown,—I have your kind note about *Fors*, but I hope my reading may be the true one. None of the authorities you refer to were what I used; but I forget at this moment where I got the word. You know what a bother you had about the other slang word. Very certainly I found the particular meaning I give—about Ascension Day; and if it was not intended, it is the fault of the effeminate Broker who cried 'Io suffoco.' I am glad you find no worse mistake. The misprints are atrocious all through. I had no power of correcting press myself—left it to an Oxford friend.

"Ever your affectionate,
"J. R."

One misprint in this Letter was afterwards corrected by Ruskin: see Bibliographical Note, p. xxix. Others are noted in the list of "Variæ Lectiones."]

6. Onori ai bravi!—Honour to the brave! Yes; in all times, among all nations, that is entirely desirable. You know I told you, in last *Fors*, that to honour the brave dead was to be our second child's lesson.[1] None the less expedient if the brave we have to honour be alive, instead of long dead. Here are our modern Venetian troubadours, in white cravats, celebrating the victories of their Hardicanutes with collection of choicest melody—pot-pourri—hotch-potch, from *Faust*. And, indeed, is not this a notable conquest which resuscitated Venice has made of her Lido? Where all was vague sea-shore, now, behold, "little mountains, mysterious paths." Those unmanufactured mountains —Euganeans and Alps—seen against the sunset, are not enough for the vast mind of Venice born again; nor the canals between her palaces mysterious enough paths. Here are mountains to our perfect mind, and more solemn ways, —a new kingdom for us, conquered by the brave. Conquest, you observe also, just of the kind which in our *Times* newspaper is honoured always in like manner, "Private Enterprise." The only question is, whether the privacy of your enterprise is always as fearless of exposure as it used to be,—or even, the enterprise of it as enterprising. Let me tell you a little of the private enterprise of dead Venice, that you may compare it with that of the living.

7. You doubted me just now, probably, when I told you that Venice taught you to be sailors. You thought your Drakes and Grenvilles needed no such masters. No! but a hundred years before Sir Francis's time, the blind captain of a Venetian galley,—of one of those things which the Lady Mary saw built in an hour,[2]—won the empire of the East. You did fine things in the Baltic, and before Sebastopol, with your ironclads and your Woolwich infants, did you?[3] Here was a piece of fighting done from the

[1] [Not *last Fors*, but see Letter 37, § 8 (p. 20); and compare Letter 9, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 157).]

[2] [See above, § 2.]

[3] [A figure of speech. The first ironclad, the *Warrior*, was launched December 29, 1860; for the "Woolwich Infant," made in 1870, see Letter 2, § 20 (Vol. XXVII. p. 43 *n.*), and compare, below, p. 153.]

deck of a rowed boat, which came to more good, it seems to me.

"The Duke of Venice had disposed his fleet in one line along the sea-wall (of Constantinople), and had cleared the battlements with his shot (of stones and arrows); but still the galleys dared not take ground. But the Duke of Venice, though he was old (ninety) and stone-blind, stood, all armed, at the head of his galley, and had the gonfalon of St. Mark before him; and he called to his people to ground his ship, or they should die for it. So they ran the ship aground, and leaped out, and carried St. Mark's gonfalon to the shore before the Duke. Then the Venetians, seeing their Duke's galley ashore, followed him; and they planted the flag of St. Mark on the walls, and took twenty-five towers."[1]

The good issue of which piece of pantaloon's play was that the city itself, a little while after, with due help from the French, was taken, and that the crusading army proceeded thereon to elect a new Emperor of the Eastern Empire.

8. Which office six French Barons, and six Venetian, being appointed to bestow, and one of the French naming first the Duke of Venice, he had certainly been declared Emperor, but one of the Venetians themselves, Pantaleone Barbo, declaring that no man could be Duke of Venice, and Emperor too, gave his word for Baldwin of Flanders, to whom accordingly the throne was given; while to the Venetian State was offered, with the consent of all, if they chose to hold it—about a third of the whole Roman Empire!

Venice thereupon deliberates with herself. Her own present national territory—the true "State" of Venice—is a marsh, which you can see from end to end of;—some wooden houses, half afloat, and others wholly afloat, in the canals of it; and a total population, in round numbers,

[1] [This is an account of the capture of Constantinople in 1204 by Henry Dandolo. The towers are conspicuous in Domenico Tintoretto's picture of the taking of Constantinople in the Sala del Maggior Consiglio in the Ducal Palace. The original authority, paraphrased in the text above, is that of an eye-witness: see the *Histoire de la Conqueste de Constantinople par les Barons Français associez aux Venitiens l'an 1204*, by Geoffroy de Ville-Hardouin, Maréchal de Champagne, first printed in Paris, 1584. See §§ 89, 90 of the English translation by T. Smith (1829).]

about as large as that of our parish of Lambeth. Venice feels some doubt whether, out of this wild duck's nest, and with that number of men, she can at once safely, and in all the world's sight, undertake to govern Lacedæmon, Ægina, Ægos Potamos, Crete, and half the Greek islands; nevertheless, she thinks she will try a little "private enterprise" upon them. So in 1207 the Venetian Senate published an edict by which there was granted to all Venetian citizens permission to arm, at their own expense, war-galleys, and to subdue, if they could manage it in that private manner, such islands and Greek towns of the Archipelago as might seem to them what we call "eligible residences," the Senate graciously giving them leave to keep whatever they could get. Whereupon certain Venetian merchants—proud young men—stood, as we see them standing now on their decks on the Riva, crying to the crowd, "Montate! Montate!"[1] and without any help from steam, or encumbrance from the markets of Ascension Day, rowed and sailed—somewhat *outside* the Lido.[2] Mark Dandolo took Gallipoli; Mark Sanudo, Naxos, Paros, and Melos;—(you have heard of marbles and Venuses coming from those places, have not you?)—Marin Dandolo, Andros; Andrea Ghisi, Micone and Scyros; Dominico Michieli, Ceos; and Philocola Navigieri, the island of Vulcan himself, Lemnos. Took them, and kept them also! (not a little to our present sorrow; for, being good Christians, these Venetian gentlemen made wild work among the Parian and Melian gods[3]). It was not till 1570 that the twenty-first Venetian Duke of Melos was driven out by the Turks, and the career of modern white-cravated Venice virtually begun.

[1] [Here Ruskin applies the description of the steamboat excursion to the Lido on Ascension Day: see §§ 5, 15 (pp. 93, 104).]

[2] [For fuller particulars, see Romanin, *Storia Documentata di Venezia*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 185, and F. C. Hodgson's *Early History of Venice*, pp. 421 *seq.* It was Filocolo Navigaioso who took Stalimene (Lemnos). There is an interesting discussion of the volcanic reputation which the island enjoyed in antiquity, and of its connexion with the Fire-god, in H. F. Tozer's *Islands of the Ægean*, pp. 269 *seq.*]

[3] [See *ibid.*, p. 114, for a description of the Venetian fortress in Paros, put together from marbles of a temple. The "Venus of Milo" was, it will be remembered, found by a peasant in 1820 in the island of Melos.]

9. "Honour to the brave!" Yes, in God's name, and by all manner of means! And dishonour to the cowards: but, my good Italian and good English acquaintances, are you so sure, then, you know which is which? Nay, are you honestly willing to acknowledge there is any difference? Heaven be praised if you are!—but I thought your modern gospel was, that all were alike? Here's the *Punch* of last week lying beside me, for instance, with its normal piece of pathos upon the advertisements of death. Dual deaths this time; and pathetic epitaphs on the Bishop of Winchester and the Baron Bethell.[1] The best it can honestly say (and *Punch*, as far as I know papers, is an honest one[2]) is that the Bishop was a pleasant kind of person; and the best it can say for the Chancellor is, that he was witty;—but, fearing that something more might be expected, it smooths all down with a sop of popular varnish, "How good the worst of us!—how bad the best!"[3] Alas, Mr. Punch, is it come to this? and is there to be no more knocking down, then? and is your last scene in future to be—shaking hands with the devil?—clerical pantaloon in white cravat asking a blessing on the reconciliation, and the drum and pipe finishing with a pot-pourri from *Faust?*

A popular tune, truly, everywhere, nowadays—"Devil's hotch-potch," and listened to "avec délices!" And, doubtless, pious Republicans on their death-beds will have a care to bequeath it, rightly played, to their children, before they go to hear it, divinely executed, in their own blessed country.

"How good the worst of us!—how bad the best!" Jeanie Deans,[4] and St. Agnes, and the Holy-Thursday-fairing[5] all the same!

[1] [*Punch*, August 2, 1873, vol. 65, p. 43. "Baron Bethell" is Ruskin's alliterative form of Richard Bethell, Baron Westbury.]

[2] [Compare Letter 86, § 3 (Vol. XXIX. p. 337).]

[3] [Compare *St. Mark's Rest*, § 85 (Vol. XXIV. p. 274), where Ruskin again quotes this line from *Punch*.]

[4] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 564.]

[5] [For "Holy-Thursday-fairing," see above, § 5 *n.*, p. 94.]

10. My good working readers, I will try to-day to put you more clearly in understanding of this modern gospel,—of what truth there is in it—for some there is,—and of what pestilent evil.

I call it a modern gospel: in its deepest truth it is as old as Christianity. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."[1] And it was the most distinctive character of Christianity. Here was a new, astonishing religion indeed; one had heard before of righteousness; before of resurrection;—never before of mercy to sin, or fellowship with it.

But it is only in strictly modern times (that is to say, within the last hundred years) that this has been fixed on, by a large sect of thick-headed persons, as the *essence* of Christianity,—nay, as so much its essence, that to be an extremely sinful sinner is deliberately announced by them as the best of qualifications for becoming an extremely Christian Christian.

But all the teachings of Heaven are given—by sad law—in so obscure, nay, often in so ironical manner, that a blockhead necessarily reads them wrong. Very marvellous it is that Heaven, which really in one sense *is* merciful to sinners, is in no sense merciful to fools,[2] but even lays pitfalls for them, and inevitable snares.[3]

11. Again and again, in the New Testament, the publican (supposed at once traitor to his country, and thief) and the harlot are made the companions of Christ. She out of whom He had cast seven devils, loves Him best, sees Him first, after His resurrection.[4] The sting of that *old* verse, "When thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst to him, and hast been partaker with adulterers," seems done away with. Adultery itself uncondemned,—for, behold, in your hearts is not every one of you alike? "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And so,

[1] [Luke xv. 2.]
[2] [Compare *Ethics of the Dust*, § 51 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 265–266).]
[3] [See Letter 53, §§ 4–8 (pp. 319–322); and compare Vol. V. p. liii.]
[4] [See Mark xvi. 9. The other Bible references in § 11 are Psalms l. 18; John viii. 7; 2 Samuel xii. 5, 6; Matthew v. 7; and Luke vii. 47.]

and so, no more stones shall be cast nowadays; and here,[1] on the top of our epitaph on the Bishop, lies a notice of the questionable sentence which hanged a man for beating his wife to death with a stick. "The jury recommended him strongly to mercy."

They did so, because they knew not, in their own hearts, what mercy meant. They were afraid to do anything so extremely compromising and disagreeable as causing a man to be hanged,—had no "pity" for any creatures beaten to death—wives, or beasts; but only a cowardly fear of commanding death, where it was due. Your modern conscience will not incur the responsibility of shortening the hourly more guilty life of a single rogue;[2] but will contentedly fire a salvo of mitrailleuses into a regiment of honest men—leaving Providence to guide the shot. But let us fasten on the word they abused, and understand it. Mercy—misericordia:[3] it does not in the least mean forgiveness of sins,—it means pity of sorrows. In that very instance which the Evangelicals are so fond of quoting—the adultery of David—it is not the Passion for which he is to be judged, but the *want* of Passion,—the want of Pity. *This* he is to judge himself for, by his own mouth:—"As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die, —because he hath done this thing, and because he had *no pity*."

And you will find, alike throughout the record of the Law and the promises of the Gospel, that there is, indeed, forgiveness with God, and Christ, for the passing sins of the hot heart, but none for the eternal and inherent sin of the cold. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy";—find it you written anywhere that the *un*merciful shall? "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much." But have you record of any one's sins being forgiven who loved not at all?

[1] [That is, in Ruskin's chance pile of cuttings from various newspapers.]
[2] [Compare Letter 35 (Vol. XXVII. p. 667), and the other passages there given.]
[3] [The title to this Letter.]

12. I opened my oldest Bible just now, to look for the accurate words of David about the killed lamb;—a small, closely and very neatly printed volume it is, printed in Edinburgh by Sir D. Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty in 1816. Yellow, now, with age; and flexible, but not unclean, with much use;[1] except that the lower corners of the pages at 8th of 1st Kings, and 32nd Deuteronomy are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters, with which, learned every syllable accurately, she established my soul in life,[2] has just fallen out of it. And as probably the sagacious reader has already perceived that these letters are written in their irregular way, among other reasons, that they may contain, as the relation may become apposite, so much of autobiography as it seems to me desirable to write, I will take what indulgence the sagacious reader will give me, for printing the list thus accidentally occurrent:—

Exodus,	chapters	15th and 20th.
2 Samuel	,,	1st, from 17th verse to the end.
1 Kings	,,	8th.
Psalms		23rd, 32nd, 90th, 91st, 103rd, 112th, 119th, 139th.
Proverbs	,,	2nd, 3rd, 8th, 12th.
Isaiah	,,	58th.
Matthew	,,	5th, 6th, 7th.
Acts	,,	26th.
1 Corinthians	,,	13th, 15th.
James	,,	4th.
Revelation	,,	5th, 6th.

And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge,—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life,—and owe not a little to the

[1] [For a reference to a misprint in earlier editions, see, again, the Bibliographical Note, p. xxix.]

[2] [§ 12 of this Letter was used by Ruskin when writing *Præterita*, where it appears, slightly revised, as the first portion of vol. i. § 48, following upon the passage in Letter 33, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 617). An explanatory note is appended in *Præterita* to the passage "established my soul in life." His autobiographical notes are resumed in Letter 46, § 2 (p. 170).]

teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part, of all my education.

13. For the chapters became, indeed, strictly conclusive and productive to me in all modes of thought; and the body of divinity they contain, acceptable through all fear or doubt: nor, through any fear or doubt or fault have I ever lost my loyalty to them, nor betrayed the first command in the one I was made to repeat oftenest, "Let not Mercy and Truth forsake Thee."[1]

And at my present age of fifty-five, in spite of some enlarged observations of what modern philosophers call the Reign of Law,[2] I perceive more distinctly than ever the Reign of a Spirit of Mercy and Truth,—infinite in pardon and purification for its wandering and faultful children, who have yet Love in their hearts; and altogether adverse and implacable to its perverse and lying enemies, who have resolute hatred in their hearts, and resolute falsehood on their lips.

14. This assertion of the existence of a Spirit of Mercy and Truth, as the master first of the Law of Life, and then of the methods of knowledge and labour by which it is sustained, and which the *Saturday Review* calls the effeminate sentimentality of Mr. Ruskin's political economy,[3] is accurately, you will observe, reversed by the assertion of the Predatory and Carnivorous—or, in plainer English, flesh-eating spirit in Man himself, as the regulator of modern civilization, in the paper read by the Secretary at the Social Science meeting in Glasgow, 1860.[4] Out

[1] [Proverbs iii. 3.]
[2] [See Letter 41, § 7 (p. 85).]
[3] [See Letter 41, § 3 (p. 81).]
[4] [Further extracts from this paper are given in Letter 45, § 14 (p. 159): see also, above, p. 53, and below, pp. 154, 310. The author was Mr. T. J. Dunning (not the Secretary, who was Mr. G. W. Hastings). He read a paper, "which has been printed in a separate form, 'On the Predatory Instinct of Man, considered in relation to the Science of Social Economy'" (*Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*, 1860, p. 884). The separate publication of the paper has, however, not been traced.]

of which the following fundamental passage may stand for sufficient and permanent example of the existent, practical, and unsentimental English mind, being the most vile sentence which I have ever seen in the literature of any country or time:—

"As no one will deny that Man possesses carnivorous teeth, or that all animals that possess them are more or less predatory, it is unnecessary to argue, à priori, that a predatory instinct naturally follows from such organization. It is our intention here to show how this inevitable result operates on civilized existence by its being one of the conditions of Man's nature, and, consequently, of all arrangements of civilized society."

The paper proceeds, and is entirely constructed, on the assumption that the predatory spirit is not only one of the conditions of man's nature, but the particular condition on which the arrangements of Society are to be founded. For "Reason would immediately suggest to one of superior strength, that however desirable it might be to take possession by violence, of what another had laboured to produce, he might be treated in the same way by one stronger than himself, to which he, of course, would have great objection. In order, therefore, to prevent or put a stop to a practice which each would object to in his own case," etc., etc. And so the Social Science interpreter proceeds to sing the present non-sentimental Proverbs and Psalms of England, —with trumpets also and shawms[1] — and steam whistles. And there is concert of voices and instruments at the Hospital of the Incurabili, and Progress—indubitably—in Chariots of the Night.[2]

[1] [Psalms xcviii. 7 (Prayer-book).]
[2] [See above, § 2, p. 91.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

Corriere dei Bagni

15. M'imbarcai su di un vaporetto; era elegante, era vasto, ma il suo contenuto era enormemente superiore al contenente; il vaporetto rigurgitava di uomini, di donne, e di ragazzi.

Il commandante, un fiero giovanotto, gridava: *Montate! Montate!* e la calca si faceva sempre più fitta, ed appena si poteva respirare.

Tutto ad un tratto un sensale di piazza si sentì venir male, e gridò; *io soffoco!* Il commandante si accorse che si soffocava davvero, ed ordino; *basta!*

Il vapore allora si avv ò (*sic*) ed io rimasi stipato fra la folla per diciotto minuti, in capo ai quali ebbi la buona ventura di sbarcare incolume sul pontile dello stabilimento la *Favorita*—Il pontile è lunghissimo, ma elegante e coperto. Il sole per conseguenza non dà nessuna noia.

Una strada che, fino a quando non sia migliorata, non consi glierei di percorrere a chi non abbia i piedi in perfetto stato, conduce al parco della Stabilimento Bagni del signor Delahant—E qui i miei occhi si aprirono per la meraviglia. E diffati, solo una rispettibile forza di volontà ed operosita potè riuscire a trasformare quel luogo, pochi mesi fa ancora deserto ed incolto, in un sito di delisie.—Lunghi viali, tappeti erbosi, montagnole, banchine, châlet, strade solitarie e misteriose, lumi, spalti, e poi un interminabile pergolato che conduce allo stabilimento bagni, ed in questo inservienti *vestiti alla marinara*, comodissima vasca, biancheria finissima, e servizio regolare e premuroso.

Sorpreso e contento, mi tuffo allegramente nel mare.

Dopo il bagno è prescritta una passeggiata. Ossequiente ai dettami dell' igiene, riprendo la via e lungo la piacevole spiaggia del mare ritorno alla *Favorita*.

Un châlet, o piuttosto una sala immensa, addobbata con origi nalità e ricchezza, è divenuta una sala di concerto. Diffatti una eccellente orchestra sta eseguendo pezzi sceltissimi.

Gli artisti indossana tutti la marsina e la cravatta bianca. Ascolto con delizia un *potpourri* del *Faust* e poi torno a girare per il vastissimo parco e visito il *Restaurant*.

Concludeno, il Lido non ha più bisogno di diventare un luogo di delizie; esse lo è in verità diggià diventato, e fra breve i comodi bagni del Lido di Venezia saranno fra i più famosi d'Italia.

Onore ai bravi che hanno operata la meravigliosa trasformazione!

Il Rinnovamento, Gazetta del Popolo di Venezia (2nd July, 1872).[1]

16. This following part of a useful letter, dated 19th March, 1873, ought to have been printed before now:—

"Sir,—Will you permit me to respectfully call your attention to a certain circumstance which has, not unlikely, something to do with the failure (if failure it is) of your appeal for the St. George's Fund?

"At page 22 of *Fors Clavigera* for May, 1871,[2] your words were, 'Will any such give a tenth of what they have *and* of what they earn?' But in May of the following year, at page 8,[3] the subject is referred to as the giving of 'the tenth of

[1] [See above, § 5.]
[2] [Letter 5, § 19 of this edition (Vol. XXVII. p. 95).]
[3] [Letter 17, § 6 of this edition (*ibid.*, p. 296).]

what they have, or make.' The two passages are open to widely differing interpretations. Moreover, none of the sums received appear to have any relation to 'tenths' either of earnings or possessions.

"Is it not probable that the majority of your readers understood you either to mean literally what you said, or to mean nothing but jest? They would naturally ask themselves, 'Must it be a tenth of both, or nothing?' 'A tenth of either?' Or, 'After all, only what we feel able to give?' Their perplexity would lead to the giving of nothing. As nobody who has a pecuniary title to ask for an explanation appears to have called your attention to the subject, I, who have no such title, do so now,—feeling impelled thereto by the hint in this month's *Fors* of the possible 'non-continuance of the work.'

"May I presume to add one word more? Last Monday's *Times* (March 17th) gave a report of a Working Men's Meeting on the present political crisis.[1] One of the speakers said 'he wanted every working man to be free.' And his idea of freedom he explained to be that all workmen should be at liberty 'to leave their work at a moment's notice.' This, as I have reason to know, is one of the things which working men have got into their heads, and which the newspapers 'get their living by asserting.'

17. Lastly, the present English notion of civilizing China by inches, may be worth keeping record of:—

"We have Philistines out here, and a Philistine out here is a perfect Goliath. When he imagines that anything is wrong, he says—let it be a Coolie or an Emperor—'Give him a thrashing.' The men of this class here propose their usual remedy: 'Let us have a war, and give the Chinese a good licking, and then we shall have the audience question[2] granted, and everything else will follow.' This includes opening up the country for trade, and civilizing the people, which according to their theories can be best done by 'thrashing them.' The missionaries are working to civilize the people here in another way—that is, by the usual plan of tracts and preaching; but their system is not much in favour, for they make such very small progress among the 360,000,000, the conversion of which is their problem. The man of business wants the country opened up to trade, wants manufactures introduced, the mineral wealth to be used, and generally speaking the resources of the country to be developed, 'and that sort of thing, you know—that's the real way to civilize them.' This, of course, implies a multitudinous breed of Mr. Ruskin's demons, or machinery, to accomplish all this. I am here giving the tone of the ideas I hear expressed around me. It was only the other day that I heard some of these various points talked over. We were sailing on the river in a steam launch, which was making the air impure with its smoke, snorting in a high-pressure way, and whistling as steam launches are wont to do. The scene was appropriate to the conversation, for we were among a forest of great junks—most quaint and picturesque they looked—so old-fashioned they seemed, that Noah's Ark, had it been there, would have had a much more modern look about it. My friend, to whom the launch belonged, and who is in the machinery line himself, gave his opinion. He began by giving a significant movement of his head in the direction of the uncouth-looking junks, and then pointing to his own craft with its engine, said 'he did not believe much in war, and the missionaries were not of much account. This is the thing to do it,' he added, pointing to the launch; 'let us get at them with this sort of article, and steam at sixty pounds on the square inch; that would soon do it: that's the thing to civilize them—sixty pounds on the square inch.'"

[1] [The resignation of Mr. Gladstone on the defeat of the Irish University Bill, and Mr. Disraeli's refusal to take office; whereupon Mr. Gladstone returned to office, with a reconstructed Cabinet.]

[2] [The question of the right of the representatives of foreign powers to claim audience of the Emperor. The right had been conceded on June 29, 1873.]

LETTER 43

THE CHÂTEAU-ROUGE. FRENCH FREEDOM[1]

ROME, *Corpus-Domini*, 1874.

1. I WROTE, for a preface to the index at the end of the second volume of *Fors*, part of an abstract of what had been then stated in the course of this work. Fate would not let me finish it; but what was done will be useful now, and shall begin my letter for this month. Completing three and a half volumes of *Fors*, it may contain a more definite statement of its purpose than any given hitherto; though I have no intention of explaining that purpose entirely, until it is in sufficient degree accomplished. I have a house to build; but none shall mock me by saying I was not able to finish it,[2] nor be vexed by not finding in it the rooms they expected. But the current and continual purpose of *Fors Clavigera* is to explain the powers of Chance, or Fortune (Fors), as she offers to men the conditions of prosperity; and as these conditions are accepted or refused, nails down and fastens their fate for ever, being thus "Clavigera,"—"nail-bearing."[3] The image is one familiar in mythology: my own conception of it was first got from Horace,[4] and developed by steady effort to read history

[1] [For the title, see the extract from Gaboriau in § 8. "The Message from Assisi" was a rejected title for this letter, and "Franchise" was discarded in favour of "French Freedom."]

[2] [See Luke xiv. 30.]

[3] [See Letter 2, § 2 (Vol. XXVII. p. 28).]

[4] [See *Odes*, i. 35:—

"Te semper anteit saeva Necessitas
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans aëna, nec severus
Uncus abest liquidumque plumbum."

For a note on this passage, see the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. (p. xix.).]

with impartiality, and to observe the lives of men around me with charity. "How you may make your fortune, or mar it," is the expansion of the title.

Certain authoritative conditions of life, of its happiness, and its honour, are therefore stated, in this book, as far as they may be, conclusively and indisputably, at present known. I do not enter into any debates, nor advance any opinions.[1] With what is debatable I am unconcerned; and when I only have opinions about things, I do not talk about them. I attack only what cannot on any possible ground be defended; and state only what I know to be incontrovertibly true.

You will find, as you read *Fors* more, that it differs curiously from most modern books in this. Modern fashion is, that the moment a man strikes some little lucifer match, or is hit by any form of fancy, he begins advertising his lucifer match, and fighting for his fancy, totally ignoring the existing sunshine, and the existing substances of things. But I have no matches to sell, no fancies to fight for. All that I have to say is that the day is in heaven, and rock and wood on earth, and that you must see by the one, and work with the other. You have heard as much before, perhaps. I hope you have; I should be ashamed if there were anything in *Fors* which had not been said before,—and that a thousand times, and a thousand times of times,—there is nothing in it, nor ever will be in it, but common truths, as clear to honest mankind as their daily sunrise, as necessary as their daily bread; and which the fools who deny can only live, themselves, because other men know and obey.

You will therefore find that whatever is set down in *Fors* for you is assuredly true,—inevitable,—trustworthy to the uttermost,—however strange.* Not because I have any

* Observe, this is only asserted of its main principles; not of minor and accessory points. I may be entirely wrong in the explanation of a

[1] [Compare Letter 6, §§ 2, 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 99).]

power of knowing more than other people, but simply because I have taken the trouble to ascertain what they also may ascertain if they choose. Compare on this point, Letter 6, §§ 2, 3.[1]

2. The following rough abstract of the contents of the first seven letters may assist the reader in their use.

Letter I. Men's prosperity is in their own hands; and no forms of government are, in themselves, of the least use. The first beginnings of prosperity must be in getting food, clothes, and fuel. These cannot be got either by the fine arts, or the military arts. Neither painting nor fighting feed men; nor can capital, in the form of money or machinery, feed them. All capital is imaginary or unimportant, except the quantity of food existing in the world at any given moment. Finally, men cannot live by lending money to each other, and the conditions of such loan at present are absurd and deadly.*

Letter II. The nature of Rent. It is an exaction, by force of hand, for the maintenance of Squires: but had better at present be left to them. The nature of useful and useless employment. When employment is given by capitalists, it is sometimes useful, but oftener useless; sometimes moralizing, but oftener demoralizing. And we had therefore better employ ourselves, without any appeal to the capitalists (§ 21); and to do this successfully, it must be with three resolutions; namely, to be

text, or mistake the parish schools of St. Matthias for St. Matthew's,[2] over and over again. I have so large a field to work in that this cannot be helped. But none of these minor errors are of the least consequence to the business in hand.

* See first article in the Notes and Correspondence to this number [p. 121].

[1] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 99, 100. For an earlier summary of some of the contents of *Fors*, see Letter 22, §§ 6-21 (*ibid.*, pp. 375 *seq.*).]

[2] [See Letters 30, § 9, and 32, § 26 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 558, 603).]

personally honest, socially helpful, and conditionally obedient (§ 22): explained in Letter 7, § 15 to end.

LETTER III. The power of Fate is independent of the Moral Law, but never supersedes it. Virtue ceases to be such, if expecting reward: it is therefore never materially rewarded. (I ought to have said, except as one of the appointed means of physical and mental health.) The Fates of England, and proper mode of studying them. Stories of Henry II. and Richard I.

LETTER IV. The value and nature of Education. It may be good, bad,—or neither the one nor the other. Knowledge is not education, and can neither make us happy nor rich. Opening discussion of the nature and use of riches. Gold and diamonds are not riches, and the reader is challenged to specify their use. Opening discussion of the origin of wealth. It does not fall from heaven (compare Letter 7, § 14), but is certainly obtainable, and has been generally obtained, by pillage of the poor. Modes in which education in virtue has been made costly to them, and education in vice cheap. (§ 12.)

LETTER V. The powers of Production. Extremity of modern folly in supposing there can be over-production. The power of machines. They cannot increase the possibilities of life, but only the possibilities of idleness. (§ 10.) The things which are essential to life are mainly three material ones and three spiritual ones. First sketch of the proposed action of St. George's Company.

LETTER VI. The Elysium of modern days. This letter, written under the excitement of continual news of the revolution in Paris, is desultory, and limits itself to noticing some of the causes of that revolution: chiefly the idleness, disobedience, and covetousness of the richer and middle classes.

Letter VII. The Elysium of ancient days. The definitions of true, and spurious, Communism. Explanation of the design of true Communism, in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. This letter, though treating of matters necessary to the whole work, yet introduces them prematurely, being written, incidentally, upon the ruin of Paris.

Assisi, 18*th May*, 1874.

3. So ended, as Fors would have it, my abstraction, which I see Fors had her reason for stopping me in; else the abstraction would have needed farther abstracting. As it is, the reader may find in it the real gist of the remaining letters, and discern what a stiff business we have in hand,—rent, capital, and interest, all to be attacked at once! and a method of education shown to be possible in virtue, as cheaply as in vice!

I should have got my business, stiff though it may be, farther forward by this time, but for that same revolution in Paris, and burning of the Tuileries,[1] which greatly confused my plan by showing me how much baser the human material I had to deal with, was, than I thought in beginning.

That a Christian army (or, at least, one which Saracens would have ranked with that they attacked, under the general name of Franks) should fiercely devastate and rob an entire kingdom laid at their mercy by the worst distress; —that the first use made by this distressed country of the defeat of its armies would be to overthrow its government; and that, when its metropolis had all but perished in conflagration during the contest between its army and mob, no warning should be taken by other civilized societies, but all go trotting on again, next week, in their own several roads to ruin, persistently, as they had trotted before,[2]

[1] [For earlier references in *Fors* to these events, see Letters 5, §§ 15, 17; 6, § 1; 8, § 2; 12, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 91–94, 98, 133, 208); and 40, § 7 (above, p. 69). See also Vol. XX. p. 199, and the other passages there noted.]

[2] [For the doctrine of *laissez faire, laissez passer*, see Vol. XVII. p. 285.]

—bells jingling, and whips cracking,—these things greatly appalled me, finding I had only slime to build with instead of mortar;[1] and shook my plan partly out of shape.

4. The frightfullest thing of all, to my mind, was the German temper, in its naïve selfishness; on which point, having been brought round again to it in my last letter,[2] I have now somewhat more to say.

In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 7th March, this year, under the head of "This Evening's News," appeared an article of which I here reprint the opening portion:—

The well-known Hungarian author, Maurus Jokai, is at present a visitor in the German capital. As a man of note he easily obtained access to Prince Bismarck's study, where an interesting conversation took place, which M. Jokai reports pretty fully to the Hungarian journal the *Hon*:—

"The Prince was, as usual, easy in his manner, and communicative, and put a stop at the very outset to the Hungarian's attempt at ceremony. M. Jokai humorously remarked upon the prevalence of 'iron' in the surroundings of the 'iron' Prince. Among other things, there is an iron couch, and an iron safe, in which the Chancellor appears to keep his cigars. Prince Bismarck was struck by the youthful appearance of his guest, who is ten years his junior, but whose writings he remembers to have seen reviewed long ago, in the *Augsburg Gazette* (at that time still, the Chancellor said, a clever paper) when he bore a lieutenant's commission. In the ensuing conversation, Prince Bismarck pointed out the paramount necessity to Europe of a consolidated State in the position of Austro-Hungary. It was mainly on that account that he concluded peace with so great despatch in 1866. Small independent States in the East would be a misfortune to Europe. Austria and Hungary must realise their mutual interdependence, and the necessity of being one. However, the dualist system of government must be preserved, because the task of developing the State, which on this side of the Leitha falls to the Germans, beyond that river naturally falls to the Magyars. The notion that Germany has an inclination to annex more land, Prince Bismarck designated as a myth. God preserve the Germans from such a wish! Whatever more territory they might acquire would probably be undermined by Papal influence, and they have enough of that already. Should the Germans of Austria want to be annexed by Germany, the Chancellor would feel inclined to declare war against them for that wish alone. A German Minister who should conceive the desire to annex part of Austria would deserve to be hanged—a punishment the Prince indicated by gesture. He does not wish to annex even a square foot of fresh territory, not as much as two pencils he kept on playing with during the conversation would cover. Those pencils, however, M. Jokai remarks, were big enough to serve as walking-sticks, and on the map they would have reached quite from Berlin to Trieste. Prince

[1] [Genesis xi. 3.]
[2] [Not *last Letter*, but Letter 40, § 7, p. 68.]

Bismarck went on to justify his annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by geographical necessity. Otherwise he would rather not have grafted the French twig upon the German tree.

"The French are enemies never to be appeased. *Take away from them the cook, the tailor, and the hairdresser, and what remains of them is a copper-coloured Indian.*"

Now it does not matter whether Prince Bismarck ever said this, or not. That the saying should be attributed to him in a leading journal, without indication of doubt or surprise, is enough to show what the German temper is publicly recognized to be. And observe what a sentence it is—thus attributed to him. The French are only copper-coloured Indians, finely dressed. This said of the nation which gave us Charlemagne, St. Louis, St. Bernard, and Joan of Arc; which founded the central type of chivalry in the myth of Roland;[1] which showed the utmost height of valour yet recorded in history, in the literal life of Guiscard;[2] and which built Chartres Cathedral!

5. But the French are not what they were! No; nor the English, for that matter; probably we have fallen the farther of the two: meantime the French still retain, at the root, the qualities they always had; and of one of these, a highly curious and commendable one, I wish you to take some note to-day.

Among the minor nursery tales with which my mother allowed me to relieve the study of the great nursery tale of Genesis, my favourite was Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*. The authoress chose this for the boy's name, because she meant him to be a type of Frankness, or openness of heart:—truth of heart, that is to say, *liking* to lay itself open. You are in the habit, I believe, some of you, still, of speaking occasionally of English Frankness;—not recognizing, through the hard clink of the letter K, that you are only talking, all the while, of English Frenchness. Still less when you count your cargoes of gold from San

[1] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 287, and Vol. XXIII. p. 116 *n.*]
[2] [See Vol. XXIV. p. 432.]

Francisco, do you pause to reflect what San means, or what Francis means, without the Co;—or how it came to pass that the power of this mountain town of Assisi, where not only no gold can be dug, but where St. Francis forbade his Company to dig it anywhere else—came to give names to Devil's towns far across the Atlantic—(and by the way you may note how clumsy the Devil is at christening; for if by chance he gets a fresh York all to himself, he never has any cleverer notion than to call it "New York"; and in fact, having no mother-wit from his dam, is obliged very often to put up with the old names which were given by Christians,—Nombre di Dios, Trinidad, Vera Cruz, and the like, even when he has all his own way with everything else in the places, but their names).

6. But to return. You have lately had a fine notion,—have you not?—of English Liberty as opposed to French Slavery.

Well, whatever your English liberties may be, the French knew what the word meant, before you. For France, if you will consider of it, means nothing else than the Country of Franks;—the country of a race so intensely Free that they for evermore gave name to Freedom.[1] The Greeks sometimes got their own way, as a mob; but nobody, meaning to talk of liberty, calls it "Greekness." The Romans knew better what Libertas meant, and their word for it has become common enough, in that straitened form, on your English tongue; but nobody calls it "Romanness." But at last comes a nation called the Franks; and they are so inherently free and noble in their natures, that their name becomes the word for the virtue; and when you now want to talk of freedom of heart, you say Frankness, and for the last political privilege which you have it so much in your English minds to get, you haven't so much as an English word, but must call it by the French one, "Franchise."*

* See second note at end of this letter [p. 122].

[1] [Compare Lecture VIII. of *Val d'Arno,* Vol. XXIII. pp. 124 *seq.*).]

7. "Freedom of *heart*," you observe, I say. Not the English freedom of Insolence, according to Mr. B. (see above, Letter 29 [1]), but pure French openness of heart, Fanchette's and her husband's frankness, the source of joy, and courtesy, and civility, and passing softness of human meeting of kindly glance with glance. Of which Franchise, in her own spirit Person, here is the picture for you, from the French *Romance of the Rose*,—a picture which English Chaucer was thankful to copy.[2]

"And after all those others came Franchise,
Who was not brown, nor grey,
But she was white as snow.
And she had not the nose of an Orleanois.
Aussi had she the nose long and straight.
Eyes green, and laughing—vaulted eyebrows;
She had her hair blonde and long,
And she was simple as a dove.
The body she had sweet, and brightly bred;
And she dared not do, nor say
To any one, anything she ought not.
And if she knew of any man
Who was in sorrow for love of her,
So soon she had great pity for him,
For she had the heart so pitiful,
And so sweet and so lovely,
That no one suffered pain about her,
But she would help him all she could.
And she wore a surquanye
Which was of no coarse cloth;
There's none so rich as far as Arras.
And it was so gathered up, and so joined together,
That there was not a single point of it
Which was not set in its exact place, rightly.
Much well was dressed Franchise,
For no robe is so pretty
As the surquanye for a demoiselle.
A girl is more gentle and more darling
In surquanye than in coat,
And the white surquanye
Signifies that sweet and frank
Is she who puts it on her."

[1] [Letter 29, §§ 12, 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 539). "Fanchette" is a slip of the pen for "Fanchon" (her lover's name in Moore's book is Dubois): see *ibid.*, p. 541.]

[2] [Ruskin here gives a literal translation: see lines 1211–1244 in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*. For the first few lines, compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 26 (Vol. XXII. p. 314).]

8. May I ask you now to take to heart those two lines of this French description of Frenchness:—

> "And she dared not do, nor say
> To any one, anything she ought not."

That is not your modern notion of Frenchness, or franchise, or libertas, or liberty—for all these are synonyms for the same virtue. And yet the strange thing is that the lowest types of the modern French grisette are the precise corruption of this beautiful Franchise: and still retain, at their worst, some of the grand old qualities; the absolute sources of corruption being the neglect of their childhood by the upper classes, the abandonment to their own resources, and the development therefore of "Liberty and Independence," in your beautiful English, *not* French, sense.

"Livrée à elle-meme depuis l'âge de treize ans, habituée à ne compter que sur elle seule, elle avait de la vie un expérience dont j'étais confondue. De ce Paris où elle était née, elle savait tout, elle connaissait tout. . . .

Je n'avais pas idée d'une si complète absence de sens moral, d'une si inconsciente dépravation, d'une impudeur si effrontement naïve.

La règle de sa conduite, c'était sa fantaisie, son instinct, le caprice du moment.

Elle aimait les longues stations dans les cafés, les mélodrames entremélés de chopines et d'oranges pendant les entr'actes, les parties de canot à Asnières, et surtout, et avant tout, le bal.

Elle était comme chez ellé à l'Elysée—Montmartre et au Château-Rouge;[1] elle y connaissait tout le monde, le chef d'orchestre la saluait, ce dont elle était extraordinairement fière, et quantité de gens la tutoyaient.

Je l'accompagnais partout, dans les commencements, et bien que je n'étais pas précisément naïve, ni gênée par les scrupules de mon éducation, je fus tellement consternée de l'incroyazble désordre de sa vie, que je ne pus m'empêcher de lui en faire quelques représentations.

Elle se fâcha tout rouge.

Tu fais ce qui te plaît, me dit-elle, laisse-moi faire ce qui me convient.

C'est un justice que je lui dois: jamais elle n'essaya sur moi son influence, jamais elle ne m'engagea à suivre son exemple. Ivre de liberté, elle respectait la liberté des autres."[2]

[1] [Hence the title of this letter. The Château-Rouge in the Rue Clignancourt, Montmartre, is one of the best known "salles de danse" in Paris.]

[2] [Gaboriau: *L'Argent des Autres*, vol. i. p. 358. Compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 14 *n.*, where Ruskin quotes from the same passage, giving additional words where dots are here inserted. "Left to herself from the age of thirteen, accustomed to reckon only upon her unaided powers, she had an experience of

9. Such is the form which Franchise has taken under republican instruction. But of the true Franchise of Charlemagne and Roland, there were, you must note also, two distinct forms. In the last stanzas of the Chant de Roland, Normandy and France have two distinct epithets,—"Normandie, la franche; France, la solue" (soluta). "*Frank* Normandy; *Loose* France."[1] Solute;—we, adding the dis, use the words loose and dissolute only in evil sense. But "France la solue" has an entirely lovely meaning. The frankness of Normandy is the soldier's virtue; but the unbinding, so to speak, of France, is the peasant's.

> "And having seen that lovely maid,
> Why should I fear to say
> That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong,
> And down the rocks can leap along
> Like rivulets in May?"[2]

10. It is curious that the most beautiful descriptive line in all Horace,

> "montibus altis
> Levis crepante lympha desilit pede,"[3]

comes in the midst of the dream of the blessed islands which are to be won by following the founders of—what

life that shocked me. Paris, this birthplace of hers, she knew completely, understood thoroughly. I had no idea of such a total absence of moral sense, such unconscious depravation, such impudent, innocent shamelessness. Her only rule of conduct was fancy,—instinct,—momentary caprice. She liked long sittings in cafés; melodrama relieved with pints of beer and oranges between the acts; boating parties down the river; and above all, and more than all, dancing. She was quite at home at the pleasure-gardens; she knew everybody there,—the bandmaster bowed to her, which made her extremely proud, and lots of people were on familiar terms with her. I followed her everywhere, at first; and although I wasn't exactly an innocent, nor hampered by being brought up too strictly, I was so horrified at the incredibly loose life she led, that I couldn't help making a few remonstrances. She was furious, and turned scarlet. 'You do what you like,' she answered; 'leave me alone to suit myself.' And it was no more than I owed her. She never tried to influence me; she never pressed me to follow her example. Intoxicated with her own liberty, she respected that of others" (this translation, by W. G. Collingwood, is given in the Index of the Small Edition, vol. ii. p. 508 *n.*).]

[1] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 196 (Vol. XXIII. p. 116 *n.*).]

[2] [Wordsworth's poem "Louisa."]

[3] [*Epodes*, xvi. 47, 48.]

city, think you? The city that first sang the "Marseillaise."[1]

"Jupiter illa *piae* secrevit litora genti."

Recollect that line, my French readers, if I chance to find any, this month, nor less the description of those "arva beata"[2] as if of your own South France; and then consider also those prophetic lines, true of Paris as of Rome,—

"Nec fera caerulea domuit Germania pube.
Impia, perdemus devoti sanguinis aetas."

Consider them, I say, and deeply, thinking over the full force of those words "devoti sanguinis," and of the ways in which the pure blood of Normandie la franche, and France la solue, has corrupted itself and become accursed. Had I but time to go into the history of that word "devoveo," what a piece of philology it would lead us into! But, for another kind of opposition to the sweet Franchise of old time, take this sentence of description of another French maiden, by the same author from whom I have just quoted the sketch of the grisette:—

"C'était une vieille fille d'une cinquantaine d'années, sèche et jaune, avec un grand nez d'oiseau de proie, très noble, encore plus dévote, joueuse comme la dame de pique en personne, et médisante à faire battre des montagnes."[3]

You see what accurate opposition that gives you of another kind, to Franchise. You even have the "nez

[1] [In Epode xvi. the poet deplores the civil war. Roman hands are doing what no foeman—not the blue-eyed Germans (line 7)—has been able to do. There is a curse on this generation, which draws its crimes with its blood from its predecessor (line 9). He sees no hope for honest men except in flying like the Phocæans (who founded Marsilia, Marseilles), leaving hearth and home, until they find the Happy Islands. Jove set them apart for the good (line 63).]

[2] [*Epodes,* xvi. 41; compare *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. p. 442).]

[3] [Gaboriau: *La Dégringolade,* vol. i. part ii. ch. i. "She was an old maid of fifty or so, withered and yellow, with a beak like a bird of prey; distinctly aristocratic, unquestionably pious, as devoted to gambling as the Queen of Spades herself, and a scandal-monger fit to set all the world by the ears" (translation by W. G. Collingwood in the Index of the Small Edition, vol. ii. p. 508).]

d'Orleanois" specified, which the song of the Rose is so careful to tell you Franchise had not.

Here is another illustrative sentence:—

"La colère, à la fin, une de ces terribles colères blanches de dévote, chassait des flots de bile au cerveau de Mademoiselle de la Rochecordeau, et blémissait ses levres."[1]

11. These three sentences I have taken from two novels of Emilie Gaboriau, *L'argent des autres*, and *La Dégringolade*.[2] They are average specimens of modern French light literature, with its characteristic qualities and defects, and are both of them in many respects worth careful study; but chiefly in the representation they give, partly with conscious blame, and partly in unconscious corruption, of the Devoti sanguinis aetas; with which, if you would compare old France accurately, read first Froude's sketch of the life of Bishop Hugo of Lincoln, and think over the scene between him and Cœur de Lion.[3]

You have there, as in life before you, two typical Frenchmen of the twelfth century—a true king, and a true priest, representing the powers which the France of that day contrived to get set over her, and did, on the whole, implicitly and with her heart obey.

They are not altogether—by taking the dancing-master and the hairdresser away from them—reduced to copper-coloured Indians.[4]

12. If, next, you will take the pains—and it will need some pains, for the book is long and occasionally tiresome—to read the *Dégringolade*, you will find it nevertheless worth your while; for it gives you a modern Frenchman's

[1] [*La Dégringolade*, vol. i. pt. ii. ch. i. "Anger, at last,—one of those terrible white rages that pious women are given to,—drove the bile in floods to Mademoiselle de la Rochecordeau's brain, and blanched her lips" (again from the Small Edition, vol. ii. p. 508).]

[2] [Compare (in a later volume) a letter to F. S. Ellis of June 3, 1874, where Ruskin says that he has been "taking a course of Emile Gaboriau to acquaint myself with modern Paris." See also *Art of England*, § 171.]

[3] [*Short Studies on Great Subjects* ("A Bishop of the Twelfth Century"). For another reference to Bishop Hugo, see Vol. XXII. p. 409; and to this paper by Froude, Vol. XXIX. p. 387.]

[4] [See above, § 4.]

account of the powers which France in the nineteenth century contrived to get set over her; and obeyed—not with her heart, but restively, like an ill-bred dog or mule, which have no honour in their obedience, but bear the chain and bit all the same.

But there is a farther and much more important reason for my wish that you should read this novel. It gives you types of existent Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of a very different class. They are, indeed, only heroes and heroines in a quite second-rate piece of literary work. But these stereotypes, nevertheless, have living originals. There is to be found in France, as truly the Commandant Delorge, as the Comte de Combelaine. And as truly Mademoiselle de Maillefert as the Duchesse de Maumussy.[1] How is it, then, that the Count and Duchess command everything in France, and that the Commandant and Demoiselle command nothing?—that the best they can do is to get leave to live—unknown, and unthought-of? The question, believe me, is for England also; and a very pressing one.

13. Of the frantic hatred of all religion developed in the French republican mind, the sentences I have quoted are interesting examples. I have not time to speak of them in this letter, but they struck me sharply as I corrected the press to-day; for I had been standing most part of the morning[2] by St. Paul's grave, thinking over his work in the world. A bewildered peasant, from some green dingle of Campagna, who had seen me kneel when the Host passed, and took me therefore to be a human creature and a friend, asked me "where St. Paul was?"

"There, underneath," I answered.

"There?" he repeated, doubtfully,—as dissatisfied.

"Yes," I answered; "his body at least;—his head is at the Lateran."[3]

[1] [Four characters in *La Dégringolade.*]

[2] [On Corpus Domini, June 4, 1874, as the diary shows: see Vol. XXIII. p. xxxvii.]

[3] [In the Gothic canopy which stands over the High Altar. It was erected in 1367 to receive the heads of SS. Peter and Paul, which had been found, according to current belief, in the *Sancta Sanctorum* of this Basilica. The heads are represented

"Il suo corpo," again he repeated, still as in discontent. Then, after a pause, "E la sua statua?"

Such a wicked thing to ask for that! wasn't it, my Evangelical friends? You would so much rather have had him ask for Hudson's![1]

in the upper part of the canopy. The earlier legend is that the severed head of St. Paul made three bounds upon the earth, and that wherever it touched the ground a fountain sprang forth. On the spot where the Apostle is supposed to have been beheaded stands the church of S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane. It is near the basilica of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, built over the ground where the Apostle's body is said to have been interred.]

[1] [For a later reference to Hudson, the Railway King, see Letter 79, § 8, note (*a*) (Vol. XXIX. p. 151).]

14. (I.) I HAVE had by me, some time, three eager little fragments from one of Mr. Sillar's letters:—*too* eager, always, in thinking this one sin of receiving interest on money means every other.[1] I know many excellent people, happily, whose natures have not been spoiled by it: the more as it has been done absolutely without knowledge of being wrong. I did not find out the wrong of it myself, till Mr. Sillar showed me the way to judge of it.

The passage which I have italicized, from Mr. Lecky, is a very precious statement of his sagacious creed. The chief jest of it is his having imagined himself to *be* of Aristotle's "species"!

"To get profit without responsibility has been a fond scheme as impossible of honest attainment as the philosopher's stone or perpetual motion. Visionaries have imagined such things to exist, but it has been reserved for this mammon-worshipping generation to find it in that arrangement by which a man, without labour, can secure a permanent income with perfect security, and without diminution of the capital.

"A view of it is evidently taken by Lord Bacon when he says that usury bringeth the treasure of a realm into few hands; for the usurer trading on a certainty, and other men on uncertainties, at the end of the game all the money will be in the box.

"We have had now an opportunity of practically testing this theory; not more than seventeen years have elapsed since all restraint was removed from the growth of what Lord Coke calls this 'pestilent weed,' and we see Bacon's words verified, the rich becoming richer, and the poor poorer, is the cry throughout the whole civilized world.[2] Rollin in his *Ancient History*, speaking of the Roman Empire, tells us that it has been the ruin of every state where it was tolerated. It is in a fair way to ruin this of ours, and ruin it it will, unless England's sons calmly and candidly investigate the question for themselves, and resolutely act upon the conclusions to which the investigation must lead them.

"There is such a thing as unlimited liability; of the justice of such laws I do not now speak, but the law exists, and as it was made by moneyed men in the interest of moneyed men they cannot refuse to be judged by it. The admission, therefore, of the fact that interest is a share of the profit, would throw upon the money-lender the burden of unlimited liability; this he certainly refuses to admit, consequently he has no alternative but to confess that interest has nothing whatever to do with profit, but that it is a certain inherent property of money, viz., that of producing money, and that interest is as legitimately the offspring of money as a Calf is that of a Cow. That this is really the stand now taken, may be shown from the literature and practice of the present day. Mr. Lecky, one of the latest champions of interest, boldly admits it. In his *History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*, p. 284, after quoting Aristotle's saying, that all money is

[1] [Compare the similar remark in *Munera Pulveris*, Vol. XVII. p. 220 *n.*, where a list of the pamphlets by W. C. Sillar and R. G. Sillar is given.]

[2] [Ruskin quoted these words ("We have now . . . civilized world") in § 16 of his paper entitled *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder* (see a later volume of this edition).]

sterile by nature, he says, '*This is an absurdity of Aristotle's, and the number of centuries during which it was incessantly asserted without being (so far as we know) once questioned, is a curious illustration of the longevity of a sophism when expressed in a terse form, and sheltered by a great name. It is enough to make one ashamed of his species to think that Bentham was the first to bring into notice the simple consideration that if the borrower employs the borrowed money in buying bulls and cows, and if these produce calves to ten times the value of the interest, the money borrowed can scarcely be said to be sterile.*'

"And now to remedy all this. Were there no remedy, to parade it in our view, would be cruel; but there is one, so simple, that like those of divine making, it may be despised for its simplicity. It consists in the recognition of the supreme wisdom which forbade the taking of usury. We should not reimpose the usury laws, which were in themselves a blunder and a snare, nor would we advocate the forcible repression of the vice any more than we do that of other vices, such as gambling or prostitution, but we would put them on precisely the same footing, and enact thus—

> Whereas, usury is a sin detestable and abominable,
> the law will refuse to recognize any contract
> in which it is an element.

The first effect of this would be, that all those who had lent, taking security into their hands, would have no power of oppression beyond keeping the pledge,—the balance of their debts being on a similar footing to those of the men who had lent without security.

"To these their chance of repayment would depend on their previous conduct. If they had lent their money to honourable men, they would surely be repaid; if to rogues, they surely would not; and serve them right. Those, and those only, who have lent without interest would have the power of an action at law to recover: and as such men must have possessed philanthropy, they could safely be trusted with that power.

"Regarding the future employment of money, a usurer who intended to continue his unholy trade, would lend only to such men as would repay without legal pressure, and from such men trade would not have to fear competition. But to disreputable characters the money-market would be hermetically sealed; and then as commerce, freed from the competition of these scoundrels, began again to be remunerative, we should find it more to our advantage to take an interest *in* commerce than usury *from* it, and so gradually would equity supersede iniquity, and peace and prosperity be found where now abound corruption, riot, and rebellion, with all the host of evils inseparable from a condition of plethoric wealth on one hand, and on the other hopeless and despairing poverty."

15. (II.) I intended in this note to have given some references to the first use of the word Franc, as an adjective.[1] But the best dictionary-makers seem to have been foiled by it. "I recollect" (an Oxford friend

[1] ["It is usually believed that the Franks were named from their national weapon, *franca*; cf. *Saxon* (Sahson), thought to be from *Sahso*, knife. The notion that the ethnic *franc* is derived from the adjective meaning 'free' was already current in the tenth century; but the real relation between the words seems to be the reverse of this. . . . *Francus* acquired the sense of 'free' because in Frankish Gaul full freedom was possessed only by those belonging to, or adopted into the dominant people."

"*Franc*, said to be derived from the legend *Francorum rex*, on the first coins which were so called. The French word appears as the name of a gold coin in an official document of 1360; the legend *Francorum rex* occurs on a gold coin struck in the same year. The silver coin was first struck in 1575" (Murray's *New English Dictionary*).]

writes to me), "Clovis called his axe 'Francisca' when he threw it to determine by its fall where he should build a church," and in Littré's dictionary a root is suggested, in the Anglo-Saxon Franca, "javelin." But I think these are all collateral, not original uses. I am not sure even when the word came to be used for the current silver coin of France: that, at least, must be ascertainable. It is curious that in no fit of Liberty and Equality, the anti-Imperialists have thought of calling their golden coins "Citizens" instead of "Napoleons": nor even their sous, Sansculottes.

16. (III.) Some of my correspondents ask me what has become of my promised additional *Fors* on the glaciers.[1] Well, it got crevassed, and split itself into three; and then relegated itself into a somewhat compact essay on glaciers; and then got jammed up altogether, because I found that the extremely scientific Professor Tyndall had never distinguished the quality of viscosity from plasticity (or the consistence of honey from that of butter), still less the gradations of character in the approach of metals, glass, or stone, to their freezing-points; and that I wasn't as clear as could be wished on some of these matters myself; and, in fact, that I had better deal with the subject seriously in my Oxford lectures than in *Fors*, which I hope to do this next autumn, after looking again at the riband structure of the Brenva.[2] Meantime, here—out of I don't know what paper (I wish my correspondents would always *cross* the slips they cut out with the paper's name and date),—is a lively account of the present state of affairs, with a compliment to Professor Tyndall on his style of debate, which I beg humbly to endorse.

"An awful battle, we regret to say, is now raging between some of the most distinguished men of Science, Literature, and Art, for all those three fair sisters have hurtled into the Homeric fray. The combatants on one side are Professors G. Forbes, Tait, and Ruskin, with Mr. Alfred Wills, and on the other—alone, but fearless and undismayed—the great name of Tyndall. The *causa teterrima belli* is in itself a cold and unlikely one—namely, the glaciers of Switzerland; but fiercer the fight could not be, we grieve to state, if the question of eternal punishment, with all its fiery accessory scenery, were under discussion. We have no rash intention of venturing into that terrible battle-ground where Professor Ruskin is laying about him with his *Fors Clavigera*, and where Professor Tait, like another Titan, hurls wildly into the affrighted air such epithets as 'contemptible,' 'miserable,' 'disgusting,' 'pernicious,' 'pestilent.' These adjectives, for anything that ignorant journalists can know, may mean, in Scotch scientific parlance, everything that is fair, chivalrous, becoming, and measured in argument. But, merely from the British instinct of fair play, which does not like to see four against one, and without venturing a single word about the glaciers, we cannot help remarking how much more consistent with the dignity of science appears Professor Tyndall's answer in the last number of the *Contemporary Review*. If it be true that the man who keeps his temper is generally in the right, we shall decidedly back Mr. Tyndall and the late lamented Agassiz in the present dreadful conflict. Speaking, for instance, of those same furious adjectives, which we have culled from the literary parterre of Professor Tait, Dr. Tyndall sweetly says, 'The spirit which prompts them may, after all, be but a local distortion of that noble force of heart which

[1] [See Letter 35, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 663).]
[2] [See the Introduction to Vol. XXVI. pp. xl.–xli.]

answered the Cameron's Gathering at Waterloo; carried the Black Watch to Coomassie; and which has furnished Scotland with the materials of an immortal history. Still, rudeness is not independence, bluster is not strength, nor is coarseness courage. We have won the human understanding from the barbarism of the past; but we have won along with it the dignity, courtesy, and truth of civilized life. And the man who on the platform or in the press does violence to this ethical side of human nature discharges but an imperfect duty to the public, whatever the qualities of his understanding may be.' This, we humbly think, is how men of science ought to talk when they quarrel—if they quarrel at all."

I hope much to profit by this lesson. I have not my *School for Scandal* by me—but I know where to find it the minute I get home; and I'll do my best. "The man who," etc., etc.;—yes, I think I can manage it.[1]

[1] [The reference is of course to Joseph Surface's hypocritical formula—"the man who can break the laws of hospitality," etc., "the man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never—," and so forth; and to Sir Peter Teazle's comment, "What noble sentiments!" (Act iv. sc. 3).]

LETTER 44

THE SQUIRREL CAGE.[1] ENGLISH SERVITUDE

ROME, *6th June*, 1874.

1. THE poor Campagna herdsman, whose seeking for St. Paul's statue the Professor of Fine Art in the University of Oxford so disgracefully failed to assist him in,[2] had been kneeling nearer the line of procession of the Corpus Domini than I;—in fact, quite among the rose-leaves which had been strewed for a carpet round the aisles of the Basilica. I grieve to say that I was shy of the rose-bestrewn path, myself; for the crowd waiting at the side of it had mixed up the rose-leaves with spittle so richly as to make quite a pink pomatum of them. And, indeed, the living temples of the Holy Ghost[3] which in any manner bestir themselves here among the temples,—whether of Roman gods or Christian saints,—have merely and simply the two great operations upon them of filling their innermost adyta with dung, and making their pavements slippery with spittle; the Pope's new tobacco manufactory under the Palatine,[4]—an infinitely more important object now, in all views of Rome from the west, than either the Palatine or the Capitol,—greatly aiding and encouraging this especial form of lustration: while the still more ancient documents of Egyptian religion—the obelisks of the Piazza del Popolo, and of the portico of St. Peter's—are entirely eclipsed by the obelisks of our English religion, lately elevated, in full

[1] [See below, § 12.]
[2] [See Letter 43, § 19, p. 119.]
[3] [1 Corinthians vi. 19.]
[4] [The huge factory behind the church of S. Maria dell' Orto; "the Pope's," because erected during the Papal dominion (in 1863).]

view from the Pincian and the Montorio, with smoke coming out of the top of them. And farther, the entire eastern district of Rome, between the two Basilicas of the Lateran and St. Lorenzo, is now one mass of volcanic ruin; —a desert of dust and ashes, the lust of wealth exploding there, out of a crater deeper than Etna's, and raging, as far as it can reach, in one frantic desolation of whatever is lovely, or holy, or memorable, in the central city of the world.[1]

2. For there is one fixed idea in the mind of every European progressive politician, at this time; namely, that by a certain application of Financial Art, and by the erection of a certain quantity of new buildings on a colossal scale, it will be possible for society hereafter to pass its entire life in eating, smoking, harlotry, and talk; without doing anything whatever with its hands or feet of a laborious character. And as these new buildings, whose edification is a main article of this modern political faith and hope,—(being required for gambling and dining in on a large scale),—cannot be raised without severely increased taxation of the poorer classes (here in Italy direct, and in all countries consisting in the rise of price in all articles of food—wine alone in Italy costing just ten times what it did ten years ago), and this increased taxation and distress are beginning to be felt too grievously to be denied; nor only so, but—which is still less agreeable to modern politicians—with slowly dawning perception of their true causes, —one finds also the popular journalists, for some time back addressing themselves to the defence of Taxation, and Theft in general, after this fashion:—

"The wealth in the world may practically be regarded as infinitely great. It is not true that what one man appropriates becomes thereupon

[1] [Readers unacquainted with Rome past and present may be referred to ch. xiii. in the later editions of Hare's *Walks in Rome* for an account of the interest and beauty of this district of the city, now much diminished by "frightful modern buildings." For another reference to vandalism in modern Rome, see Letters 18, § 14, and 21, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 315, 358).]

useless to others, and it is also untrue that force or fraud, direct or indirect, are the principal, or, indeed, that they are at all common or important, modes of acquiring wealth."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 14th, 1869.*

3. The philosophical journalist, after some further contemptuous statement of the vulgar views on this subject, conveniently dispenses (as will be seen by reference to the end of the clause in the note) with the defence of his own. I will undertake the explanation of what was, perhaps, even to himself, not altogether clear in his impressions. If a burglar ever carries off the Editor's plate-basket, the bereaved Editor will console himself by reflecting that "it is not true that what one man appropriates becomes thereupon useless to others:"—for truly (he will thus proceed to finer investigation) this plate of mine, melted down, after being transitionally serviceable to the burglar, will enter again into the same functions among the silver of the world which it had in my own possession; so that the intermediate benefit to the burglar may be regarded as entirely a form of trade profit, and a kind of turning over of capital. And "it is also untrue that force or fraud, direct or indirect, are the principal, or indeed that they are at all common or

* The passage continues thus, curiously enough,—for the parallel of the boat at sea is precisely that which I have given,[1] in *true* explanation of social phenomena:—

"The notion that when one man becomes rich he makes others poor, will be found upon examination to depend upon the assumption that there is in the world a fixed quantity of wealth; that when one man appropriates to himself a large amount of it, he excludes all others from any benefit arising from it, and that at the same time he forces some one else to be content with less than he would otherwise have had. Society, in short, must be compared to a boat at sea, in which there is a certain quantity of fresh water, and a certain number of shipwrecked passengers. In that case, no doubt, the water drunk by one is of no use to the rest, and if one drinks more, others must drink less, as the water itself is a fixed quantity. Moreover, no one man would be able to get more than a rateable share, except by superior force, or by some form of deceit, because the others would prevent him. The mere statement of this view ought to be a sufficient exposure of the fundamental error of the commonplaces which we are considering."

[1] [See *Time and Tide*, § 65 (Vol. XVII. p. 372).]

important, modes of acquiring wealth,"—for this poor thief, with his crowbar and jemmy, does but disfurnish my table for a day; while I, with my fluent pen, can replenish it any number of times over, by the beautiful expression of my opinions for the public benefit. But what manner of fraud, or force, there may be in living by the sale of one's opinions, instead of knowledges;[1] and what quantity of true knowledge on any subject whatsoever—moral, political, scientific, or artistic—forms at present the total stock-in-trade of the Editors of the European Press, our *Pall Mall* Editor has very certainly not considered.

4. "The wealth in the world practically infinite,"—is it?[2] Then it seems to me, the poor may ask, with more reason than ever before, Why have we not our share of Infinity? We thought, poor ignorants, that we were only the last in the scramble; we submitted, believing that somebody must be last, and somebody first. But if the mass of good things be inexhaustible, and there are horses for everybody,—why is not every beggar on horseback? And, for my own part, why should the question be put to me so often,—which I am sick of answering and answering again,—"How, with our increasing population, are we to live without Machinery?" For if the wealth be already infinite, what need of machinery to make more? Alas, if it *could* make more, what a different world this might be. Arkwright and Stephenson would deserve statues indeed,—as much as St. Paul. If all the steam engines in England, and all the coal in it, with all their horse and ass power put together, could produce—so much as one grain of corn! The last time this perpetually recurring question about machinery was asked me, it was very earnestly and candidly pressed, by a master manufacturer,[3] who honestly desired to do in his place what was serviceable to England,

[1] [Compare Letter 6, §§ 2, 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 99), and other passages there noted.]

[2] [For the author's further remarks on this extract, see Letter 73, § 2 (Vol. XXIX. p. 14).]

[3] [See above, p. 21 *n.*]

and honourable to himself. I answered at some length, in private letters, of which I asked and obtained his leave to print some parts in *Fors*. They may as well find their place in this number; and for preface to them, here is a piece, long kept by me, concerning railroads, which may advisably now be read.

5. Of modern machinery for locomotion, my readers, I suppose, thought me writing in ill-temper, when I said in one of the letters on the childhood of Scott, "infernal means of locomotion"?[1] Indeed, I am always compelled to write, as always compelled to live, in ill-temper. But I never set down a single word but with the serenest purpose. I *meant* "infernal" in the most perfect sense the word will bear.

For instance. The town of Ulverstone is twelve miles from me, by four miles of mountain road beside Coniston lake, three through a pastoral valley, five by the seaside. A healthier or lovelier walk would be difficult to find.

In old times, if a Coniston peasant had any business at Ulverstone, he walked to Ulverstone; spent nothing but shoe-leather on the road, drank at the streams, and if he spent a couple of batz when he got to Ulverstone, "it was the end of the world."[2] But now, he would never think of doing such a thing! He first walks three miles in a contrary direction, to a railroad station, and then travels by railroad twenty-four miles to Ulverstone, paying two shillings fare. During the twenty-four miles transit, he is idle, dusty, stupid; and either more hot or cold than is pleasant to him. In either case he drinks beer at two or three of the stations, passes his time, between them, with anybody he can find, in talking without having anything to talk of; and such talk always becomes vicious. He arrives at Ulverstone, jaded, half drunk, and otherwise demoralized; and three shillings, at least, poorer than in

[1] [See Letter 29, § 8 (Vol. XXVII. p. 534).]

[2] [An expression of Gotthelf's Hansli: see Letter 30, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 553); and for the value of the batz, see *ibid.*, p. 551 *n.*]

the morning. Of that sum a shilling has gone for beer, threepence to a railway shareholder, threepence in coals, and eighteenpence has been spent in employing strong men in the vile mechanical work of making and driving a machine, instead of his own legs, to carry the drunken lout. The results, absolute loss and demoralization to the poor, on all sides, and iniquitous gain to the rich. Fancy, if you saw the railway officials actually employed in carrying the countryman bodily on their backs to Ulverstone, what you would think of the business! And because they waste ever so much iron and fuel besides to do it, you think it a profitable one!

6. And for comparison of the advantages of old times and new, for travellers of higher order, hear how Scott's excursions used to be made:—

"Accordingly, during seven successive years, Scott made a raid, as he called it, into Liddesdale, with Mr. Shortreed for his guide, exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined peel from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district; the first, indeed, that ever appeared there was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn *nor public-house of any kind* in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity—even such 'a rowth of auld nicknackets' as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;* and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches seems very doubtful. 'He was makin' himsel' a' the time,' said Mr. Shortreed; 'but he didna ken maybe what he was about, till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun.' [1]

"'It was that same season, I think,' says Mr. Shortreed, 'that Sir Walter got from Dr. Elliot the large old Border war horn, which ye may still see hanging in the armoury at Abbotsford. How great he was when he was made master o' that! I believe it had been found in Hermitage Castle—and one of the doctor's servants had used it many a day as a grease-horn

[1] [Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. i. pp. 195, 196. Compare Appendix 8, Vol. XXIX. pp. 541, 542.]

for his scythe before they had discovered its history. When cleaned out, it was never a hair the worse; the original chain, hoop, and mouthpiece of steel were all entire, just as you now see them. Sir Walter carried it home all the way from Liddesdale to Jedburgh slung about his neck like Johnny Gilpin's bottle, while I was entrusted with an ancient bridle-bit, which we had likewise picked up.

> "'The feint o' pride—na pride had he, . . .
> A lang kail-gully hung down by his side,
> And a great meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.'

And meikle and sair we routed on't, and 'hotched and blew wi' micht and main.' O what pleasant days! and then *a' the nonsense we had cost us naething. We never put hand in pocket* for a week on end. Toll-bars there were none, and indeed I think our haill charges were a feed o' corn to our horses in the gangin' and comin' at Riccartoun mill.'"[1]

7. This absolute economy,* of course, could only exist when travelling was so rare that patriarchal hospitality could still be trusted for its lodging. But the hospitality of the inn need not be less considerate or true because the inn's master lives in his occupation. Even in these days, I have had no more true or kind friend than the now dead Mrs. Eisenkraemer of the *old* Union Inn at Chamouni;[2] and an innkeeper's daughter in the Oberland[3] taught me that it was still possible for a Swiss girl to be refined, imaginative, and pure-hearted, though she waited on her father's guests, and though these guests were often vulgar and insolent English travellers. For she had been bred in the rural districts of happy olden days,—to which, as it

* The reader might at first fancy that the economy was not "absolute," but that the expenses of the traveller were simply borne by his host. Not so; the host only gave what he in his turn received, when he also travelled. Every man thus carried his home with him, and to travel, was merely to walk or ride from place to place, instead of round one's own house. (See Saunders Fairford's expostulation with Alan on the charges incurred at Noble House.[4])

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[1] [Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. i. pp. 199–200.]

[2] [See Vol. II. pp. 426–427, and Vol. XIII. p. 497.]

[For Marie of the Giessbach, see Vol. XVIII. p. xliii., and Vol. XIX. p. lix.; and compare Letter 51, § 19, p. 285.]

[4] [*Redgauntlet* (Letter II.).]

chances, my thoughts first turned, in the following answer to my English manufacturing friend.[1]

8. On any given farm in Switzerland or Bavaria, fifty years ago,[2] the master and his servants lived, in abundance, on the produce of their ground, without machinery, and exchanged some of its surplus produce for Lyons velvet and Hartz silver (produced by the unhappy mechanists and miners of those localities), whereof the happy peasant made jackets and bodices, and richly adorned the same with precious chain-work. It is not more than ten years since I saw in a farm-shed near Thun, three handsome youths and three comely girls, all in well-fitting, pretty, and snow-white shirt and chemisette, threshing corn with a steady shower of timed blows, as skilful in their—cadence, shall we, literally, say?—as the most exquisitely performed music, and as rapid as its swiftest notes.[3] There was no question for any of them, whether they should have their dinner when they had earned it, nor the slightest chance of any of them going in rags through the winter.

That is entirely healthy, happy, and wise human life. Not a theoretical or Utopian state at all; but one which over large districts of the world has long existed, and must, thank God, in spite of British commerce and its consequences, for ever, somewhere, exist.

9. But the farm, we will say, gets over-populous (it always does, of course, under ordinary circumstances); that is to say, the ground no longer affords corn and milk

[1] [See above, pp. 21, 128. The passage as sent to Mr. J. Brooke began as follows:—

> "Nothing is more wonderful to me than the persistency with which the question is asked me, 'How with an increasing population are we to live without machinery?' I have answered already I know not how often in my various writings, 'Machinery enables no more of us to live; it only enables some of us to live idle on other's misery.'
>
> "Let me try if I can make this great fact plain at least to my correspondent. If I cannot I shall trouble myself no more with its demonstration in future.
>
> "On any given farm . . ."]

[2] [Compare the account of communities in the Black Forest and the mountain valleys of Tyrol: Letter 69, § 4 (p. 689).]

[3] ["*Conf.* Scott's ladies."—*MS. note by author.* See Letter 94, § 12 (Vol. XXIX. p. 492), and for another reference to these threshers at Thun, see Letter 61, § 20 (below, p. 506).]

enough for the people on it. Do you suppose you will make more of the corn, because you now thresh it with a machine? So far from needing to do so, you have more hands to employ than you had—can have twelve flails going instead of six. You make your twelve human creatures stand aside, and thresh your corn with a steam engine. You gain time, do you? What's the use of time to you? did it not hang heavy enough on your hands before? You thresh your entire farm produce, let us say, in twelve minutes. Will that make it one grain more, to feed the twelve mouths? Most assuredly, the soot and stench of your steam engine will make your crop *less* next year, but not one grain more can you have to-day.* But you don't mean to use your engines to thresh with or plough with? Well, that is one point of common-sense gained. What will you do with them, then?—spin and weave cotton, sell the articles you manufacture, and buy food? Very good; then somewhere there must be people still living as *you* once did,—that is to say, producing more corn and milk than they want, and able to give it to you in exchange for your cotton, or velvet, or what not, which you weave with your steam. Well, *those* people, wherever they are, and whoever they may be, are your lords and masters thenceforth. *They* are living happy and wise human lives, and are served by you, their mechanics and slaves. Day after day your souls will become more mechanical, more servile: also you will go on multiplying, wanting more food, and more; you will have to sell cheaper and cheaper, work longer and longer, to buy your food. At last, do what you can, you can make no more, or the people who have the corn will not want any more; and your

* But what is to be done, then? Emigrate, of course; but under different laws from those of modern emigration. Don't emigrate to China, poison Chinamen, and teach them to make steam engines, and then import Chinamen, to dig iron *here*.[1] But see next *Fors*.[2]

[1] [There had already been Chinese emigration on a considerable scale to the mines in Australia, California, and elsewhere.]

[2] [The reference must be to § 20 (p. 167), where it is pointed out that the remedy may be small farming with more intensive culture.]

increasing population will necessarily come to a quite imperative stop—by starvation, preceded necessarily by revolution and massacre.

10. And now examine the facts about England in this broad light.

She has a vast quantity of ground still food-producing, in corn, grass, cattle, or game. With that territory she educates her squire, or typical gentleman, and his tenantry, to whom, together, she owes all her power in the world. With another large portion of territory,—now continually on the increase,—she educates a mercenary population, ready to produce any quantity of bad articles to anybody's order; population which every hour that passes over them makes acceleratingly avaricious, immoral, and insane. In the increase of that kind of territory and its people, her ruin is just as certain as if she were deliberately exchanging her corn-growing land, and her heaven above it, for a soil of arsenic, and rain of nitric acid.

"Have the Arkwrights and Stephensons, then, done nothing but harm?" Nothing; but the root of all the mischief is not in Arkwrights or Stephensons; nor in rogues or mechanics. The real root of it is the crime of the squire himself. And the method of that crime is thus. A certain quantity of the food produced by the country is paid annually by it into the squire's hand, in the form of rent, privately, and taxes, publicly. If he uses this food to support a food-producing population, he increases daily the strength of the country and his own; but if he uses it to support an idle population, or one producing merely trinkets in iron, or gold, or other rubbish, he steadily weakens the country, and debases himself.

11. Now the action of the squire for the last fifty years has been, broadly, to take the food from the ground of his estate, and carry it to London, where he feeds with it* a

* The writings of our vulgar political economists, calling money only a "medium of exchange," blind the foolish public conveniently to all the practical actions of the machinery of the currency. Money is not a medium

vast number of builders, upholsterers (one of them charged me five pounds for a footstool the other day[1]), carriage and harness makers, dress-makers, grooms, footmen, bad musicians, bad painters, gamblers, and harlots, and in supply of the wants of these main classes, a vast number of shopkeepers of minor useless articles. The muscles and the time of this enormous population being wholly unproductive —(for of course time spent in the mere process of sale is unproductive, and much more that of the footman and groom, while that of the vulgar upholsterer, jeweller, fiddler, and painter, etc., etc., is not only unproductive, but mischievous),—the entire mass of this London population do nothing whatever either to feed or clothe themselves; and their vile life preventing them from all rational entertainment, they are compelled to seek some pastime in a vile literature, the demand for which again occupies another enormous class, who do nothing to feed or dress themselves; finally, the vain disputes of this vicious population give employment to the vast industry of the lawyers and their clerks,* who similarly do nothing to feed or dress themselves.

12. Now the peasants might still be able to supply this enormous town population with food (in the form of the

of exchange, but a token of right.[2] I have, suppose, at this moment, ten, twenty, or thirty thousand pounds. That signifies that, as compared with a man who has only ten pounds, I can claim possession of, call for, and do what I like with a thousand, or two thousand, or three thousand times as much of the valuable things existing in the country. The peasant accordingly gives the squire a certain number of these tokens or counters, which give the possessor a right to claim so much corn or meat. The squire gives these tokens to the various persons in town, enumerated in the text, who then claim the corn and meat from the peasant, returning him the counters, which he calls "price," and gives to the squire again next year.

* Of the industry of the Magistrate against crime, I say nothing; for it now scarcely exists, but to do evil. See first article in Correspondence, at end of letter [p. 141].

[1] [For another reference to this charge, see Letter 76, § 18 (Vol. XXIX. p. 101).]

[2] [Compare *Unto this Last* and *Munera Pulveris* (Vol. XVII. pp. 50, 194 *seq.*); and see further the letters to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe in Appendix 11, Vol. XXIX. pp. 553–558.]

squire's rent), but it cannot, without machinery, supply the flimsy dresses, toys, metal work, and other rubbish, belonging to their accursed life. Hence over the whole country the sky is blackened and the air made pestilent, to supply London and other such towns* with their iron railings, vulgar upholstery, jewels, toys, liveries, lace, and other means of dissipation and dishonour of life. Gradually the country people cannot even supply food to the voracity of the vicious centre; and it is necessary to import food from other countries, giving in exchange any kind of commodity we can attract their itching desires for, and produce by machinery. The tendency of the entire national energy is therefore to approximate more and more to the state of a squirrel in a cage,[1] or a turnspit in a wheel, fed by foreign masters with nuts and dog's-meat. And indeed, when we rightly conceive the relation of London to the country, the sight of it becomes more fantastic and wonderful than any dream. Hyde Park, in the season, is the great rotatory form of the vast squirrel-cage; round and round it go the idle company, in their reversed streams, urging themselves to their necessary exercise. They cannot with safety even eat their nuts, without so much "revolution" as shall, in Venetian language, "comply with the demands of hygiene."[2] Then they retire into their boxes, with due quantity of straw; the Belgravian and Piccadillian streets outside the railings being, when one sees clearly, nothing but the squirrel's box at the side of his wires. And then think of all the rest of the metropolis as the creation and ordinance of these squirrels, that they may squeak and whirl to their satisfaction, and yet be fed. Measure the space of its entirely miserable life. Begin with that diagonal which I struck from Regent Circus to Drury Lane;[3] examine it,

* Compare, especially, Letter 29, § 8 [Vol. XXVII. p. 534].

[1] [The title to this Letter is here indicated.]
[2] [The phrase comes from the Venetian *Rinnovamento:* see Letter 42, § 5, p. 94 ("obedient to the dictates of hygiene").]
[3] [See Letter 39, §§ 1-4 (pp. 48-51).]

house by house; then go up from Drury Lane to St. Giles' Church, look into Church Lane there, and explore your Seven Dials and Warwick Street; and remember this is the very centre of the mother city,—precisely between its Parks, its great Library and Museum, its principal Theatres, and its Bank. Then conceive the East-end; and the melancholy Islington and Pentonville districts; then the ghastly spaces of southern suburb—Vauxhall, Lambeth, the Borough, Wapping, and Bermondsey. All this is the nidification of those Park Squirrels. This is the thing they have produced round themselves; this their work in the world. When they rest from their squirrellian revolutions, and die in the Lord, and their works do follow them,[1] *these* are what will follow them. Lugubrious march of the Waterloo Road, and the Borough, and St. Giles's; the shadows of all the Seven Dials having fetched their last compass. New Jerusalem, prepared as a bride,[2] of course, opening her gates to them;—but, pertinaciously attendant, Old Jewry outside. "Their works do follow them."

For these streets are indeed what they have built; their inhabitants the people they have chosen to educate. They took the bread and milk and meat from the people of their fields; they gave it to feed, and retain here in their service, this fermenting mass of unhappy human beings,—news-mongers, novel-mongers, picture-mongers, poison-drink-mongers, lust and death-mongers; the whole smoking mass of it one vast dead-marine storeshop,—accumulation of wreck of the Dead Sea, with every activity in it, a form of putrefaction.

13. Some personal matters were touched upon in my friend's reply to this letter, and I find nothing more printable of the correspondence but this following fragment or two.

"But what are you to do, having got into this mechanical line of life?"

[1] [Revelation xiv. 13.]
[2] [Revelation xxi. 2.]

You must persevere in it, and do the best you can for the present, but resolve to get out of it as soon as may be. The one essential point is to know thoroughly that it is wrong; how to get out of it, you can decide afterwards, at your leisure.

"But somebody must weave by machinery, and dig in mines: else how could one have one's velvet and silver chains?"

Whatever machinery is needful for human purposes can be driven by wind or water;[1] the Thames alone could drive mills enough to weave velvet and silk for all England. But even mechanical occupation not involving pollution of the atmosphere must be as limited as possible; for it invariably degrades. You may use your slave in your silver mine, or at your loom, to avoid such labour yourself, if you honestly believe you have brains to be better employed;—or you may yourself, for the service of others, honourably *become* their slave; and, in benevolent degradation, dig silver or weave silk, making yourself semi-spade, or semi-worm. But you must not eventually, for no purpose or motive whatsoever, live amidst smoke and filth, nor allow others to do so; you must see that your slaves are as comfortable and safe as their employment permits, and that they are paid wages high enough to allow them to leave it often for redemption and rest.

Eventually, I say; how fast events may move, none of us know; in our compliance with them, let us at least be intelligently patient—if at all; not blindly patient.

14. For instance, there is nothing really more monstrous in any recorded savagery or absurdity of mankind, than that governments should be able to get money for any folly they choose to commit, by selling to capitalists the right of taxing future generations to the end of time. All the cruellest wars inflicted, all the basest luxuries grasped by the idle classes, are thus paid for by the poor a hundred

[1] [On this subject, see the *Notes on the General Principles of Employment*, Vol. XVII. p. 543; and below, p. 293.]

times over. And yet I am obliged to keep my money in the funds or the bank, because I know no other mode of keeping it safe; and if I refused to take the interest, I should only throw it into the hands of the very people who would use it for these evil purposes, or, at all events, for less good than I can.[1] Nevertheless it is daily becoming a more grave question with me what it may presently be right to do. It may be better to diminish private charities, and, much more, my own luxury of life, than to comply in any sort with a national sin. But I am not agitated or anxious in the matter: content to know my principle, and to work steadily towards better fulfilment of it.

And this is all that I would ask of my correspondent or of any other man,—that he should know what he is about, and be steady in his line of advance or retreat. I know myself to be an usurer as long as I take interest on any money whatsoever. I confess myself such, and abide whatever shame or penalty may attach to usury, until I can withdraw myself from the system. So my correspondent says he must abide by his post. I think so too. A naval captain, though I should succeed in persuading him of the wickedness of war, would in like manner, if he were wise, abide at his post; nay, would be entirely traitorous and criminal if he at once deserted it. Only let us all be sure what our positions are; and if, as it is said, the not living by interest and the resolutely making everything as good as can be, are incompatible with the present state of society, let us, though compelled to remain usurers and makers of bad things, at least not deceive ourselves as to the nature of our acts and life.

15. Leaving thus the personal question, how the great courses of life are to be checked or changed, to each man's conscience and discretion,—this following answer I would make in all cases to the inquiry, "What can I *do?*"

[1] [With this defence of his practice, compare Letter 21, § 18 (Vol. XXVII. p. 364); and see Letter 68, § 9 (below, p. 673). See also Appendix 17, § 1 (Vol. XXIX. p. 570).]

If the present state of this so-called rich England is so essentially miserable and poverty-stricken that honest men must always live from hand to mouth, while speculators make fortunes by cheating them out of their labour, and if, therefore, no sum can be set aside for charity,—the paralyzed honest men can certainly do little for the present. But, with what can be spared for charity, if *any*thing, do this; buy ever so small a bit of ground, in the midst of the worst back deserts of our manufacturing towns; six feet square, if no more can be had,—nay, the size of a grave, if you will, but buy it *freehold*, and make a garden of it, by hand-labour; a garden visible to all men, and cultivated *for* all men of that place. If absolutely nothing will grow in it, then have herbs carried there in pots. Force the bit of ground into order, cleanliness, *green* or *coloured* aspect. What difficulties you have in doing this are your best subjects of thought; the good you will do in doing this, the best in your present power.

What the best in your ultimate power may be, will depend on the action of the English landlord; for observe, we have only to separate the facts of the Swiss farm to ascertain what they are with respect to any state. We have only to ask what quantity of food it produces, how much it exports in exchange for other articles, and how much it imports in exchange for other articles. The food-producing countries have the power of educating gentlemen and gentlewomen if they please,—they are the lordly and masterful countries. Those which exchange mechanical or artistic productions for food are servile, and necessarily in process of time will be ruined. Next *Fors*, therefore, will be written for any Landlords who wish to be true Workmen in their vocation; and, according to the first law of the St. George's Company, "to do good work, whether they die or live."[1]

[1] [See Letter 2, § 22 (Vol. XXVII. p. 44).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

16. (I.) I COMMEND the whole of the following letter to the reader's most serious consideration:—

BROXBOURNE, HERTS, 11*th June*, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are so tolerant of correspondents with grievances, that I venture to say a few more words, in reply to your note about Law Reform. In November next the Judicature Bill will come into operation. The preamble recites this incontestable fact, "that it is expedient to make provision for the better administration of justice in England." Now, the two salient features of the incessant clamour for Law Reform are these—1st, an increased conviction of the sanctity of property; 2nd, a proportionate decrease in the estimate of human life. For years past the English people have spent incalculable money and talk in trying to induce Parliament to give them safe titles to their land, and sharp and instant means of getting in their debts: the Land Transfer Bill is in answer to this first demand, and the Judicature Bill to the second. Meanwhile the Criminal Code may shift for itself; and here we have, as the outcome of centuries of vulgar national flourish about Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, and much else, the present infamous system of punishing crime by pecuniary penalties. Now the spirit of this evil system is simply this: "A crime is an offence against society. Making the criminal suffer pain won't materially benefit society, but making him suffer in his pocket *will;*" and so society elects to be battered about, and variously maltreated, on a sliding scale of charges, adjusted more on medical than moral principles. No doubt it is very desirable to have a title-deed to your thousand acres, no bigger than the palm of your hand, to be able to put it in a box, and sit upon it, and defy all the lawyers in the land to pick a flaw in your title; quite a millennium-like state of things, but liable to be somewhat marred if your next-door neighbour may knock you off your box, stab you with a small pocket-knife, and jump on your stomach, all with grievous damage to you, but comparative immunity to himself. We are one day to have cheap law, meanwhile we have such cheap crime that injuries to the person are now within the reach of all. I may be a villain of the first water, if I have a few spare pounds in my pocket. From a careful survey of lately reported cases, I find I can run away with my neighbour's wife, seduce his daughter, half poison his household with adulterated food, and finally stab him with a pocket-knife, for rather less than £1000. Stabbing is so ridiculously cheap that I can indulge in it for a trifling penalty of £1. (See Southall's case.[1]) But woe be to me if I dare to encroach on my neighbour's land, prejudice his trade, or touch his pocket; then the law has remedies, vast and many, and I shall not only incur pecuniary penalties that are to all effects and purpose limitless, but I shall be made to suffer in person also. These two things are exactly indicative of the gradual decay of the national mind under the influence of two schools. The first teaches that man's primary object in life is to "get on in the world"; hence we have this exaggerated estimate of the value and sanctity of property. The second school teaches that love can exist without reverence, mercy without justice, and liberty without obedience; and as the logical result of such teaching, we have lost all clear and healthy knowledge of what justice really is, and invent a system of

[1] [A police court case of the time.]

punishments which is not even really punitive, and without any element of retribution at all. Let us have instead a justice that not only condones the crime, but also makes a profit out of the criminal. And we get her; but note the irony of Fate: when our modern goddess *does* pluck up heart to be angry, she seems doomed to be angry in the wrong way, and with the wrong people. Here is a late instance (the printed report of which I send you):—

William Hawkes, a blind man and very infirm, was brought up, having been committed from Marlborough Street, to be dealt with as a rogue and vagabond.

On being placed in the dock,

Mr. Montagu Williams, as *amicus curiæ*, said he had known the prisoner for years, from seeing him sitting on Waterloo Bridge tracing his fingers over a book designed for the blind to read, and in no instance had he seen him beg from those who passed by, so that he was practically doing no harm, and some time ago the late Sir William Bodkin had dealt very mercifully with him. Something ought to be done for him.

Mr. Harris said he could corroborate all that his learned friend had stated.

The Assistant-Judge said he had been convicted by the magistrate, and was sent here to be sentenced as a rogue and vagabond, *but the Court would not deal hardly with him.*

Horsford, chief officer of the Mendicity Society, said the prisoner had been frequently convicted for begging.

The Assistant-Judge sentenced him to be imprisoned for four months.—*May*, 1874.

The other day I was reading a beautiful Eastern story of a certain blind man who sat by the wayside begging; clearly a very importunate and troublesome blind man, who would by no means hold his peace, but who, nevertheless, had his heart's desire granted unto him at last. And yesterday I was also reading a very unlovely Western story of another blind man, who was "very infirm," not at all importunate, did not even beg; only sat there by the roadside and read out of a certain Book that has a great deal to say about justice and mercy. The sequel of the two stories varies considerably: in this latter one our civilized English Law clutches the old blind man by the throat, tells him he is a rogue and a vagabond, and flings him into prison for four months!

But our enlightened British Public is too busy clamouring for short deeds and cheap means of litigation, ever to give thought or time to mere "sentimental grievances." Have you seen the strange comment on Carlyle's letter of some months ago, in which he prophesied evil things to come, if England still persisted in doing her work "ill, swiftly, and mendaciously"?[1] Our export trade, for the first five months of this year, shows a decrease of just eight millions! The newspapers note with a horrified amazement, that the continental nations decline dealing any longer at the "old shop," and fall back on home products, and try to explain it by reference to the Capital and Labour question. Carlyle foresaw Germany's future, and told us plainly of it; he foresees England's decadence, and warns us just as plainly of *that;* and the price we have already paid, in this year of grace 1874, for telling him to hold his tongue, is just eight millions.

Yours sincerely,[2]

17. Next, or next but one, to the *Fors* for the squires,[3] will come that for the lawyers.[4] In the meantime, can any correspondent inform me, approximately, what the income and earnings of the legal profession are annually in England, and what sum is spent in collateral expenses for

[1] [A letter on "Capital and Labour" in the *Times* of January 28, 1874: see the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. (p. xlv.), where extracts from it are given.]

[2] [The writer was Mr. Albert Fleming.]

[3] [Letter 45.]

[4] [Letter 47; the points suggested by Mr. Fleming's letter were not, however, touched upon there (see below, p. 201), being reserved for "subsequent consideration."]

juries, witnesses, etc.? The *Times* for May 18th of this year gives the following estimate of the cost of the Tichborne trial,[1] which seems to me very moderate:—

THE TRIAL OF THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.—On Saturday a return to the House of Commons, obtained by Mr. W. H. Smith, was printed, showing the amount expended upon the prosecution in the case of "Regina *v.* Castro, otherwise Orton, otherwise Tichborne," and the probable amount still remaining to be paid out of the vote of Parliament for "this service." The probable cost of the trial is stated at £55,315, 17s. 1d., of which £49,815, 17s. 1d. had been paid up to the 11th ult., and on the 11th of May inst. £5,500 remained unpaid. In 1872-73 counsel's fees were £1,146, 16s. 6d., and in 1873-74 counsel's fees were £22,495, 18s. 4d. The jury were paid £3,780, and the shorthand writers £3,493, 3s. The other expenses were witnesses, agents, etc., and law stationers and printing. Of the sum to be paid, £4,000 is for the Australian and Chili witnesses.—*Times*, May 18th, 1874.

18. (II.) I reprint the following letter as it was originally published. I meant to have inquired into the facts a little farther, but have not had time.

21, MINCING LANE, LONDON, E.C.
19*th March*, 1874.

DEAR SIRS,—On the 27th March, 1872, we directed your attention to this subject of Usury in a paper headed "CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE." We have since published our correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Cumming, and we take his silence as an acknowledgment of his inability to justify his teaching upon this subject. We have also publicly protested against the apathy of the Bishops and Clergy of the Established Church regarding this national sin. We now append an extract from the *Hampshire Independent* of the 11th instant, which has been forwarded to us:—

"The Church of England in South Australia is in active competition with the money changers and those who sell doves. The Church Office, Leigh Street, Adelaide, advertises that 'it is prepared to lend money at current rates—no commission or brokerage charged,' which is really liberal on the part of the Church of England, and may serve to distinguish it as a lender from the frequenters of the synagogues.* It has been suggested that the Church Office should hang out the triple symbol of the Lombards, and that at the next examination of candidates for holy orders a few apposite questions might be asked, such as—'State concisely the best method of obtaining the highest rate of interest for Church moneys. Demonstrate how a system of Church money-lending was approved by the founder of Christianity.'"

As such perverseness can only end in sudden and overwhelming calamity, we make no apology for again urging you to assist us in our endeavours to banish the accursed element at least from our own trade.

Your obedient servants,
J. C. SILLAR AND CO.

* It is possible that this lending office may have been organized as a method of charity, corresponding to the original Monte di Pieta, the modern clergymen having imagined, in consequence of the common error about interest, that they could improve the system of Venice by ignoring its main condition—the lending gratis,—and benefit themselves at the same time.

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[1] [See above, p. 41.]

19. I put in large print—it would be almost worth capital letters—the following statement of the principle of interest as "necessary to the existence of money." I suppose it is impossible to embody the modern view more distinctly:—

"Money, the representation and measure of value, has also *the power to accumulate value by interest* (italics *not* mine). This accumulative power is essential to the existence of money, for no one will exchange productive property for money that does not represent production. The laws making gold and silver a public tender impart to dead masses of metal, as it were, life and animation. They give them powers which without legal enactment they could not possess, and which enable their owner to obtain for their use what other men must earn by their labour. One piece of gold receives a legal capability to earn for its owner, in a given time, another piece of gold as large as itself; or in other words, the legal power of money to accumulate by interest compels the borrower in a given period, according to the rate of interest, to mine and coin, or to procure by the sale of his labour or products, another lump of gold as large as the first, and give it, together with the first, to the lender."—*Kellogg on Labour and Capital, New York*, 1849.[1]

[1] [*Labour and other Capital: the Rights of each Secured and the Wrongs of both Eradicated*, by Edward Kellogg, pp. 54–55 ("Section IV.: The Power of Money to Accumulate Value by Interest").]

LETTER 45[1]

MY LORD DELAYETH HIS COMING.[2] THE BRITISH SQUIRE

LUCCA, *2nd August*, 1874.

1. THE other day, in the Sacristan's cell at Assisi, I got into a great argument with the Sacristan himself,[3] about the prophet Isaiah. It had struck me that I should like to know what sort of a person his wife was: and I asked my good host, over our morning's coffee, whether the Church knew anything about her. Brother Antonio, however, instantly and energetically denied that he ever had a wife. He was a "Castissimo profeta,"—how could I fancy anything so horrible of him! Vainly I insisted that, since he had children, he must either have been married, or been under special orders, like the prophet Hosea.[4] But my Protestant Bible was good for nothing, said the Sacristan. Nay, I answered, I never read, usually, in anything later than a thirteenth-century text; let him produce me one out of the convent library, and see if I couldn't find Shearjashub in it.[5] The discussion dropped upon this,—because the library was inaccessible at the moment; and no printed Vulgate to be found. But I think of it again to-day, because I have just got into another puzzle about Isaiah,—to wit, what he means by calling himself a "man

[1] [Ruskin seems to have attached particular importance to this letter, as appears from the following entry in his diary at Lucca (July 30, 1874): "Beginning the great central *Fors* I chance on and read carefully, and as an answer to much thought last night, Isaiah 6th."]

[2] [Matthew xxiv. 48. See below, § 7.]

[3] [For Ruskin's friendship with the Sacristan at Assisi, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxxviii.]

[4] [See Hosea iii. 1.]

[5] [See Isaiah vii. 3.]

of unclean lips."* And that is a vital question, surely, to all persons venturing to rise up, as teachers;—vital, at all events, to me, here, and now;—for these following reasons.

2. Thirty years ago,[1] I began my true study of Italian, and all other art,—here, beside the statue of Ilaria di Caretto, recumbent on her tomb. It turned me from the study of landscape to that of life, being then myself in the fullest strength of labour, and joy of hope.

And I was thinking, last night, that the drawing which I am now trying to make of it,[2] in the weakness and despair of declining age, might possibly be the last I should make before quitting the study of Italian, and even all other, art, for ever.

I have no intent of doing so: quite the reverse of that. But I feel the separation between me and the people round me, so bitterly, in the world of my own which they cannot enter; and I see their entrance to it now barred so absolutely by their own resolves (they having deliberately and self-congratulatingly chosen for themselves the Manchester Cotton Mill instead of the Titian[3]), that it becomes every hour more urged upon me that I shall have to leave,—not father and mother, for they have left me; nor children, nor lands, for I have none,[4]—but at least this spiritual land and fair domain of human art and natural peace,—because I am a man of unclean lips, and dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, and therefore am undone, because mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.[5]

3. I say it, and boldly. Who else is there of you who can stand with me, and say the same? It is an age of progress, you tell me. Is your progress chiefly in this, that

* Read Isaiah vi. through carefully.

[1] [In the tour of 1845: see *Modern Painters*, Epilogue to vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 347), and *ibid.*, p. 122, with plate, "Tomb of Ilaria di Caretto, Lucca." And again, *Stones of Venice* (Vol. XI. p. 239).]

[2] [See Plate XIX. in Vol. XXIII. (p. 230).]

[3] [See Letter 7, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 128).]

[4] [See Matthew xix. 29.]

[5] [Isaiah vi. 5.]

you *cannot* see the King, the Lord of Hosts, but only Baal, instead of Him?

"The Sun is God," said Turner, a few weeks before he died with the setting rays of it on his face.[1]

He meant it, as Zoroaster meant it; and was a Sun-worshipper of the old breed. But the unheard-of foulness of your modern faith in Baal is its being faith *without* worship. The Sun is—*not* God,—you say. Not by any manner of means. A gigantic railroad accident, perhaps,[2]—a coruscant δῖνος,[3]—put on the throne of God like a lime-light; and able to serve you, eventually, much better than ever God did.

4. I repeat my challenge. You,—Te-Deum-singing princes,[4] colonels, bishops, choristers, and what else,—do any of you know what Te means? or what Deum? or what Laudamus? Have any of your eyes seen the King, or His Sabaoth?[5] Will any of you say, with your hearts, "Heaven and earth are full of His glory; and in His name we will set up our banners, and do good work, whether we live or die"?[6]

You, in especial, Squires of England, whose fathers were England's bravest and best,—by how much better and braver you are than your fathers, in this Age of Progress, I challenge you: Have any of your eyes seen the King? Are any of your hands ready for His work, and for His weapons,—even though they should chance to be pruning-hooks instead of spears?[7]

5. Who am I, that should challenge *you*—do you ask? My mother was a sailor's daughter, so please you; one of my aunts was a baker's wife—the other, a tanner's; and I don't know much more about my family, except that there

[1] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 262 (Vol. XXII. p. 490).]
[2] [See Letter 6, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 108).]
[3] [For the reference here to Aristophanes (*Clouds*, 828), see Vol. XIX. p. 326.]
[4] [See above, p. 69.]
[5] [For the meaning of Sabaoth ("hosts"), see Letter 12, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 205).]
[6] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 44.]
[7] [See Isaiah ii. 4; often quoted by Ruskin: see, *e.g.*, Vol. XVII. p. 178.]

used to be a greengrocer of the name in a small shop near the Crystal Palace. Something of my early and vulgar life, if it interests you, I will tell in next *Fors:* in this one, it is indeed my business, poor gipsy herald[1] as I am, to bring you such challenge, though you shall hunt and hang me for it.

6. Squires, are you, and not Workmen, nor Labourers, do you answer next?

Yet, I have certainly sometimes seen engraved over your family vaults, and especially on the more modern tablets, those comfortful words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." But I observe that you are usually content, with the help of the village stone-mason, to say *only* this concerning your dead; and that you but rarely venture to add the "yea" of the Spirit, "that they may rest from their Labours, and their Works do follow them."[2] Nay, I am not even sure that many of you clearly apprehend the meaning of such followers and following; nor, in the most pathetic funeral sermons, have I heard the matter made strictly intelligible to your hope. For indeed, though you have always graciously considered your church no less essential a part of your establishment than your stable, you have only been solicitous that there should be no broken-winded steeds in the one, without collateral endeavour to find clerks for the other in whom the breath of the Spirit should be unbroken also.

As yet it is a text which, seeing how often we would fain take the comfort of it, surely invites explanation. The implied difference between those who die in the Lord, and die—otherwise; the essential distinction between the labour from which these blessed ones rest, and the work which in some mysterious way follows them; and the doubt—which must sometimes surely occur painfully to a sick or bereaved squire—whether the labours of his race are always severe enough to make rest sweet, or the works of his

[1] [Gipsy herald, an allusion to "Rouge Sanglier" in *Quentin Durward*, ch. xxxiii.; compare *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 188.]

[2] [Revelation xiv. 13; compare above, Letter 44, § 12 (p. 137).]

race always distinguished enough to make their following superb,—ought, it seems to me, to cause the verse to glow on your (lately, I observe, more artistic) tombstones, like the letters on Belshazzar's wall;[1] and with the more lurid and alarming light, that this "following" of the works is distinctly connected, in the parallel passage of Timothy, with "judgment" upon the works; and that the kinds of them which can securely front such judgment, are there said to be, in some cases, "manifest beforehand," and, in no case, ultimately obscure.[2]

7. "It seems to me," I say, as if such questions should occur to the squire during sickness, or funeral pomp. But the seeming is far from the fact. For I suppose the last idea which is likely ever to enter the mind of a representative squire, in any vivid or tenable manner, would be that anything he had ever done, or said, was liable to a judgment from superior powers; or that any other law than his own will, or the fashion of his society, stronger than his will, existed in relation to the management of his estate. Whereas, according to any rational interpretation of our Church's doctrine, as by law established; if there be one person in the world rather than another to whom it makes a serious difference whether he dies in the Lord or out of Him: and if there be one rather than another who will have strict scrutiny made into his use of every instant of his time, every syllable of his speech, and every action of his hand and foot,—on peril of having hand and foot bound, and tongue scorched, in Tophet,[3]—that responsible person is the British Squire.

Very strange, the unconsciousness of this, in his own mind, and in the minds of all belonging to him. Even the greatest painter of him—the Reynolds who has filled England with the ghosts of her noble squires and dames,[4]—though he ends his last lecture in the Academy with "the

[1] [Daniel v. 5.]
[2] [1 Timothy v. 24–25.]
[3] [See Isaiah xxx. 33, and Jeremiah vii. 31.]
[4] [Compare Vol. VII. p. 378.]

name of Michael Angelo," never for an instant thought of following out the purposes of Michael Angelo,[1] and painting a Last Judgment upon Squires, with the scene of it laid in Leicestershire. Appealing lords and ladies on either hand;—"Behold, Lord, here is Thy land; which I have—as far as my distressed circumstances would permit—laid up in a napkin. Perhaps there may be a cottage or so less upon it than when I came into the estate,—a tree cut down here and there imprudently;—but the grouse and foxes are undiminished. Behold, there Thou hast that is Thine."[2] And what capacities of dramatic effect in the cases of less prudent owners,—those who had said in their hearts, "My Lord delayeth His coming."[3] Michael Angelo's St. Bartholomew,[4] exhibiting his *own* skin flayed off him, awakes but a minor interest in that classic picture. How many an English squire might not we, with more pictorial advantage, see represented as adorned with the flayed skins of other people? Micah the Morasthite, throned above them on the rocks of the mountain of the Lord, while his Master now takes up His parable, "Hear, I pray you, ye heads of Jacob, and ye princes of the house of Israel; Is it not for you to know judgment, who also eat the flesh of my people, and flay their skin from off them, and they break their bones, and chop them in pieces as for the pot?"[5]

8. And how of the appeals on the other side? "Lord, Thou gavest me one land; behold, I have gained beside it ten lands more."[6] You think that an exceptionally economical landlord might indeed be able to say so much for himself; and that the increasing of their estates has at least

[1] [Compare the Notes on the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds: Vol. XXII. p. 500.]

[2] [Compare Matthew xxv. 25, and Luke xix. 20.]

[3] [See the title to this letter.]

[4] [The figure of St. Bartholomew holding forth with one hand his skin hanging over his arm, and grasping his knife in the other, is among the saints and martyrs who surround Christ and His Mother in the fresco of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.]

[5] [Micah iii. 1 and 3.]

[6] [It will be noticed that Ruskin combines the two versions of the parable—the language being here founded on that in Matthew, while the gain of ten from one is only in Luke (xix. 16): in Matthew the recipient of the single talent gains nothing; in Luke all ten servants receive equally one talent.]

been held a desirable thing by all of them, however Fortune, and the sweet thyme-scented Turf of England, might thwart their best intentions. Indeed it is well to have coveted—much more to have gained—increase of estate, in a certain manner. But neither the Morasthite nor his Master has any word of praise for you in appropriating surreptitiously portions, say, of Hampstead Heath, or Hayes Common, or even any bit of gipsy-pot-boiling land at the roadside. Far the contrary: In that day of successful appropriation, there is one that shall take up a parable against you, and say, "We be utterly spoiled. He hath changed the portion of my people; turning away, he hath divided our fields. Therefore thou shalt have none that shall cast a cord by lot in the congregation of the Lord."[1] In modern words, you shall have quite unexpected difficulties in getting your legal documents drawn up to your satisfaction; and truly, as you have divided the fields of the poor, the poor, in their time, shall divide yours.

Nevertheless, in their deepest sense, those triumphant words, "Behold, I have gained beside it ten lands more," must be on the lips of every landlord who honourably enters into his rest; whereas there will soon be considerable difficulty, as I think you are beginning to perceive, not only in gaining more, but even in keeping what you have got.

9. For the gipsy hunt is up also, as well as Harry our King's;[2] and the hue and cry loud against your land and you; your tenure of it is in dispute before a multiplying mob, deaf and blind as you,—frantic for the spoiling of you.

[1] [Micah ii. 4, 5.]

[2] [The reference is to an old ballad, attributed to one Gray, who "did grow unto good estimation with King Henry and afterwards with the Duke of Somerset, Protector, for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was 'The Hunt is Up'" (*The Ballad Literature and Popular Music of the Olden Times*, by W. Chappell, vol. i. p. 60). The lines are:—

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well nigh day,
And Harry our king is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay."

In "the hue and cry" Ruskin was probably thinking of *1 Henry IV.*, Act ii. sc. 4, 556.]

The British Constitution is breaking fast. It never was, in its best days, entirely what its stout owner flattered himself. Neither British Constitution, nor British law, though it blanch every acre with an acre of parchment, sealed with as many seals as the meadow had buttercups, can keep your landlordships safe, henceforward, for an hour. You will have to fight for them as your fathers did, if you mean to keep them.

That is your only sound and divine right to them; and of late you seem doubtful of appeal to it. You think political economy and peace societies will contrive some arithmetical evangel of possession. You will not find it so. If a man is not ready to fight for his land, and for his wife, no legal forms can secure them to him. They can affirm his possession; but neither grant, sanction, nor protect it.[1] To his own love, to his own resolution, the lordship is granted; and to those only.

10. That is the first "labour" of landlords, then. Fierce exercise of body and mind, in so much pugnacity as shall supersede all office of legal documents. Whatever labour you mean to put on your land, your first entirely Divine labour is to keep hold of it. And are you ready for that toil to-day? It will soon be called for. Sooner or later, within the next few years, you will find yourselves in Parliament in front of a majority resolved on the establishment of a Republic, and the division of lands. Vainly the landed millowners will shriek for the "operation of natural laws of political economy." The vast natural law of carnivorous rapine which they have declared their Baal-God,[2] in so many words, will be in *equitable* operation then; and not, as they fondly hoped to keep it, all on their own side. Vain, then, your arithmetical or sophistical defence. You may pathetically plead to the people's majority, that the divided lands will not give much more than the length and breadth of his grave to each mob-proprietor. They will answer, "We will have what we can get;—at all events, *you* shall keep

[1] [Compare Letter 73, § 5 (Vol. XXIX. p. 16).]
[2] [See Letter 42, § 14 (p. 102).]

it no longer." And what will you do? Send for the Life Guards and clear the House, and then, with all the respectable members of society as special constables, guard the streets? That answered well against the Chartist meeting on Kennington Common in 1848. Yes; but in 1880[1] it will not be a Chartist meeting at Kennington, but a magna-and-maxima-Chartist Ecclesia at Westminster, that you must deal with. You will find a difference, and to purpose. Are you prepared to clear the streets with the Woolwich infant,[2]—thinking that out of the mouth of that suckling, God would perfect your praise, and ordain your strength?[3] Be it so; but every grocer's and chandler's shop in the thoroughfares of London is a magazine of petroleum and percussion powder; and there are those who will use both, among the Republicans. And you will see your father the Devil's will done on earth, as it is in hell.

I call him your father, for you have denied your mortal fathers, and the Heavenly One. You have declared, in act and thought, the ways and laws of your sires—obsolete, and of your God—ridiculous; above all, the habits of obedience, and the elements of justice. You were made lords over God's heritage. You thought to make it your own heritage; to be lords of your own land, not of God's land. And to this issue of ownership you are come.

11. And what a heritage it was, you *had* the lordship over! A land of fruitful vales and pastoral mountains; and a heaven of pleasant sunshine and kindly rain; and times of sweet prolonged summer, and cheerful transient winter; and a race of pure heart, iron sinew, splendid fame, and constant faith.

All this was yours! the earth with its fair fruits and innocent creatures;—the firmament with its eternal lights and dutiful seasons;—the men, souls and bodies, your fathers' true servants for a thousand years,—their lives, and

[1] [See *General Statement explaining the Nature and Purposes of St. George's Guild*, § 1 *n.* (Vol. XXX.), where, writing in 1882, Ruskin says that "the history of the Parliament of 1881 has too clearly interpreted these words": see on this subject the Introduction to Vol. XVII. pp. cviii.–cix.]

[2] [See above, p. 95 *n.*]

[3] [Psalms viii. 2; Matthew xxi. 16.]

their children's children's lives given into your hands, to save or to destroy; their food yours,—as the grazing of the sheep is the shepherd's; their thoughts yours,—priest and tutor chosen for them by you; their hearts yours,—if you would but so much as know them by sight and name, and give them the passing grace of your own glance, as you dwelt among them, their king. And all this monarchy and glory, all this power and love, all this land and its people, you pitifullest, foulest of Iscariots, sopped to choking with the best of the feast from Christ's own fingers,[1] you have deliberately sold to the highest bidder;—Christ, and His Poor, and His Paradise together; and instead of sinning only, like poor natural Adam, gathering of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge,[2] you, who don't want to gather it, *touch* it with a vengeance,—cut it down, and sell the timber.

Judases with the big bag—game-bag to wit!—to think how many of your dull Sunday mornings have been spent, for propriety's sake, looking chiefly at those carved angels blowing trumpets above your family vaults; and never one of you has had Christianity enough in him to think that he might as easily have his moors full of angels as of grouse. And now, if ever you did see a real angel before the Day of Judgment, your first thought would be,—to shoot it.[3]

And for your "family" vaults, what will be the use of them to you? Does not Mr. Darwin show you that you can't wash the slugs out of a lettuce without disrespect to your ancestors? Nay, the ancestors of the modern political economist cannot have been so pure;—they were not—he tells you himself—vegetarian slugs, but carnivorous ones[4]—those, to wit, that you see also carved on your tombstones, going in and out at the eyes of skulls. And truly, I don't

[1] [See John xiii. 26.]

[2] [See Genesis iii.]

[3] [In an article entitled "A Dip into the Past" (*Daily News*, March 28, 1906), Mrs. Christina Thompson (mother of Lady Butler, the painter) says: "I remember one day at dinner Ruskin alluded in his ironic way to the deteriorating effects of sportomania in this country. 'Yes,' I interposed, 'if an angel were suddenly to appear in the sky, all our sportsmen would come out with their guns.' Ruskin nodded approval and went on with his dinner." A little time later Mrs. Thompson was "surprised and flattered" to find that he had used her idea in *Fors Clavigera*.]

[4] [See above, p. 102; and below, p. 159.]

know what else the holes in the heads of modern political economists were made for.

If there are any brighter windows in yours—if any audience chambers—if any council chambers—if any crown of walls that the pin of Death has not yet pierced,—it is time for you to rise to your work, whether you live or die.[1]

12. What are you to do, then? First,—the act which will be the foundation of all bettering and strength in your own lives, as in that of your tenants,—fix their rent; under legal assurance that it shall not be raised; and under moral assurance that, if you see they treat your land well, and are likely to leave it to you, if they die, raised in value, the said rent shall be *diminished* in proportion to the improvement; that is to say, providing they pay you the fixed rent during the time of lease, you are to leave to them the entire benefit of whatever increase they can give to the value of the land. Put the bargain in a simple instance. You lease them an orchard of crab-trees for so much a year; they leave you at the end of the lease, an orchard of golden pippins. Supposing they have paid you their rent regularly, you have no right to anything more than what you lent them—crab-trees, to wit. You must pay them for the better trees which by their good industry they give you back, or, which is the same thing, previously reduce their rent in proportion to the improvement in apples. "The exact contrary," you observe, "of your present modes of proceeding." Just so, gentlemen; and it is not improbable that the exact contrary in many other cases of your present modes of proceeding will be found by you, eventually, the proper one, and more than that, the necessary one. Then the second thing you have to do is to determine the income necessary for your own noble and peaceful country life; and setting that aside out of the rents, for a constant sum, to be habitually lived well within limits of, put your heart and strength into the right employment of the rest for the bettering of your estates, in

[1] [See above, p. 147.]

ways which the farmers for their own advantage could not or would not; for the growth of more various plants; the cherishing, not killing, of beautiful living creatures—bird, beast, and fish;[1] and the establishment of such schools of History, Natural History, and Art, as may enable your farmers' children, with your own, to know the meaning of the words Beauty, Courtesy, Compassion, Gladness, and Religion. Which last word, primarily, (you have not always forgotten to teach this one truth, because it chanced to suit your ends, and even the teaching of this one truth has been beneficent;)—Religion, primarily, means "Obedience"—binding to something, or some one.[2] To be bound, or in bonds, as apprentice; to be bound, or in bonds, by military oath; to be bound, or in bonds, as a servant to man; to be bound, or in bonds, under the yoke of God. These are all divinely instituted, eternally necessary, conditions of Religion; beautiful, inviolable captivity and submission of soul in life and death. This essential meaning of Religion it was your office mainly to teach,—each of you captain and king, leader and lawgiver, to his people;—vicegerents of your Captain, Christ.[3] And now—you miserable jockeys and gamesters—you can't get a seat in Parliament for those all but worn-out buckskin breeches of yours, but by taking off your hats to the potboy.[4] Pretty classical statues you will make, Coriolanuses[5] of the nineteenth century, humbly promising, not to your people gifts of corn, but to your potboys, stealthy sale of adulterated beer!

Obedience!—you dare not so much as utter the word, whether to potboy, or any other sort of boy, it seems, lately; and the half of you still calling themselves Lords,

[1] [Ruskin in his copy here notes, "Love's Meinie"; for the passage of which he was thinking, see Vol. XXV. p. 132.]

[2] [Compare Letter 12, § 31 (Vol. XXVII. p. 219); and see *ibid.*, p. 194 *n.* Compare also Letters 69, § 16, and 70, § 7 (below, pp. 701, 718).]

[3] [See Letter 25, § 15 (Vol. XXVII. p. 459).]

[4] [The reference here is to the General Election of 1874, in which the brewers and publicans made much capital against the Liberal Government on account of the Licensing Act of 1872; and to the Intoxicating Liquors Bill which the succeeding Conservative Government at once introduced—slightly relaxing the Act of 1872 and, in the opinion of its opponents, "affording increased facilities for drinking" (see Hansard, May 11, 1874).]

[5] [See *Coriolanus*, Act i. sc. 1.]

Marquises, Sirs, and other such ancient names, which—though omniscient Mr. Buckle[1] says they and their heraldry are nought—some little prestige lingers about still. You yourselves, what do you yet mean by them—Lords of what?—Herrs, Signors, Dukes of what?—of whom? Do you mean merely, when you go to the root of the matter, that you sponge on the British farmer for your living, and are strong-bodied paupers compelling your dole?

18. To that extent, there is still, it seems, some force in you. Heaven keep it in you; for, as I have said, it will be tried, and soon; and you would even yourselves see what was coming, but that in your hearts—not from cowardice, but from shame,—you are not sure whether you will be ready to fight for your dole; and would fain persuade yourselves it will still be given you for form's sake, or pity's.

No, my lords and gentlemen,—you won it at the lance's point, and must so hold it, against the clubs of Sempach, if still you may. No otherwise. You won "*it*," I say,—your dole,—as matters now stand. But perhaps, as matters used to stand, something else. As receivers of alms, you will find there is no fight in you. No beggar, nor herd of beggars, can fortify so very wide circumference of dish. And the real secret of those strange breakings of the lance by the clubs of Sempach, is—"that villanous saltpetre"[2]—you think? No, Shakesperian lord; nor even the sheaf-binding of Arnold, which so stopped the shaking of the fruitless spicula.[3] The utter and inmost secret is, that

[1] [For other references to H. T. Buckle's *History of Civilization in Europe*, see Vol. XXII. p. 500, and Letters 75 and 87 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 59, 362 *n.*).]

[2] [*1 King Henry IV.*, Act i. sc. 3.]

[3] [Ruskin in his copy here compares "the corn of spears" with the passage below at the end of § 18. "In this, the last of the series of encounters with the Austrians (Sempach, July 9th, 1386), the Swiss could at first make no impression on the close ranks of the Austrians, all bristling with spears. But Anthony Zer Port of Uri cried to his men to strike with their halberds on the shafts of the spears, which he knew were made hollow to render them lighter; and, at the same time, Arnold of Winkelried, a knight from Unterwalden, devoting himself to his country, cried out 'I'll open a way for you, confederates'; and seizing as many spears as he could grasp in his arms, dragged them down with his whole weight and strength upon his own bosom, and thus made an opening for his countrymen to penetrate the Austrian ranks. This act of heroism decided the victory" (A. Vieusseux, *History of Switzerland*, p. 64).]

you have been fighting these three hundred years for what you could *get* instead of what you could *give*. You were ravenous enough in rapine in the olden times;* but you lived fearlessly and innocently by it, because, essentially, you wanted money and food to give,—not to consume; to maintain your followers with, not to swallow yourselves. Your chivalry was founded, invariably, by knights who were content all their lives with their horse and armour and daily bread. Your kings, of true power, never desired for themselves more, down to the last of them, Friedrich.[1] What they *did* desire was strength of manhood round them, and, in their own hands, the power of largesse.

14. "Largesse." The French word is obsolete; one Latin equivalent, Liberalitas, is fast receiving another, and not altogether similar significance, among English Liberals. The other Latin equivalent, Generosity, has become doubly meaningless, since modern political economy and politics neither require virtue, nor breeding. The Greek, or Greek-descended, equivalents—Charity, Grace, and the like, your Grace the Duke of —— can perhaps tell me what has become of *them*. Meantime, of all the words, "Largesse," the entirely obsolete one, is the perfectly chivalric one; and therefore, next to the French description of Franchise,[2] we will now read the French description of Largesse,—putting first, for comparison with it, a few more sentences† from the secretary's speech at the meeting of Social Science in Glasgow; and remembering also the *Pall*

* The reader will perhaps now begin to see the true bearing of the earlier letters in *Fors*. Re-read, with this letter, that on the campaign of Crécy.[3]

† I wish I could find room also for the short passages I omit; but one I quoted before,[4] "As no one will deny that man possesses carnivorous teeth," etc., and the others introduce collateral statements equally absurd, but with which at present we are not concerned.

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[1] [On the character of Frederick the Great, see *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 162 (Vol. XVIII. p. 515).]

[2] [See Letter 43, § 7 (p. 114).]

[3] [Letter 4, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 72). See also Letter 80, § 15 (Vol. XXIX. p. 185).]

[4] [Letter 42, § 14 (p. 103).]

Mall Gazette's exposition of the perfection of Lord Derby's idea of agriculture, in the hands of the landowner—"Cultivating" (by machinery) "large farms *for himself*."[1]

"Exchange is the result, put into action, of the desire to possess that which belongs to another, controlled by reason and conscientiousness. It is difficult to conceive of any human transaction that cannot be resolved, in some form or other, into the idea of an exchange. All that *is* essential in production *are*" (*sic*, only italics mine) "directly evolved from this source."

. . . . . .

"Man has therefore been defined to be an animal that exchanges. It will be seen, however, that he not only exchanges, but from the fact of his belonging, in part, to the order CARNIVORA, that he also inherits, to a considerable degree, the desire to possess without exchanging; or, in other words, by fraud and violence, when such can be used for his own advantage, without danger to himself."[2]

. . . . . .

"Reason would immediately suggest to one of superior strength, that, however desirable it might be to take possession, by violence, of what another had laboured to produce, he might be treated in the same way by one stronger than himself; to which he, of course, would have great objection."

. . . . . .

"In order, therefore, to prevent, or put a stop to, a practice which each would object to in his own case, and which, besides, would put a stop to production altogether, both reason and a sense of justice would suggest the act of exchange, as the only proper mode of obtaining things from one another."

. . . . . .

15. To anybody who *had* either reason or a sense of justice, it might possibly have suggested itself that, except for the novelty of the thing, *mere* exchange profits nobody, and presupposes a coincidence, or rather a harmonious dissent, of opinion not always attainable.

Mr. K. has a kettle, and Mr. P. has a pot. Mr. P. says to Mr. K., "I would rather have your kettle than my pot;" and if, coincidently, Mr. K. is also in a discontented humour, and can say to Mr. P., "I would rather have your pot than my kettle," why—both Hanses are in luck, and

[1] [Not *Pall Mall Gazette* but *Daily Telegraph:* see Letter 10, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 166).]

[2] [For another reference to this passage, see Letter 77, § 3 (Vol. XXIX. p. 110): and for a repetition of the sentence, printed for "the monumental vileness of it" in capitals, see Letter 81, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. p. 199).]

all is well; but is their carnivorous instinct thus to be satisfied? Carnivorous instinct says, in both cases, "I want both pot and kettle myself, and you to have neither," and is entirely unsatisfiable on the principle of exchange. The ineffable blockhead who wrote the paper forgot that the principle of division of labour *underlies* that of exchange, and does not arise out of it, but is the only reason for it. If Mr. P. can make two pots, and Mr. K. two kettles, and so, by exchange, both become possessed of a pot and a kettle, all is well. But the profit of the business is in the additional production, and only the convenience in the subsequent exchange. For, indeed, there are in the main two great fallacies which the rascals of the world rejoice in making its fools proclaim: the first, that by continually exchanging, and cheating each other on exchange, two exchanging persons, out of one pot, alternating with one kettle, can make their two fortunes. That is the principle of *Trade.* The second, that Judas' bag has become a juggler's,[1] in which, if Mr. P. deposits his pot, and waits awhile, there will come out two pots, both full of broth; and Mr. K. deposits his kettle, and waits awhile, there will come out two kettles both full of fish! That is the principle of *Interest.*

16. However, for the present, observe simply the conclusion of our social science expositor, that "the art of exchange is the only proper mode of obtaining things from one another;" and now compare with this theory that of old chivalry, namely, that gift was also a good way, both of losing and gaining.[2]

> "And after, in the dance, went
> Largesse, that set all her intent
> For to be honourable and free.
> Of Alexander's kin was she;

[1] [For the "Judasian heresy," see Letter 82, § 5 *n.* (Vol. XXIX. p. 225).]

[2] [Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose,* 1138–1149, 1176–1185. The lines "Her mostë joy," etc., are quoted also in *Munera Pulveris,* Vol. XVII. p. 292, and in *Val d'Arno,* § 199 (Vol. XXIII. p. 117).]

Her mostë joy was, I wis,
When that she gave, and said, 'Have this.'*
Not Avarice, the foul caitiff,†
Was half, to gripe, so ententive,
As Largesse is to give, and spend.
And God always enough her send, (sent)
So that the more she gave away,
The more, I wis, she had alway.
. . . . . .
Largesse had on a robe fresh
Of rich purpure, sarlinish;‡
Well formed was her face, and clear,
And open had she her colere, (collar)
For she right then had in present
Unto a lady made present
Of a gold brooch, full well wrought;
And certes, it mis-set her nought,
For through her smocke, wrought with silk,
The flesh was seen as white as milke."

* I must warn you against the false reading of the original, in many editions. Fournier's five-volume one is altogether a later text, in some cases with interesting intentional modifications, probably of the fifteenth century; but oftener with destruction of the older meaning. It gives this couplet, for instance,—

"Si n'avoit el plaisir de rien,
Que quant elle donnoit du sien."

The old reading is,

"Si n'avoit elle joie de rien,
Fors quant elle povoit dire, 'tien.'"

Didot's edition, Paris, 1814, is founded on very early and valuable texts; but it is difficult to read. Chaucer has translated a text some twenty or thirty years later in style; and his English is quite trustworthy as far as it is carried. For the rest of the Romance, Fournier's text is practically good enough, and easily readable.[1]

† Fr. "chétive," rhyming accurately to "ententive."[2]

‡ Fr. Sarrasinesse.[3]

[1] [Fournier and Didot are the publishers, not the editors. "Fournier's" edition, with notes, glossary, etc., is in five volumes, large octavo, finely printed: *an.* vii. (1798). Didot's (four volumes, octavo) is "nouvelle édition revue et corrigée sur les meilleurs et plus anciens manuscrits, par M. Méon." (On the various editions, see the Introduction to *The Romaunt of the Rose* in R. Bell's *Poetical Works of Chaucer*, vol. iv.) There is a beautiful MS. of the *Roman* in the British Museum (Harl. MSS., 1762). Ruskin himself had a MS. of the *Roman* of about 1380, "with beautiful little dark grey vignettes": see (in a later volume of this edition) his letter to C. E. Norton of August 14, 1870.]

[2] ["Mais Avarice la chétive
N'est pas songeuse n'ententive
Comme Largesse de donner."]

[3] ["Sarlynysh. Probably a mistake of the scrivener for sarsynysh, from the A.N. *sarrasinois*, a kind of thin silk, still called *sarcenet*" (note in the Glossary to Bohn's edition of *Chaucer*, 1886, vol. iv. p. 489).]

Think over that, ladies, and gentlemen who love them, for a pretty way of being decolletée. Even though the flesh should be a little sunburnt sometimes,—so that it be the Sun of Righteousness, and not Baal, who shines on it—though it darken from the milk-like flesh to the colour of the Madonna of Chartres,[1]—in this world you shall be able to say, I am black, but comely;[2] and, dying, shine as the brightness of the firmament—as the stars for ever and ever.[3] *They* do not receive their glories,—however one differeth in glory from another,[4]—either by, or on, Exchange.

Lucca. (*Assumption of the Virgin.*)

17. "As the stars, *for ever.*" Perhaps we had better not say that,—modern science looking pleasantly forward to the extinction of a good many of them. But it will be well to shine like them, if but for a little while.

You probably did not understand why, in a former letter, the Squire's special duty towards the peasant was said to be "presenting a celestial appearance to him."[5]

That is, indeed, his appointed missionary work; and still more definitely, his wife's.

The giving of loaves is indeed the lady's first duty;[6] the first, but the least.

Next, comes the giving of brooches;—seeing that her people are dressed charmingly and neatly, as well as herself, and have pretty furniture, like herself.*

* Even after eighteen hundred years of sermons, the Christian public do not clearly understand that "two coats," in the brief sermon of the Baptist to repentance,[7] mean also, two petticoats, and the like.

I am glad that Fors obliges me to finish this letter at Lucca, under the special protection of St. Martin.[8]

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[1] [For "La Vierge Noire" of Chartres, see Vol. I. pp. 429–430.]
[2] [Canticles i. 5.]
[3] [Daniel xii. 3.]
[4] [See 1 Corinthians xv. 41.]
[5] [See Letter 11, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 185).]
[6] [See *Sesame and Lilies*, § 88 (Vol. XVIII. p. 138); and compare *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 379; also Letter 93, § 6 (Vol. XXIX. p. 472).]
[7] [See Luke iii. 11.]
[8] [The Duomo of Lucca being dedicated to him; between two of the arches of the portico is a statue of St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar. The letter

But her chief duty of all—is to be, Herself, lovely.

> "That through her smocke, wrought with silk,
> The flesh be seen as white as milke." *

Flesh, ladies mine, you observe; and not any merely illuminated resemblance of it, after the fashion of the daughter of Ethbaal.[1] It is your duty to be lovely, not by candle-light, but sunshine; not out of a window or opera-box, but on the bare ground.

Which that you may be,—if through the smocke the flesh, then, much more, through the flesh, the spirit must be seen "as white as milke."[2]

18. I have just been drawing, or trying to draw, Giotto's "Poverty" (Sancta Paupertas) at Assisi.[3] You may very

* Fr., "Si que par oula la chemise
Lui blancheoit la char alise."

Look out "Alice," in Miss Yonge's Dictionary of Christian Names, and remember Alice of Salisbury.[4]

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was also begun at Lucca, on August 2 (see heading); apparently some portion of it had been written at Pistoia (where he was on August 6), though he returned to Lucca next day, and remained past the Assumption of the Virgin (August 15) to August 19. Compare Letter 61, § 2 (p. 485).]

[1] ["Jezebel the daughter of Ethbaal, King of the Zidonians." "She painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window. . . ." : see 1 Kings xvi. 31, and 2 Kings ix. 30, 33.]

[2] [With § 17, compare Letter 80, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 176 *n.*).]

[3] [The plate here given (I.) is from a photograph of the fresco. For other references to the fresco and Ruskin's copy of it, see Vol. XXIII. p. xliv.; Letter 48, § 7 (below, p. 207); and Letter 76, § 9 (Vol. XXIX. p. 91). The following letter to Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh has a note first upon the same fresco, and then upon the companion fresco, "Chastity," in which Love is being driven away by Penitence :—

"ASSISI, *27th June*, 1874.

"DEAREST DR. BROWN,—I forgot to answer you about Giotto. It is Karitas who is Poverty's bridesmaid, and she wears, herself, a crown of white roses which burn up into fire in the outer leaves. The 'Amor' is not Lust, but the Greek Eros. How Giotto, with all his common-sense, gave in at all to the monkish confusion of love with lust, I can't quite make out, but the distinction runs dreadfully fine near the edge. I suspect Giotto had seen a good deal of mischief come of even the most romantic love; God knows some other people have too. But I think you may take his Amor as that of Francesca di Rimini in Dante's view of it.

"Ever your loving, in the Charitate Dei,
"J. RUSKIN."]

[4] [For "Alice of Salisbury," and "the reflection of her great nobleness and her great beauty," see Letter 31, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 570). It is not clear what Ruskin intended to suggest by citing Miss Yonge's account of the name Alice in connexion with the words in the *Romaunt of the Rose*. "Char (chair) alise" means

likely know the chief symbolism of the picture: that Poverty is being married to St. Francis, and that Christ marries them, while her bare feet are entangled in thorns, but behind her head is a thicket of rose and lily. It is less likely you should be acquainted with the farther details of the group.

The thorns are of the acacia, which, according to tradition, was used to weave Christ's crown. The roses are in two clusters,—palest red,* and deep crimson; the one on her right, the other on her left; above her head, pure white on the golden ground, rise the Annunciation Lilies.[1] She is not crowned with them, observe; they are behind her: she is crowned only with her own hair, wreathed in a tress with which she had bound her short bridal veil. For dress, she has—her smocke only; and *that* torn, and torn again, and patched, diligently; except just at the shoulders, and a little below the throat, where Giotto has torn it, too late for her to mend; and the fair flesh is seen through, so white that one cannot tell where the rents are, except when quite close.

For girdle, she has the Franciscan's cord; but that also is white, as if spun of silk; her whole figure, like a statue of snow, seen against the shade of her purple wings: for she is already one of the angels. A crowd of them, on each side, attend her; two, her sisters, are her bridesmaids also. Giotto has written their names above them—Spes; Karitas;—their sister's Christian name he has written in the lilies, for those of us who have truly learned to read. Charity is *crowned* with white roses, which burst, as they open, into flames; and she gives the bride a marriage gift.

* I believe the pale roses are meant to be white, but are tinged with red that they may not contend with the symbolic brightness of the lilies.[2]

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flesh which is smooth, polished (=lisse). Miss Yonge (in her *History of Christian Names*, p. 411, 1884 edition) explains, agreeing with other authorities, that "*Alice* is a corrupted form of *Adeliza*; the whole group of names, Alice, Adelaide, Adela, Alice, Elsie, being derived from the German *Adel* (=noble)."]

[1] ["*i.e.*, not Fleur-de-lys, but real lilies."—*MS. note by Author in his own copy.*]

[2] [For Giotto's symbolism in colour, compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 56 (Vol. XXIII. p. 351).]

Photo Alinari

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The Marriage of St. Francis and Poverty

From the fresco by Giotto at Assisi

"An apple," say the interpreters.

Not so. It was some one else than Charity who gave the first bride *that* gift. It is a heart.[1]

Hope only points upwards; and while Charity has the golden nimbus round her head circular (infinite), like that of Christ and the eternal angels, *she* has her glory set within the lines that limit the cell of the bee,—hexagonal.

And the bride has hers, also, so restricted: nor though she and her bridesmaids are sisters, are they dressed alike; but one in red; and one in green; and one, robe, flesh and spirit, a statue of Snow,

"La terza parea neve, teste mossa."[2]

Do you know now, any of you, ladies mine, what Giotto's lilies mean between the roses? or how they may also grow among the Sesame of knightly spears?[3]

19. Not one of you, maid or mother, though I have besought you these four years (except only one or two of my personal friends), has joined St. George's Company.[4] You probably think St. George may advise some different arrangements in Hanover Square? It is possible; for his own knight's cloak is white, and he may wish you to bear such celestial appearance constantly. You talk often of bearing Christ's cross;[5] do you never think of putting on Christ's robes,—those that He wore on Tabor?[6] nor know

[1] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 94 (Vol. XXIII. p. 383).]

[2] [Dante, *Purgatorio*, xxix. 126: "Snow new-fallen seem'd the third" (Cary).]

[3] [Compare the Introduction to *Sesame and Lilies*, Vol. XVIII. pp. lvii.–lviii. Ruskin in his copy here refers, for "the corn," or sesame, "of knightly spears," to the passage above (p. 157), and writes this couplet:—

"As the west wind breaks through the sharp corn-ears,
Did my dark horse bear through the bended spears."

The lines are his own: see *A Scythian Banquet Song*, xix. (Vol. II. pp. 65–66).]

[4] [The author received a challenge to this statement, and replied: see Letter 49, §§ 13–16 (pp. 245–248). See also Letter 77, § 11 (Vol. XXIX. p. 119).]

[5] [Matthew xvi. 24. Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 29 (Vol. XXII. p. 317).]

[6] [Ruskin, it will be seen, here accepts the tradition which connects Mount Tabor with the Transfiguration. More probably, however, that event occurred on Mount Hermon. This is the view which Ruskin himself urges in *Modern Painters*: see Vol. VI. p. 464, and compare Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, pp. 351, 399 (1873 edition).]

what lamps they were which the wise virgins trimmed for the marriage feast?[1] You think, perhaps, you can go in to that feast in gowns made half of silk, and half of cotton, spun in your Lancashire cotton-mills; and that the Americans have struck oil enough—(lately, I observe also, native gas[2]),—to supply any number of belated virgins?

It is not by any means so, fair ladies. It is only your newly adopted Father who tells you so. Suppose, learning what it is to be generous, you recover your descent from God, and then weave your household dresses white with your own fingers? For as no fuller *on* earth can white them,[3] but the light of a living faith,—so no demon *under* the earth can darken them like the shadow of a dead one.[4] And your modern English "faith without works" *is* dead;[5] and would to God she were buried too, for the stench of her goes up to His throne from a thousand fields of blood. *Weave*, I say,—you have trusted far too much lately to the washing,—your household raiment white; go out in the morning to Ruth's field, to sow as well as to glean;[6] sing your Te Deum, at evening, thankfully, as God's daughters, —and there shall be no night there,[7] for your light shall so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify[8]—not Baal the railroad accident[9]—but

"L'Amor che muove il Sole, e l'altre stelle."[10]

[1] [Matthew xxv. 4.]
[2] [Especially, at the time of Ruskin's writing, at Pittsburg, whose manufacturers thus for many years subsequently enjoyed a smokeless and extraordinarily cheap fuel.]
[3] [Mark ix. 3.]
[4] [Ruskin in his copy specially marks this sentence on faith, and italicises *on* and *under*.]
[5] [Compare James ii. 17.]
[6] [Ruth ii. 2.]
[7] [Revelation xxi. 25.]
[8] [Matthew v. 16.]
[9] [See above, § 3.]
[10] [Dante, *Paradiso*, last line.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

20. I HAVE had by me for some time a small pamphlet, "The Agricultural Labourer, by a Farmer's Son,"* kindly sent me by the author. The matter of it is excellent as far as it reaches; but the writer speaks as if the existing arrangements between landlord, farmer, and labourer must last for ever. If he will look at the article on "Peasant Farming" in the *Spectator* of July 4th of this year, he may see grounds for a better hope. That article is a review of Mr. W. Thornton's *Plea for Peasant Proprietors;*[1] and the following paragraph from it may interest, and perhaps surprise, other readers besides my correspondent. Its first sentence considerably surprises *me,* to begin with; so I have italicized it:—

"*This country is only just beginning to be seriously roused to the fact that it has an agricultural question at all;* and some of those most directly interested therein are, in their pain and surprise at the discovery, hurrying so fast the wrong way, that it will probably take a long time to bring them round again to sensible thoughts, after most of the rest of the community are ready with an answer.

"The primary object of this book is to combat the pernicious error of a large school of English economists with reference to the hurtful character of small farms and small landed properties. . . . One would think that the evidence daily before a rural economist, in the marvellous extra production of a market garden, or even a peasant's allotment, over an ordinary farm, might suffice to raise doubts whether vast fields tilled by steam, weeded by patent grubbers, and left otherwise to produce in rather a happy-go-lucky fashion, were likely to be the most advanced and profitable of all cultivated lands. On this single point of production, Mr. Thornton conclusively proves the small farmer to have the advantage.

"The extreme yields of the very highest English farming are even exceeded in Guernsey, and in that respect the evidence of the greater productiveness of small farming over large is overwhelming. The Channel Islands not only feed their own population, but are large exporters of provisions as well.

"Small farms being thus found to be more advantageous, it is but an easy step to peasant proprietors."

Stop a moment, Mr. Spectator. The step is easy, indeed;—so is a step into a well, or out of a window. There is no question whatever, in any country, or at any time, respecting the expediency of small farming; but whether the small farmer should be the proprietor of his land, *is* a very awkward question indeed in some countries. Are you aware, Mr. Spectator,

* Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

[1] [William Thomas Thornton, C.B. (1813–1880); secretary for public works to the India Office; a disciple and friend of J. S. Mill; author of *Over-Population and its Remedies* (1845), advocating sub-division of land; his *Plea for Peasant Proprietors* was first published in 1848.]

that your "easy step," taken in two lines and a breath, means what I, with all my Utopian zeal,[1] have been fourteen years writing on Political Economy, without venturing to hint at, except under my breath;—some considerable modification, namely, in the position of the existing British landlord?—nothing less, indeed, if your "step" were to be completely taken, than the reduction of him to a "small peasant proprietor"? And unless he can show some reason against it, the "easy step" will most assuredly be taken with him.

Yet I have assumed, in this *Fors*, that it is not to be taken. That under certain modifications of his system of Rent, he may still remain lord of his land,—may, and ought, provided always he knows what it is to be lord of *any*thing. Of which I hope to reason farther in the *Fors* for November of this year.[2]

[1] [This is a reference to another remark in the *Spectator:* see Letter 46, § 17 (p. 185).]

[2] [See Letter 47, § 13 (p. 197).]

LETTER 46

THE SACRISTAN[1]

FLORENCE, *28th August*, 1874.

1. I INTENDED this letter to have been published on my mother's birthday, the second of next month. Fors, however, has entirely declared herself against that arrangement, having given me a most unexpected piece of work here, in drawing the Emperor, King, and Baron, who, throned by Simone Memmi[2] beneath the Duomo of Florence, beside a Pope, Cardinal, and Bishop, represented, to the Florentine mind of the fourteenth century, the sacred powers of the State in their fixed relation to those of the Church. The Pope lifts his right hand to bless, and holds the crosier in his left; having no powers but of benediction and protection. The Emperor holds his sword upright in his right hand, and a skull in his left,[3] having alone the power of death. Both have triple crowns; but the Emperor alone has a nimbus. The King has the diadem of fleur-de-lys, and the ball and globe; the Cardinal, a book. The Baron has his warrior's sword; the Bishop, a pastoral staff. And the whole scene is very beautifully expressive of what have been by learned authors supposed the Republican or Liberal opinions of Florence, in her day of pride.

2. The picture (fresco), in which this scene occurs, is the most complete piece of theological and political teaching given to us by the elder arts of Italy; and this particular portion of it is of especial interest to me, not only

[1] [See below, § 7. "The Sacristan's Cell" (see § 7) and "The Six Days" (see § 9) were rejected titles for this letter.]

[2] [More correctly, Simone Martini: see Vol. XXIII. p. 455.]

[3] [Ruskin here notes, "Needs correction": see the full account of the fresco by Mr. R. Caird in Vol. XXIII., where it is explained (p. 439) that the skull is "the diabolical invention of the restorer—originally it was merely a globe."]

as exponent of the truly liberal and communist principles which I am endeavouring to enforce in these letters for the future laws of the St. George's Company; but also because my maternal grandmother[1] was the landlady of the Old King's Head in Market Street, Croydon; and I wish she were alive again, and I could paint her Simone Memmi's King's head, for a sign.

My maternal grandfather was, as I have said,[2] a sailor, who used to embark, like Robinson Crusoe, at Yarmouth, and come back at rare intervals, making himself very delightful at home. I have an idea he had something to do with the herring business, but am not clear on that point; my mother never being much communicative concerning it. He spoiled her, and her (younger) sister, with all his heart, when he was at home; unless there appeared any tendency to equivocation, or imaginative statements, on the part of the children, which were always unforgiveable. My mother being once perceived by him to have distinctly told him a lie, he sent the servant out forthwith to buy an entire bundle of new broom twigs to whip her with. "They did not hurt me so much as *one* would have done," said my mother, "but I *thought* a good deal of it."

3. My grandfather was killed at two-and-thirty, by trying to ride, instead of walk, into Croydon; he got his leg crushed by his horse against a wall; and died of the hurt's mortifying. My mother was then seven or eight years old, and, with her sister, was sent to quite a fashionable (for Croydon) day-school (Mrs. Rice's), where my mother was taught evangelical principles, and became the pattern girl and best sewer in the school; and where my aunt absolutely refused evangelical principles, and became the plague and pet of it.

4. My mother, being a girl of great power, with not a little pride, grew more and more exemplary in her entirely

[1] [§§ 2–6 of this letter were used by Ruskin when writing *Præterita*, where they appear, slightly revised, as §§ 8–12 of vol. i. ch. i. His autobiographical notes are resumed in Letter 51, § 2 (p. 271).]

[2] [See above, Letter 45, § 5 (p. 147).]

conscientious career, much laughed at, though much beloved, by her sister; who had more wit, less pride, and no conscience. At last my mother, being a consummate housewife, was sent for to Scotland to take care of my paternal grandfather's house; who was gradually ruining himself; and who at last effectually ruined, and killed, himself. My father came up to London; was a clerk in a merchant's house for nine years, without a holiday; then began business on his own account; paid his father's debts; and married his exemplary Croydon cousin.

5. Meantime my aunt had remained in Croydon, and married a baker. By the time I was four years old, and beginning to recollect things,—my father rapidly taking higher commercial position in London,—there was traceable —though to me, as a child, wholly incomprehensible—just the least possible shade of shyness on the part of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, towards Market Street, Croydon. But whenever my father was ill,—and hard work and sorrow had already set their mark on him,—we all went down to Croydon to be petted by my homely aunt; and walk on Duppas Hill, and on the heather of Addington.

6. My aunt lived in the little house still standing—or which was so four months ago—the fashionablest in Market Street, having actually two windows over the shop, in the second story; but I never troubled myself about that superior part of the mansion, unless my father happened to be making drawings in Indian ink, when I would sit reverently by and watch; my chosen domains being, at all other times, the shop, the bakehouse, and the stones round the spring of crystal water at the back door (long since let down into the modern sewer); and my chief companion, my aunt's dog, Towzer, whom she had taken pity on when he was a snappish starved vagrant; and made a brave and affectionate dog of: which was the kind of thing she did for every living creature that came in her way, all her life long.

7. (And now I go on with the piece of this letter written last month at Assisi.) I am sitting now in the

Sacristan's cell at Assisi.[1] Its roof is supported by three massive beams,—not squared beams, but tree trunks barked, with the grand knots left in them, answering all the purpose of sculpture. The walls are of rude white plaster, though there is a Crucifixion by Giottino[2] on the back of one, outside the door; the floor, brick; the table, olive wood; the windows two, and only about four feet by two in the opening (but giving plenty of light in the sunny morning, aided by the white walls), looking out on the valley of the Tescio. Under one of them, a small arched stove for cooking; in a square niche beside the other, an iron wash-hand stand,—that is to say, a tripod of good fourteenth-century work, carrying a grand brown porringer, two feet across, and half a foot deep. Between the windows is the fireplace, the wall above it rich brown with the smoke. Hung against the wall behind me are a saucepan, gridiron, and toasting-fork; and in the wall a little door, closed only by a brown canvas curtain, opening to an inner cell nearly filled by the bedstead; and at the side of the room a dresser, with cupboard below, and two wine flasks, and three pots of Raphael ware[3] on the top of it, together with the first volume of the "Maraviglie di Dio nell, anime del Purgatorio, del padre Carlo Gregorio Rosignoli, della Compagnia de Gesu" (Roma, 1841).[4] There is a bird singing outside; a constant low hum of flies, making the ear sure it is summer; a dove cooing, very low; and absolutely nothing else to be heard, I find, after listening with great care. And I feel entirely at home, because the room—except in the one point of being extremely dirty—is just the kind of thing I used to see in my aunt's bakehouse; and the country and the sweet valley outside still rest in peace, such as used to be on the Surrey hills in the olden days.

[1] [See the lower of the two sketches by Ruskin here reproduced (Plate II.): "Sacristan's cell and my study." The upper sketch is of the Church of S. Francesco.]

[2] [Giotto di Stefano.]

[3] ["Raphael ware"; that is, pictured majolica of Urbino, a namesake and relation of Raphael Sanzio being a skilful painter of such ware.]

[4] [The first edition, 1839, is in one volume.]

Ruskin — Allen & Co. Sc.

Assisi: the Church of S Francesco and the Sacristans Cell.

8. And now I am really going to begin my steady explanation of what the St. George's Company have to do.

(1.[1]) You are to do good work, whether you live or die. "What *is* good work?" you ask. Well you may! For your wise pastors and teachers, though they have been very careful to assure you that good works are the fruits of faith, and follow after justification,[2] have been so certain of that fact that they never have been the least solicitous to explain to you, and still less to discover for themselves, what good works *were;* content if they perceived a general impression on the minds of their congregations that good works meant going to church and admiring the sermon on Sundays, and making as much money as possible in the rest of the week.

It is true, one used to hear almsgiving and prayer sometimes recommended by old-fashioned country ministers. But "the poor are now to be raised without gifts," says my very hard-and-well-working friend Miss Octavia Hill;[3] and prayer is entirely inconsistent with the laws of hydro (and other) statics, says the Duke of Argyll.[4]

It may be so, for aught I care, just now. Largesse and supplication may or may not be still necessary in the world's economy. They are not, and never were, part of the world's work. For no man can give till he has been paid his own wages; and still less can he ask his Father for the said wages till he has done his day's duty for them.

[1] [Ruskin does not, however, go on to the other injunctions, as set forth in Letter 2, § 22 (Vol. XXVII. p. 44).]

[2] [Prayer-book (Article XII.).]

[3] [See Letter 10, § 15 (Vol. XXVII. p. 175).]

[4] [The reference is to a controversy on the efficacy of Prayer, which had been raging in the Reviews. The Duke of Argyll's contribution was in the *Contemporary Review* for February 1873, vol. 21, pp. 464 *seq.* The various articles were reprinted at Boston (U.S.A.) in a volume, edited by J. O. Means, under the title *The Prayer-Gauge Debate.* The Duke's paper, however, hardly bears out Ruskin's statement; see also the Duke's remarks on Prayer in *The Reign of Law,* ch. ii. His position was that the physical and spiritual spheres could not be sharply separated: "Reason, science, and revelation alike point to the folly and ignorance of any attempt to draw an absolute line where we confessedly have not the knowledge to enable us to do so, and confirm the sound philosophy, as well as the piety, of the old Christian practice of 'in all things making our requests known,' with the over-riding, over-ruling condition, 'nevertheless not our will, but Thine, be done.'"]

Neither almsgiving nor praying, therefore, nor psalm-singing, nor even—as poor Livingstone thought, to his own death, and our bitter loss[1]—discovering the mountains of the Moon, have anything to do with "good work," or God's work. But it is not so very difficult to discover what that work is. You keep the Sabbath, in imitation of God's rest. Do, by all manner of means, if you like; and keep also the rest of the week in imitation of God's work.

9. It is true that, according to tradition, that work was done a long time ago, "before the chimneys in Zion were hot, and ere the present years were sought out, and or ever the inventions of them that now sin were turned; and before they were sealed that have gathered faith for a treasure."* But the established processes of it continue, as his Grace of Argyll has argutely observed;—and your own work will be good, if it is in harmony with them, and duly sequent of them. Nor are even the first main facts or operations by any means inimitable, on a duly subordinate scale, for if Man be made in God's image,[2] much more is Man's work made to be the image of God's work. So therefore look to your model, very simply stated for you in the nursery tale of Genesis.

Day First.—The Making, or letting in, of Light.
Day Second.—The Discipline and Firmament of Waters.
Day Third.—The Separation of earth from water, and planting the secure earth with trees.
Day Fourth.—The Establishment of time and seasons, and of the authority of the stars.
Day Fifth.—Filling the water and air with fish and birds.
Day Sixth.—Filling the land with beasts; and putting divine life into the clay of one of these, that it may have authority over the others, and over the rest of the Creation.

* 2 Esdras vi. 4, 5.

[1] [He had died in 1873.]
[2] [Genesis i. 27.]

Here is your nursery story,—very brief, and in some sort unsatisfactory; not altogether intelligible (I don't know anything very good that is), nor wholly indisputable (I don't know anything ever spoken usefully on so wide a subject that is); but substantially vital and sufficient. So the good human work may properly divide itself into the same six branches; and will be a perfectly literal and practical following out of the Divine; and will have opposed to it a correspondent Diabolic force of eternally bad work —as much worse than idleness or death, as good work is better than idleness or death.

10. Good work, then, will be,—

A. Letting in light where there was darkness; as especially into poor rooms and back streets; and generally guiding and administering the sunshine wherever we can, by all the means in our power.

And the correspondent Diabolic work is putting a tax on windows, and blocking out the sun's light with smoke.

B. Disciplining the falling waters. In the Divine work, this is the ordinance of clouds;* in the human it is properly putting the clouds to service; and first stopping the rain where they carry it from the sea, and then keeping it pure as it goes back to the sea again.

And the correspondent Diabolic work is the arrangement of land so as to throw all the water back to the sea as fast as we can;† and putting every sort of filth into the stream as it runs.

* See *Modern Painters,* vol. iv., "The Firmament" [Vol. VI. p. 113].

† Compare Dante, *Purg.,* end of Canto V.[1]

[1] ["That evil will, which in his intellect
Still follows evil, came; and raised the wind
And smoky mist, by virtue of the power
Given by his nature. Thence the valley, soon
As day was spent, he cover'd o'er with cloud,
From Pratomagno to the mountain range;
And stretch'd the sky above; so that the air
Impregnate changed to water. Fell the rain;
And to the fosses came all that the land
Contain'd not; and, as mightiest streams are wont,
To the great river, with such headlong sweep,
Rush'd, that nought stay'd its course" (Cary).]

c. The separation of earth from water, and planting it with trees. The correspondent human work is especially clearing morasses, and planting desert ground.

The Dutch, in a small way, in their own country, have done a good deal with sand and tulips; also the North Germans. But the most beautiful type of the literal ordinance of dry land in water is the State of Venice, with her sea-canals, restrained, traversed by their bridges, and especially bridges of the Rivo Alto or High Bank,[1] which are, or were till a few years since, symbols of the work of a true Pontifex,—the Pontine Marshes being the opposite symbol.

The correspondent Diabolic work is turning good land and water into mud; and cutting down trees that we may drive steam ploughs, etc., etc.

d. The establishment of times and seasons. The correspondent human work is a due watching of the rise and set of stars, and course of the sun; and due administration and forethought of our own annual labours, preparing for them in hope, and concluding them in joyfulness, according to the laws and gifts of Heaven. Which beautiful order is set forth in symbols on all lordly human buildings round the semicircular arches which are types of the rise and fall of days and years.

And the correspondent Diabolic work is turning night into day with candles, so that we never see the stars; and mixing the seasons up one with another, and having early strawberries, and green pease and the like.

e. Filling the waters with fish, and air with birds. The correspondent human work is Mr. Frank Buckland's[2] and

[1] [In his own copy, however, Ruskin writes, "Deep Stream": see *St. Mark's Rest*, § 38 (Vol. XXIV. p. 238).]

[2] [Francis Trevelyan Buckland (1826–1880); inspector of salmon fisheries, 1867–1880. "He devoted all his energies not merely to the duties of his office, but to the elucidation of every point connected with the history of the salmon, and endeavoured in every way to improve the condition of the British fisheries. . . . In order to interest people in his favourite subject he established about 1865 at the South Kensington Museum a large collection of fish-hatching apparatus," etc.]

the like,—of which "like" I am thankful to have been permitted to do a small piece near Croydon, in the streams to which my mother took me when a child, to play beside. There were more than a dozen of the fattest, shiniest, spottiest, and tamest trout I ever saw in my life, in the pond at Carshalton, the last time I saw it this spring.[1]

The correspondent Diabolic work is poisoning fish, as is done at Coniston, with copper-mining; and catching them for Ministerial and other fashionable dinners when they ought not to be caught;[2] and treating birds—as birds are treated, Ministerially and otherwise.

F. Filling the earth with beasts, properly known and cared for by their master, Man; but chiefly breathing into the clayey and brutal nature of Man himself, the Soul, or Love, of God.

The correspondent Diabolic work is shooting and tormenting beasts;[3] and grinding out the soul of man from his flesh, with machine labour; and then grinding down the flesh of him, when nothing else is left, into clay, with machines for that purpose—mitrailleuses, Woolwich infants, and the like.

These are the six main heads of God's and the Devil's work.

11. And as Wisdom, or Prudentia, is with God, and with His children in the doing,—"There I was by Him, as one brought up with Him, and I was daily His delight,"[4]—so Folly, or Stultitia, saying, There is no God,[5] is with the Devil and his children, in the *un*doing. "There she is with them as one brought up with them, and she is daily their delight."

And so comes the great reverse of Creation, and wrath

[1] [See Letter 48, § 3 (p. 204).]

[2] [The annual Ministerial "Whitebait Dinner" at Greenwich, at the close of the Parliamentary session, first established in Pitt's time, has since 1892 been abandoned.]

[3] [Compare, above, p. 24.]

[4] [Proverbs viii. 30.]

[5] [Psalms xiv. 1.]

of God, accomplished on the earth by the fiends, and by men their ministers, seen by Jeremy the Prophet:[1] "For my people is foolish, they have not known me; they are sottish children, and they have none understanding: they are wise to do evil, but to do good they have no knowledge. (Now note the reversed creation.) I beheld the Earth, and, lo, it was without form, and void; and the Heavens, and they had no light. I beheld the mountains, and, lo, they trembled, and all the hills moved lightly. I beheld, and, lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled. I beheld, and, lo, the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord, and by His fierce anger."[2]

And so, finally, as the joy and honour of the ancient and divine Man and Woman were in their children, so the grief and dishonour of the modern and diabolic Man and Woman are in their children; and as the Rachel of Bethlehem weeps for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not,[3] the Rachel of England weeps for her children, and will not be comforted—because they *are*.

12. Now, whoever you may be, and how little your power may be, and whatever sort of creature you may be, —man, woman, or child,—you can, according to what discretion of years you may have reached, do something of this Divine work, or *un*do something of this Devil's work, every day. Even if you are a slave, forced to labour at some abominable and murderous trade for bread,—as iron-forging, for instance, or gunpowder-making,—you can resolve to deliver yourself, and your children after you, from the chains of that hell,[4] and from the dominion of its

[1] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 152 *n.*), where (in a note added in *Frondes Agrestes*) Ruskin refers to this letter as giving the true meaning of the passage from Jeremiah misinterpreted in his earlier book.]

[2] [Jeremiah iv. 22–26.]

[3] [Jeremiah xxxi. 15; Matthew ii. 18.]

[4] [See 2 Peter ii. 4.]

slave-masters, or to die. That is Patriotism; and true desire of Freedom, or Franchise.[1] What Egyptian bondage, do you suppose—(painted by Mr. Poynter as if it were a thing of the past![2])—was ever so cruel as a modern English iron forge, with its steam hammers? What Egyptian worship of garlic or crocodile[3] ever so damnable as modern English worship of money? Israel—even by the fleshpots—was sorry to have to cast out her children,—would fain stealthily keep her little Moses,—if Nile were propitious;[4] and roasted her passover anxiously. But English Mr. P.,[5] satisfied with his fleshpot, and the broth of it, will not be over-hasty about his roast. If the Angel, perchance, should *not* pass by, it would be no such matter, thinks Mr. P.

Or, again, if you are a slave to Society, and must do what the people next door bid you,—you can resolve, with any vestige of human energy left in you, that you will indeed put a few things into God's fashion, instead of the fashion of next door. Merely fix that on your mind as a thing to be done; to have things—dress, for instance,—according to God's taste (and I can tell you He is likely to have some, as good as any modiste you know of); or dinner, according to God's taste instead of the Russians';[6] or supper, or picnic, with guests of God's inviting, occasionally, mixed among the more respectable company.

13. By the way, I wrote a letter to one of my lady friends,[7] who gives rather frequent dinners, the other day,

[1] [See Letter 43 (above, pp. 113 *seq.*).]

[2] ["Israel in Egypt," exhibited at the Academy in 1867; now in the collection of Mr. J. C. Hawkshaw.]

[3] ["Garlic and onions," according to Pliny, "were treated as gods by the Egyptians when taking an oath" (*Nat. Hist.*, xix. 6): see also Juvenal, xv. 1, 2:—

"Quis nescit . . . qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat."]

[4] [Exodus ii. 3.]

[5] [See Letter 45, § 15 (p. 159).]

[6] [At this date the service of dinner *à la Russe* was by no means general. See the chapter on "The Service of the Table" in *Artistic Cookery*, by Urbain Dubois, London, 4to, Longmans, 1870.]

[7] [Lady Mount-Temple: see *Ruskin Relics*, by W. G. Collingwood, ch. xiv.]

which may perhaps be useful to others: it was to this effect mainly, though I add and alter a little to make it more general:—

"You probably will be having a dinner-party to-day; now, please do this, and remember I am quite serious in what I ask you. We all of us, who have any belief in Christianity at all, wish that Christ were alive now. Suppose, then, that He is. I think it very likely that if He were in London, you would be one of the people whom He would take some notice of. Now, suppose He has sent you word that He is coming to dine with you to-day; but that you are not to make any change in your guests on His account; that He wants to meet exactly the party you have; and no other. Suppose you have just received this message, and that St. John has also left word, in passing, with the butler, that his Master will come alone; so that you won't have any trouble with the Apostles. Now this is what I want you to do. First, determine what you will have for dinner. You are not ordered, observe, to make no changes in your bill of fare. Take a piece of paper, and absolutely *write* fresh orders to your cook,—you can't realise the thing enough without writing. That done, consider how you will arrange your guests—who is to sit next Christ on the other side—who opposite, and so on; finally, consider a little what you will talk about, supposing, which is just possible, that Christ should tell you to go on talking as if He were not there, and never to mind *Him*. You couldn't, you will tell me? Then, my dear lady, how can you in general? Don't you profess—nay, don't you much more than profess—to believe that Christ *is* always there, whether you see Him or not? Why should the seeing make such a difference?"

14. But you are no master or mistress of household? You are only a boy, or a girl. What can you do?

We will take the work of the third day,[1] for its range

[1] [See above, p. 176.]

is at once lower and wider than that of the others: Can you do *nothing* in that kind? Is there no garden near you where you can get from some generous person leave to weed the beds, or sweep up the dead leaves? (I once allowed an eager little girl of ten years old to weed my garden; and now, though it is long ago, she always speaks as if the favour had been done to *her*, and not to the garden and me.) Is there no dusty place that you can water?—if it be only the road before your door, the traveller will thank you. No roadside ditch that you can clean of its clogged rubbish, to let the water run clear?[1] No scattered heap of brickbats that you can make an ordinary pile of? You are ashamed? Yes; that false shame is the Devil's pet weapon. He does more work with it even than with false pride. For with false pride, he only goads evil; but with false shame, paralyzes good.

But you have no ground of your own; you are a girl, and can't work on other people's? At least you have a window of your own, or one in which you have a part interest. With very little help from the carpenter, you can arrange a safe box outside of it, that will hold earth enough to root something in. If you have any favour from Fortune at all, you can train a rose, or a honeysuckle, or a convolvulus, or a nasturtium, round your window—a quiet branch of ivy—or if for the sake of its leaves only, a tendril or two of vine. Only, be sure all your plant-pets are kept well outside of the window. Don't come to having pots in the room, unless you are sick.

15. I got a nice letter from a young girl, not long since, asking why I had said in my answers to former questions that young ladies were "to have nothing to do with greenhouses, still less with hothouses."[2] The new inquirer has been sent me by Fors, just when it was time to explain what I meant.

[1] [See below, § 17, for a reference to Ruskin's enforcement of these lessons on his Oxford pupils.]

[2] [Letter 34, § 20 (Vol. XXVII. p. 646).]

First, then—The primal object of your gardening, for yourself, is to keep you at work in the open air, whenever it is possible. The greenhouse will always be a refuge to you from the wind; which, on the contrary, you ought to be able to bear; and will tempt you into clippings and pottings and pettings, and mere standing dilettantism in a damp and over-scented room, instead of true labour in fresh air.

Secondly.—It will not only itself involve unnecessary expense—(for the greenhouse is sure to turn into a hothouse in the end; and even if not, is always having its panes broken, or its blinds going wrong, or its stands getting rickety); but it will tempt you into buying nursery plants, and waste your time in anxiety about them.

Thirdly.—The use of your garden to the household ought to be mainly in the vegetables you can raise in it. And, for these, your proper observance of season, and of the authority of the stars, is a vital duty. Every climate gives its vegetable food to its living creatures at the right time; your business is to know that time, and be prepared for it, and to take the healthy luxury which nature appoints you, in the rare annual taste of the thing given in those its due days. The vile and gluttonous modern habit of forcing never allows people properly to taste anything.

Lastly, and chiefly.—Your garden is to enable you to obtain such knowledge of plants as you may best use in the country in which you live by communicating it to others; and teaching them to take pleasure in the green herb, given for meat, and the coloured flower, given for joy. And your business is not to make the greenhouse or hothouse rejoice and blossom like the rose, but the wilderness and solitary place.[1] And it is, therefore (look back to Letter 26, § 13[2]), not at all of camellias and air-plants that the devil is afraid; on the contrary, the Dame aux

[1] [Isaiah xxxv. 1.]
[2] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 484–485.]

Camellias[1] is a very especial servant of his; and the Fly-God of Ekron[2] himself superintends—as you may gather from Mr. Darwin's recent investigations—the birth and parentage of the orchidaceæ.[3] But he is mortally afraid of roses and crocuses.

Of roses, that is to say, growing wild;—(what lovely hedges of them there were, in the lane leading from Dulwich College up to Windmill (or Gipsy) Hill, in my aunt's time!)—but of the massy horticultural-prize rose,—fifty pounds' weight of it on a propped bush[4]—he stands in no awe whatever; not even when they are cut afterwards and made familiar to the poor in the form of bouquets, so that poor Peggy may hawk them from street to street—and hate the smell of them,[5] as his own imps do. For Mephistopheles knows there are poorer Margarets yet than Peggy.

16. Hear *this*, you fine ladies of the houses of York and Lancaster, and you, new-gilded Miss Kilmanseggs, with your gardens of Gul,—you, also, evangelical expounders of the beauty of the Rose of Sharon;[6]—it is a

[1] [For other allusions to Dumas, see Vol. XII. p. 122.]

[2] [Baalzebub: see Letter 77, § 1 (Vol. XXIX. p. 108).]

[3] [See *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. p. 224), and compare, again, Letter 77, § 1.]

[4] [The following undated letter to an unnamed correspondent must refer to the same matter. It is here reprinted from p. 93 of the privately-issued *Letters on Art and Literature by John Ruskin* (1894):—

> "MY DEAR HENRY,—I am very glad the tickets proved acceptable,—and very happy also to hear of the new method of estimating Roses.
>
> "I was once in the habit of foolishly trying to make my books pleasant to the public. Henceforward if the public declare them heavy, I shall beg that they may be estimated as Roses are. Always truly yours,
>
> "J. RUSKIN."]

[5] [The reference is to Hood:—

> "And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
> What wide reverses of fate are there!
> Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
> In a garden of Gul reposes—
> Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street
> Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—
> She hates the smell of roses!"

(*Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg*, Her Birth, stanza vi.)—a poem referred to also in Vol. XIII. p. 520. For Mephistopheles and the roses, see Vol. XXVII. p. 485. For the word "Gul," see Vol. XXVI. p. 183.]

[6] [Canticles ii. 1; evangelically expounded as meaning "the mutual love of Christ and His Church."]

bit of a letter just come to me from a girl of good position in the manufacturing districts:—

"The other day I was coming through a nasty part of the road, carrying a big bunch of flowers, and met two dirty, ragged girls, who looked eagerly at my flowers. Then one of them said, 'Give us a flower!' I hesitated, for she looked and spoke rudely; but when she ran after me, I stopped; and pulled out a large rose, and asked the other girl which she would like. 'A red one, the same as hers,' she answered. They actually did not know its name. Poor girls! they promised to take care of them, and went away looking rather softened and pleased, I thought; but perhaps they would pull them to pieces, and laugh at the success of their boldness. At all events, they made me very sad and thoughtful for the rest of my walk."

And, I hope, a little so, even when you got home again, young lady. Meantime, are you quite sure of your fact; and that there was no white rose in your bouquet, from which the "red one" might be distinguished without naming? In any case, my readers have enough to think of, for this time, I believe.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. (I.) TOGETHER with the *Spectator's* telescopic and daring views of the Land question, given in last *Fors*,[1] I may as well preserve its immediate and microscopic approval of our poor little practice upon it at Hincksey:[2]—

"ADAM AND JEHU.—It is very vexatious, but one never gets fairly the better of Mr. Ruskin. Sometimes he lets his intellect work, and fires off pamphlet after pamphlet on political economy, each new one more ridiculous than the last, till it ceases to be possible even to read his brochures without condemning them as the utterances of a man who cannot lose a certain eloquence of expression, BUT WHO CANNOT THINK AT ALL; and then, again, he lets his genius work, and produces something which raises the admiration of the reader till every folly which preceded it is forgotten. There never was a more absurd paper published than his on the duty of the State towards unmarried couples,[3] and never perhaps one wiser than his lecture on 'Ambition,'[4] reviewed in our columns on the 18th of October, 1873. Just recently he has been pushing some plans for an agricultural Utopia, free of steam-engines and noises and everything modern, in which the inconsequence of his mind is as evident as its radical benevolence; and now he has, we believe, done the whole youth of Oxford a substantial service. He has turned, or rather tried to turn, the rage for athletics into a worthy channel."—*Spectator, May* 30, 1874.

The above paragraph may, I think, also be, some day, interesting as a summary of the opinions of the British press on *Fors Clavigera;* and if my last month's letter should have the fortune to displease, or discomfort, any British landlord, my alarmed or offended reader may be relieved and pacified by receiving the Spectatorial warrant at once for the inconsequence of my mind, and for its radical benevolence.

18. (II.) The following paragraphs from a leading journal in our greatest commercial city, surpass, in folly and impudence, anything I have yet seen of the kind, and are well worth preserving:—

"The material prosperity of the country has, notwithstanding, increased, and the revenue returns, comparing as they do against an exceptionally high rate of production and consumption, show that we are fairly holding our own." Production and consumption of *what,* Mr. Editor, is the question, as I have told you many a time. A high revenue, raised on the large production and consumption

[1] [See Letter 45, § 20, p. 167.]
[2] [For Ruskin's road-digging at Hincksey, see Vol. XX. pp. xli. *seq.*]
[3] [*Time and Tide,* Letter XX. (Vol. XVII. pp. 417 *seq.*).]
[4] ["Remarks Addressed to the Mansfield Art Night Class" (printed in *A Joy for Ever,* §§ 166–174, Vol. XVI. pp. 153–159).]

of weak cloth and strong liquor, does *not* show the material prosperity of the country. Suppose you were to tax the production of good pictures, good books, good houses, or honest men, where would your revenue be? "Amongst the middle classes, exceptionally large fortunes have been rapidly realised here and there, chiefly in the misty regions of 'finance,' [What do you mean by misty, Mr. Editor? It is a Turnerian and Titianesque quality, not in the least properly applicable to any cotton-mill business.] and instances occur from day to day of almost prodigal expenditure in objects of art [Photographs of bawds, do you mean, Mr. Editor? I know no other objects of art that are multiplying,—certainly not Titians, by your Spectator's decision.[1]] and luxury, the display of wealth in the metropolis being more striking year by year.

"Turning from these dazzling exhibitions, the real source of congratulation must be found in the existence of a broad and solid foundation for our apparent prosperity; and this, happily, is represented in the amelioration of the condition of the lower orders of society."—Indeed!

"The adjustment of an increasing scale of wages has not been reduced to scientific principles, and has consequently been more or less arbitrary and capricious. From time to time it has interfered with the even current of affairs, and been resented as an unfair and unwarranted interception of profits in their way to the manufacturer's pockets.

"Whilst 'financial' talent has reaped liberal results from its exercise, the steady productions of manufacturers have left only moderate returns to their producers, and importers of raw material have, as a rule, had a trying time. The difficulties of steamship owners have been tolerably notorious, and the enhancement of sailing vessels is an instance of the adage that 'It is an ill wind that blows no one any good.'

"For our railways, the effects of a most critical half-year can scarcely be forecast. Increased expenses have not, it is to be feared, been met by increased rates and traffics, and the public may not have fully prepared themselves for diminished dividends. With the Erie and the Great Western of Canada undergoing the ordeal of investigation, and the Atlantic and Great Western on the verge of insolvency, it is not surprising that American and colonial railways are at the moment out of favour. If, however, they have not made satisfactory returns to their shareholders, they have been the media of great profit to operators on the stock exchanges; and some day we shall, perhaps, learn the connection existing between the well or ill doing of a railway *per se*, and the facility for speculation in its stock."—*Liverpool Commercial News*, of this year. I have not kept the date.

19. (III.) A young lady's letter about flowers and books, I gratefully acknowledge, and have partly answered in the text of this *Fors;* the rest she will find answered up and down afterwards, as I can; also a letter from a youth at New Haven in Connecticut has given me much pleasure. I am sorry not to be able to answer it more specially, but have now absolutely no time for any private correspondence, except with personal friends,—and I should like even those to show themselves friendly rather by setting themselves to understand my meaning in *Fors*, and by helping me in my purposes, than by merely expressing anxiety for my welfare, not satisfiable but by letters, which do not promote it.

20. (IV.) Publishing the subjoined letter from Mr. Sillar, I must now wish him good success in his battle, and terminate my extracts from his letters, there being always some grave points in which I find myself at

[1] [See Letter 7, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 128).]

issue with him, but which I have not at present any wish farther to discuss:—

"I am right glad to see you quote in your July *Fors*,[1] from the papers which the *Record* newspaper refused to insert, on the plea of their 'confusing two things so essentially different as usury and interest of money.'

"I printed them, and have sold *two*,—following your advice, and not advertising them.

"You wrong me greatly in saying that I think the sin of usury means every other. What I say is that it is the only sin I know *which is never denounced from the pulpit;* and therefore *I* have to do *that part* of the parson's work. I would much rather be following the business to which I was educated; but so long as usury is prevalent, honourable and profitable employments *in that business are impossible.* It may be conducted honourably, but at an annual loss; or it may be conducted profitably *at the expense of honour.* I can no longer afford the former, still less can I afford the latter; and as I cannot be idle, I occupy my leisure, at least part of it, in a war to the knife with that great dragon 'Debt.' I war not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers of darkness in high places."

21. (V.) To finish, here is one of the pleasantest paragraphs I ever saw in print:—

"ROPE CORDAGE.—On Saturday last a very interesting experiment was made at Kirkaldy's Testing Works, Southwark Street, as to the relative strength of hand-spun yarn rope, machine yarn rope, and Russian yarn rope. Mr. Plimsoll, M.P., Captain Bedford Pim, M.P., and others attended the test, which lasted over three hours. There were nine pieces of rope, each 10 ft. long, being three of each of the above classes. The ultimate stress or breaking strain of the Russian rope was 11,099 lb., or 1934 lb. strength per fathom; machine rope, 11,527 lb., or 2155 lb. per fathom; hand-spun rope, 18,279 lb., or 3026 lb. per fathom. The ropes were all of 5 in. circumference, and every piece broke clear of the fastenings. The prices paid per cwt. were: Russian rope, 47s.; machine yarn rope, 47s.; hand-spun yarn rope, 44s.—all described as best cordage and London manufacture. It will thus be seen that the hand-made was cheaper by 3s. per cwt., and broke at a testing strength of 7180 lb. over Russian, and 6752 lb. over machine-made."—*Times*, July 20, 1874.

[1] [See Letter 43, § 14 (p. 121).]

LETTER 47

MINOS RETAINED. THE BRITISH JUDGE[1]

Hôtel du Mont Blanc, St. Martin's,
12*th October*, 1874.[2]

1. We have now briefly glanced at the nature of the squire's work in relation to the peasant;[3] namely, making a celestial or worshipful appearance to him;[4] and the methods of operation, no less than of appearance, which are generally to be defined as celestial, or worshipful.

We have next to examine by what rules the action of the squire towards the peasant is to be either restrained or assisted; and the function, therefore, of the lawyer, or definer of limits and modes,—which was above generally expressed, in its relation to the peasant, as "telling him, in black-letter, that his house is his own."[4] It will be necessary, however, evidently, that his house *should* be his own, before any lawyer can divinely assert the same to him.

Waiving, for the moment, examination of this primal necessity, let us consider a little how that divine function of asserting, in perfectly intelligible and indelible letters, the absolute claim of a man to his own house, or castle, and all that it properly includes, is actually discharged by the powers of British law now in operation.

2. We will take, if you please, in the outset, a few wise men's opinions on this matter, though we shall thus

[1] ["The British Bar" was a rejected title for this Letter.]

[2] [In his diary Ruskin notes (October 12), "Restless night, but Redgauntlet well arranged in my head"; and, later, "The best day for work I ever had in my life. Did all the best part of Redgauntlet *Fors* before breakfast."]

[3] [See Letter 45.]

[4] [Compare Letter 11, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 185).]

be obliged somewhat to generalize the inquiry, by admitting into it some notice of criminal as well as civil law.

My readers have probably thought me forgetful of Sir Walter all this time.[1] No; but all writing about him is impossible to me in the impure gloom of modern Italy. I have had to rest awhile here, where human life is still sacred, before I could recover the tone of heart fit to say what I want to say in this *Fors*.

He was the son, you remember,[2] of a writer to the signet, and practised for some time at the bar himself. Have you ever chanced to ask yourself what was his innermost opinion of the legal profession?

Or, have you even endeavoured to generalize that expressed with so much greater violence by Dickens? The latter wrote with a definitely reforming purpose, seemingly; and, I have heard, had real effects on Chancery practice.

But are the Judges of England—at present I suppose the highest types of intellectual and moral power that Christendom possesses—content to have reform forced on them by the teazing of a caricaturist, instead of the pleading of their own consciences?

3. Even if so, is there no farther reform indicated as necessary, in a lower field, by the same teazing personage? The Court of Chancery and Mr. Vholes[3] were not his only legal sketches. Dodson and Fogg; Sampson Brass; Serjeant Buzfuz; and, most of all, the examiner, for the Crown, of Mr. Swiveller in the trial of Kit,*—are these deserving of no repentant attention? You, good reader, probably have read the trial in *Pickwick*, and the trial of Kit, merely to amuse yourself; and perhaps Dickens himself

* See the part of examination respecting communication held with the brother of the prisoner.[4]

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[1] [The notes on the Life of Scott were broken off in Letter 33 (Vol. XXVII. p. 621).]

[2] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 587–588.]

[3] [See *Bleak House*, ch. xxxix.]

[4] [*The Old Curiosity Shop*, ch. lxiii.]

meant little more than to amuse you. But did it never strike you as quite other than a matter of amusement, that in both cases, the force of the law of England is represented as employed zealously to prove a crime against a person known by the accusing counsel to be innocent; and, in both cases, as obtaining a conviction?

You might perhaps think that these were only examples of the ludicrous, and sometimes tragic, accidents which must sometimes happen in the working of any complex system, however excellent. They are by no means so. Ludicrous, and tragic, mischance must indeed take place in all human affairs of importance, however honestly conducted. But here you have deliberate, artistic, energetic dishonesty; skilfullest and resolutest endeavour to prove a crime against an innocent person,—a crime of which, in the case of the boy, the reputed commission will cost him at least the prosperity and honour of his life,—more to him than life itself. And this you forgive, or admire, because it is not done in malice, but for money, and in pride of art. Because the assassin is paid,—makes his living in that line of business,—and delivers his thrust with a bravo's artistic finesse, you think him a respectable person; so much better in style than a passionate one who does his murder gratis, vulgarly, with a club,—Bill Sikes, for instance? It is all balanced fairly, as the system goes, you think. "It works round, and two and two make four. He accused an innocent person to-day:—to-morrow he will defend a rascal."

And you truly hold this a business to which your youth should be bred—gentlemen of England?

"But how is it to be ordered otherwise? Every supposed criminal ought surely to have an advocate, to say what can be said in his favour; and an accuser, to insist on the evidence against him. Both do their best, and can anything be fairer?"

4. Yes; something else could be much fairer; but we will find out what Sir Walter thinks, if we can, before

going farther; though it will not be easy—for you don't at once get at the thoughts of a great man, upon a great matter.

The first difference, however, which, if you know your Scott well, strikes you, between him and Dickens, is that your task of investigation is chiefly pleasant, though serious; not a painful one—and still less a jesting or mocking one. The first figure that rises before you is Pleydell;[1] the second, Scott's own father, Saunders Fairford, with his son. And you think for an instant or two, perhaps, "The question is settled, as far as Scott is concerned, at once. What a beautiful thing is Law!"

For you forget, by the sweet emphasis of the divine art on what is good, that there ever was such a person in the world as Mr. Glossin.[1] And you are left, by the grave cunning of the divine art, which reveals to you no secret without your own labour, to discern and unveil for yourself the meaning of the plot of *Redgauntlet*.

You perhaps were dissatisfied enough with the plot, when you read it for amusement. Such a childish fuss about nothing! Solway sands, forsooth, the only scenery; and your young hero of the story frightened to wet his feet; and your old hero doing nothing but ride a black horse, and make himself disagreeable; and all that about the house in Edinburgh so dull; and no love-making, to speak of, anywhere!

5. Well, it doesn't come in exactly with my subject, to-day;—but, by the way, I beg you to observe that there is a bit of love in *Redgauntlet* which is worth any quantity of modern French or English amatory novels in a heap. Alan Fairford has been bred, and willingly bred, in the strictest discipline of mind and conduct; he is an entirely strong, entirely prudent, entirely pure young Scotchman,—and a lawyer. Scott, when he wrote the book, was an old Scotchman; and had seen a good deal of the world. And

[1] [For other references to *Guy Mannering* in *Fors*, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 588, 631.]

he is going to tell you how Love ought first to come to an entirely strong, entirely prudent, entirely pure youth, of his own grave profession.

How love *ought* to come, mind you. Alan Fairford is the real hero (next to Nanty Ewart) of the novel; and he is the exemplary and happy hero—Nanty being the suffering one, under hand of Fate.

Of course, you would say, if you didn't know the book, and were asked what should happen—(and with Miss Edgeworth[1] to manage matters instead of Scott, or Shakespeare, nothing else *would* have happened),—of course the entirely prudent young lawyer will consider what an important step in life marriage is; and will look out for a young person of good connections, whose qualities of mind and moral disposition he will examine strictly before allowing his affections to be engaged; he will then consider what income is necessary for a person in a high legal position, etc., etc., etc.

6. Well, this is what *does* happen, according to Scott, you know;—(or more likely, I'm afraid, know nothing about it). The old servant of the family announces, with some dryness of manner, one day, that a "leddy" wants to see Maister Alan Fairford,—for legal consultation. The prudent young gentleman, upon this, puts his room into the most impressive order, intending to make a first appearance reading a legal volume in an abstracted state of mind. But, on a knock coming at the street door, he can't resist going to look out at the window; and—the servant maliciously showing in the client without announcement—is discovered peeping out of it. The client is closely veiled—little more than the tip of her nose discernible. She is, fortunately, a little embarrassed herself; for she did not want Mr. Alan Fairford at all, but Mr. Alan Fairford's father. They sit looking at each other—at least, he looking at the veil and a green silk cloak—for half a minute. The young lady—(for she *is* young; he has made out that,

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 562.]

he admits; and something more perhaps),—is the first to recover her presence of mind; makes him a pretty little apology for having mistaken him for his father; says that, now she has done it, he will answer her purpose, perhaps, even better; but she thinks it best to communicate the points on which she requires his assistance, in writing,—curtsies him, on his endeavour to remonstrate, gravely and inexorably into silence,—disappears,—"And put the sun in her pocket, I believe," as she turned the corner, says prudent Mr. Alan. And keeps it in her pocket for him,—evermore. That is the way one's Love is sent, when she is sent from Heaven, says the aged Scott.[1]

"But how ridiculous,—how entirely unreasonable,—how unjustifiable, on any grounds of propriety or common sense!"

Certainly, my good sir,—certainly: Shakespeare and Scott can't help that;—all they know is,—that is the way God and Nature manage it. Of course, Rosalind ought to have been much more particular in her inquiries about Orlando;—Juliet about the person masqued as a pilgrim;—and there is really no excuse whatever for Desdemona's conduct; and we all know what came of it;—but, again I say, Shakespeare and Scott can't help that.

7. Nevertheless, Love is not the subject of this novel of *Redgauntlet;* but Law: on which matter we will endeavour now to gather its evidence.

Two youths are brought up together—one, the son of a Cavalier, or Ghibelline, of the old school, whose Law is in the sword, and the heart; and the other of a Roundhead, or Guelph, of the modern school, whose Law is in form and precept. Scott's own prejudices lean to the Cavalier; but his domestic affections, personal experience, and sense of equity, lead him to give utmost finish to the adverse character. The son of the Cavalier—in moral courage, in nervous power, in general sense and self-command,—is entirely inferior to the son of the Puritan; nay, in many respects quite weak and effeminate; one slight and scarcely

[1] [See *Redgauntlet*, Letter VIII.]

noticeable touch (about the unproved pistol[1]), gives the true relation of the characters, and makes their portraiture complete, as by Velasquez.

The Cavalier's father is dead; his uncle asserts the Cavalier's law of the Sword over him; its effects upon him are the first clause of the book.

The Puritan's father—living—asserts the law of Precept over him; its effects upon him are the second clause of the book.

Together with these studies of the two laws in their influence on the relation of guardian and ward—or of father and child, their influence on society is examined in the opposition of the soldier and hunter to the friend of man and animals,—Scott putting his whole power into the working out of this third clause of the book.

Having given his verdict in these three clauses, wholly in favour of the law of precept,—he has to mark the effects of its misapplication,—first moral, then civil.

The story of Nanty Ewart, the fourth clause, is the most instructive and pathetic piece of Scott's judgment on the abuse of the moral law, by pride, in Scotland, which you can find in all his works.

Finally, the effects of the abuse of the civil law by sale, or simony, have to be examined; which is done in the story of Peter Peebles.

The involution of this fifth clause with that of Nanty Ewart is one of the subtlest pieces of heraldic quartering which you can find in all the Waverley novels;[2] and no others have any pretence to range with them in this point of art at all. The best, by other masters, are a mere play of kaleidoscope colour compared to the severe heraldic delineation of the Waverleys.

8. We will first examine the statement of the abuse of Civil Law.

[1] [*Redgauntlet*, Letter III.]

[2] [On the "intricate design of the Waverley novels," see Letter 83, § 6 (Vol. XXIX. p. 263).]

There is not, if you have any true sympathy with humanity, extant for you a more exquisite study of the relations which must exist, even under circumstances of great difficulty and misunderstanding, between a good father and a good son, than the scenes of *Redgauntlet* laid in Edinburgh. The father's intense devotion, pride, and joy, mingled with fear, in the son; the son's direct, unflinching, unaffected obedience, hallowed by pure affection, tempered by youthful sense, guided by high personal power. And all this force of noble passion and effort, in both, is directed to a single object—the son's success at the bar. That success, as usually in the legal profession, must if it be not wholly involved, at least give security for itself, in the impression made by the young counsel's opening speech. All the interests of the reader (if he has any interest in him) are concentrated upon this crisis in the story; and the chapter which gives account of the fluctuating event is one of the supreme masterpieces of European literature.[1]

The interests of the reader, I say, are concentrated on the success of the young counsel: that of his client is of no importance whatever to any one. You perhaps forget even who the client is—or recollect him only as a poor drunkard, who must be kept out of the way for fear he should interrupt his own counsel, or make the jury laugh at him. His cause has been—no one knows how long—in the courts; it is good for practising on, by any young hand.

9. You forget Peter Peebles, perhaps: you don't forget Miss Flite, in the Dickens' court?[2] Better done, therefore, —Miss Flite,—think you?

No; not so well done; or anything like so well done. The very primal condition in Scott's type of the ruined creature is, that he *should* be forgotten! Worse;—that he should *deserve* to be forgotten. Miss Flite interests you—takes your affections—deserves them. Is mad, indeed, but not a destroyed creature, morally, at all. A very sweet,

[1] [*Redgauntlet*, ch. i.]
[2] [See *Bleak House*, ch. iii.]

kind creature,—not even altogether unhappy,—enjoying her lawsuit, and her bag, and her papers. She is a picturesque, quite unnatural and unlikely figure,—therefore wholly ineffective except for story-telling purposes.[1]

But Peter Peebles is a natural ruin, and a total one. An accurate type of what is to be seen every day, and carried to the last stage of its misery. He is degraded alike in body and heart;—mad, but with every vile sagacity unquenched,—while every hope in earth and heaven is taken away. And in this desolation, you can only hate, not pity him.

10. That, says Scott, is the beautiful operation of the Civil Law of Great Britain, on a man whose affairs it has spent its best intelligence on, for an unknown number of years. His affairs being very obscure, and his cause doubtful, you suppose? No. His affairs being so simple that the young *honest* counsel can explain them entirely in an hour;—and his cause absolutely and unquestionably just.

What is Dickens' entire Court of Chancery to that? With all its dusty delay,—with all its diabolical ensnaring;—its pathetic death of Richard—widowhood of Ada, etc., etc.?[2] All mere blue fire of the stage, and dropped footlights; no real tragedy.—A villain cheats a foolish youth, who would be wiser than his elders, who dies repentant, and immediately begins a new life,—so says, at least (not the least believing), the pious Mr. Dickens. All that might happen among the knaves of any profession.

11. But with Scott, the best honour—soul—intellect in Scotland take in hand the cause of a man who comes to them justly, necessarily, for plain, instantly possible, absolutely deserved, decision of a manifest cause.

They are endless years talking of it,—to amuse, and pay, themselves.

And they drive him into the foulest death—eternal—

[1] [For a note from a correspondent on the author's criticism of Dickens, see Letter 48, § 20 (p. 220).]

[2] [*Bleak House*, ch. lxv.]

if there be, for such souls, any Eternity. On which Scott does not feel it his duty, as Dickens does, to offer you an opinion. He tells you, as Shakespeare, the fact he knows, —no more.

There, then, you have Sir Walter's opinion of the existing method and function of British Civil Law.

What the difference may be, and what the consequences of such difference between this lucrative function, and the true duty of Civil Law,—namely, to fulfil and continue in all the world the first mission of the mightiest Lawgiver, and declare that on such and such conditions, written in eternal letters by the finger of God, every man's house, or piece of Holy land, is his own,—there does not, it appears, exist at present wit enough, under all the weight of curled and powdered horsehair in England, either to reflect, or to define.

12. In the meantime, we have to note another question beyond, and greater than this,—answered by Scott in his story.

So far as human laws have dealt with the man, this their ruined client has been destroyed in his innocence. But there is yet a Divine Law, controlling the injustice of men.

And the historian—revealing to us the full relation of private and public act—shows us that the wretch's destruction was in his refusal of the laws of God, while he trusted in the laws of man.

Such is the entire plan of the story of *Redgauntlet*,—only in part conscious,—partly guided by the Fors which has rule over the heart of the noble king in his word, and of the noble scribe in his scripture, as over the rivers of water. We will trace the detail of this story farther in next *Fors*;[1] meantime, here is your own immediate lesson, reader, whoever you may be, from our to-day's work.

13. The first—not the chief, but the first—piece of good work a man has to do is to find rest for himself,—a place

[1] ["Not done."—*MS. note in Author's copy.*]

for the sole of his foot; his house, or piece of Holy land;[1] and to *make* it so holy and happy, that if by any chance he receive order to leave it, there may be bitter pain in obedience; and also that to his daughter there may yet one sorrowful sentence be spoken in her day of mirth, "Forget also thy people, and thy father's house."[2]

"But I mean to make money, and have a better and better house, every ten years."

Yes, I know you do.

If you intend to keep that notion, I have no word more to say to you. Fare you—not well, for you cannot; but as you may.

But if you have sense, and feeling, determine what sort of a house will be fit for you; determine to work for it—to get it—and to die in it, if the Lord will.

"What sort of house will be fit for me?—but of course the biggest and finest I can get will be fittest!"

Again, so says the Devil to you: and if you believe him, he will find you fine lodgings enough,—for rent. But if you don't believe him, consider, I repeat, what sort of house will be fit for you.

14. "Fit!—but what do you mean by fit?"

I mean, one that you can entirely enjoy and manage; but which you will not be proud of, except as you make it charming in its modesty. If you are proud of it, it is *un*fit for you,—better than a man in your station of life can by simple and sustained exertion obtain; and it should be rather under such quiet level than above. Ashestiel was entirely fit for Walter Scott, and Walter Scott was entirely happy there.[3] Abbotsford was fit also for *Sir* Walter Scott; and had he been content with it, his had been a model life. But he would fain still add field to field,—and died homeless. Perhaps Gadshill was fit for

[1] [On this sanctity of home, compare Letter 62, § 10 (p. 520); and see Vol. XII. p. 72.]

[2] [Psalms xlv. 10.]

[3] [For a later reference to this passage, see Letter 92, § 12 (Vol. XXIX. p. 462).]

Dickens; I do not know enough of him to judge; and he knew scarcely anything of himself. But the story of the boy on Rochester Hill is lovely.[1]

And assuredly, my aunt's house at Croydon was fit for her; and my father's at Herne Hill,—in which I correct the press of this *Fors* sitting in what was once my nursery, —was exactly fit for him, and me. He left it for the larger one—Denmark Hill; and never had a quite happy day afterwards. It was not his fault, the house at Herne Hill was built on clay, and the doctors said he was not well there; also, I was his pride, and he wanted to leave *me* in a better house,—a good father's cruellest, subtlest temptation.

15. But *you* are a poor man, you say, and have no hope of a grand home?

Well, here is the simplest idea of operation, then. You dig a hole, like Robinson Crusoe; you gather sticks for fire, and bake the earth you get out of your hole,—partly into bricks, partly into tiles, partly into pots.[2] If there are any stones in the neighbourhood, you drag them together, and build a defensive dyke round your hole or cave. If there are no stones, but only timber, you drive in a palisade. And you are already exercising the arts of the Greeks, Etruscans, Normans, and Lombards, in their purest form, on the wholesome and true threshold of all their arts; and on your own wholesome threshold.

You don't know, you answer, how to make a brick, a tile, or a pot; or how to build a dyke, or drive a stake that will stand. No more do I. Our education has to begin;—mine as much as yours. I have indeed, the newspapers say, a power of expression; but as they also say I

[1] [The story of Dickens's first sight of Gadshill, when he was a small boy; of his interest in its Shakespearean associations; and of his father saying "if you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it." Dickens tells the story in *The Uncommercial Traveller* (ch. vii., "Travelling Abroad"); compare Forster's *Life of Dickens,* vol. i. pp. 4–5.]

[2] [See Robinson Crusoe's account of his occupations during November and December. For another reference to his pottery, see Vol. XXII. p. 523.]

cannot think at all, you see I have nothing to express; so that peculiar power, according to *them*, is of no use to me whatever.[1]

16. But you don't want to make your bricks yourself; you want to have them made for you by the United Grand Junction Limited Liability Brick-without-Straw Company, paying twenty-five per cent. to its idle shareholders? Well, what will you do, yourself, then? Nothing? Or do you mean to play on the fiddle to the Company making your bricks? What will *you* do—of this first work necessary for your life? There's nothing but digging and cooking now remains to be done. Will you dig, or cook? Dig, by all means; but your house should be ready for you first.

Your wife should cook. What else can *you* do? Preach?—and give us your precious opinions of God and His ways! Yes, and in the meanwhile *I* am to build your house, am I? and find you a barrel-organ, or a harmonium, to twangle psalm-tunes on, I suppose? Fight—will you? —and pull other people's houses down; while I am to be set to build your barracks, that you may go smoking and spitting about all day, with a cockscomb on your head, and spurs to your heels?—(I observe, by the way, the Italian soldiers have now got cocks' *tails* on their heads, instead of cocks' combs.)—Lay down the law to me in a wig,—will you? and tell me the house I have built is—NOT mine? and take my dinner from me, as a fee for *that* opinion? Build, my man,—build, or dig,—one of the two; and then eat your honestly-earned meat, thankfully, and let other people alone, if you can't help them.

[1] [See Letter 46, § 17 (p. 185).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. The points suggested by the letter printed in the *Fors* of September, respecting the minor action of English Magistracy,[1] must still be kept for subsequent consideration,[2] our to-day's work having been too general to reach them.

I have an interesting letter from a man of business, remonstrating with me on my declaration that railroads should no more pay dividends than carriage roads, or field footpaths.[3]

He is a gentle man of business, and meshed, as moderately well-meaning people, nowadays, always are, in a web of equivocation between what is profitable and benevolent.

He says that people who make railroads should be rewarded by dividends for having acted so benevolently towards the public, and provided it with these beautiful and easy means of locomotion. But my correspondent is too good a man of business to remain in this entanglement of brains—unless by his own fault. He knows perfectly well, in his heart, that the "benevolence" involved in the construction of railways amounts exactly to this much and no more,—that if the British public were informed that engineers were now confident, after their practice in the Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels, that they could make a railway to Hell, —the British public would instantly invest in the concern to any amount; and stop church-building all over the country, for fear of diminishing the dividends.

[1] [Not September, but August. Letter 44, § 16 (p. 141). A discussion of the points in question had been promised (p. 142) for the present Letter.]

[2] [The subject was not expressly dealt with in any subsequent Letter; but see Letter 71, § 20 (below, pp. 751–752).]

[3] [See *Munera Pulveris*, § 128 (Vol. XVII. p. 253), and the letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, August 6, 1868 (*ibid.*, p. 531). For another passage on the subject, see Appendix 17, §§ 5–7 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 571, 572).]

LETTER 48

THE ADVENT COLLECT[1]

1. THE accounts of the state of St. George's Fund, given without any inconvenience in crowding type, on the last leaf of this number of *Fors*, will, I hope, be as satisfactory to my subscribers as they are to me. In these days of financial operation, the subscribers to *any*thing may surely be content when they find that all their talents have been laid up in the softest of napkins;[2] and even farther, that, though they are getting no interest themselves, that lichenous growth of vegetable gold, or mould, is duly developing itself on their capital.

The amount of subscriptions received, during the four years of my mendicancy, might have disappointed me, if, in my own mind, I had made any appointments on the subject, or had benevolence pungent enough to make me fret at the delay in the commencement of the national felicity which I propose to bestow. On the contrary, I am only too happy to continue amusing myself in my study, with stones and pictures; and find, as I grow old, that I remain resigned to the consciousness of any quantity of surrounding vice, distress and disease, provided only the sun shine in at my window over Corpus Garden, and there are no whistles from the luggage trains passing the Waterworks.

2. I understand this state of even temper to be what most people call "rational"; and, indeed, it has been the result of very steady effort on my own part to keep myself, if it might be, out of Hanwell, or that other

[1] [See below, § 15. A discarded title for this Letter was "The Days of the Anakim" (see § 5).]

[2] [Luke xix. 20: see above, p. 150.]

Hospital which makes the name of Christ's native village dreadful in the ear of London.[1] For, having long observed that the most perilous beginning of trustworthy qualification for either of those establishments consisted in an exaggerated sense of self-importance; and being daily compelled, of late, to value my own person and opinions at a higher and higher rate, in proportion to my extending experience of the rarity of any similar creatures or ideas among mankind, it seemed to me expedient to correct this increasing conviction of my superior wisdom, by companionship with pictures I could not copy, and stones I could not understand:—while, that this wholesome seclusion may remain only self-imposed, I think it not a little fortunate for me that the few relations I have left are generally rather fond of me;—don't know clearly which is the next of kin,—and perceive that the administration of my inconsiderable effects* would be rather troublesome than profitable to them. Not in the least, therefore, wondering at the shyness of my readers to trust me with money of theirs, I have made, during these four years past, some few experiments with money of my own,—in hopes of being able to give such account of them as might justify a more extended confidence. I am bound to state that the results, for the present, are not altogether encouraging. On my own little piece of mountain ground at Coniston I grow a large quantity of wood-hyacinths and heather, without any expense worth mentioning; but my only industrious agricultural operations have been the getting three-pounds-ten worth of hay, off a field for which I pay six pounds rent; and the surrounding, with a costly wall six feet high, to keep out rabbits, a kitchen garden, which, being terraced and trim, my neighbours say is pretty; and which will

* See statement at close of accounts [p. 224].

[1] [The Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, founded as a priory in 1247, is mentioned as early as 1402 as being used as a hospital for lunatics, and instances of the modern sense of *bedlam* (Middle English Bedlem=Bethlem) occur as early as the sixteenth century: see Murray's *New English Dictionary*.]

probably, every third year, when the weather is not wet, supply me with a dish of strawberries.

3. At Carshalton, in Surrey, I have indeed had the satisfaction of cleaning out one of the springs of the Wandel, and making it pleasantly habitable by trout; but find that the fountain, instead of taking care of itself when once pure, as I expected it to do, requires continual looking after, like a child getting into a mess; and involves me besides in continual debate with the surveyors of the parish, who insist on letting all the road-washings run into it.[1] For the present, however, I persevere, at Carshalton, against the wilfulness of the spring and the carelessness of the parish; and hope to conquer both: but I have been obliged entirely to abandon a notion I had of exhibiting ideally clean street pavement in the centre of London,—in the pleasant environs of Church Lane, St. Giles's.[2] There I had every help and encouragement from the authorities; and hoped, with the staff of two men and a young rogue of a crossing-sweeper, added to the regular force of the parish, to keep a quarter of a mile square of the narrow streets without leaving so much as a bit of orange-peel on the footway, or an eggshell in the gutters. I failed, partly because I chose too difficult a district to begin with (the contributions of transitional mud being constant, and the inhabitants passive), but chiefly because I could no more be on the spot myself, to give spirit to the men, when I left Denmark Hill for Coniston.

4. I next set up a tea-shop at 29, Paddington Street, W. (an establishment which my *Fors* readers may as well know of), to supply the poor in that neighbourhood with pure tea, in packets as small as they chose to buy, without making a profit on the subdivision,—larger orders being of course equally acceptable from anybody who cares to

[1] [Compare Letter 46, § 10 (E.), above p. 176; Vol. XVIII. p. 385; and Vol. XXII. pp. xxiv., 533.]

[2] [In 1871–1872: see Vol. XXII. p. xxv., and Appendix 3 in Vol. XXIX. (p. 535). For further particulars about the experiment, see the Introduction, above, p. xvi.]

promote honest dealing. The result of this experiment has been my ascertaining that the poor only like to buy their tea where it is brilliantly lighted and eloquently ticketed; and as I resolutely refuse to compete with my neighbouring tradesmen either in gas or rhetoric, the patient subdivision of my parcels by the two old servants of my mother's, who manage the business for me, hitherto passes little recognized as an advantage by my uncalculating public. Also, steady increase in the consumption of spirits throughout the neighbourhood faster and faster slackens the demand for tea; but I believe none of these circumstances have checked my trade so much as my own procrastination in painting my sign. Owing to that total want of imagination and invention which makes me so impartial and so accurate a writer on subjects of political economy, I could not for months determine whether the said sign should be of a Chinese character, black upon gold; or of a Japanese, blue upon white; or of pleasant English, rose colour on green; and still less how far legible scale of letters could be compatible, on a board only a foot broad, with lengthy enough elucidation of the peculiar offices of "Mr. Ruskin's tea-shop." Meanwhile the business languishes, and the rent and taxes absorb the profits, and something more, after the salary of my good servants has been paid.[1]

In all these cases, however, I can see that I am defeated only because I have too many things on hand: and that neither rabbits at Coniston, road-surveyors at Croydon, or mud in St. Giles's would get the better of me, if I could give exclusive attention to any one business: meantime, I learn the difficulties which are to be met, and shall make the fewer mistakes when I venture on any work with other people's money.

5. I may as well, together with these confessions, print a piece written for the end of a *Fors* letter at Assisi, a month or two back, but for which I had then no room,

[1] [For the history of Ruskin's tea-shop, see, again, the Introduction (above, p. xviii.). For later references to it, see Letter 67, § 23 (p. 661), and 78, § 18 (Vol. XXIX. p. 141).]

referring to the increase of commercial, religious, and egotistic insanity,* in modern society, and delicacy of the distinction implied by that long wall at Hanwell, between the persons inside it, and out.

"Does it never occur to me" (thus the letter went on) "that I may be mad myself?"

Well, I am so alone now in my thoughts and ways, that if I am not mad, I should soon become so, from mere solitude, but for my *work*. But it must be manual work. Whenever I succeed in a drawing, I am happy, in spite of all that surrounds me of sorrow. It is a strange feeling;—not gratified vanity: I can have any quantity of praise I like from some sorts of people; but that does me no vital good (though dispraise does me mortal harm); whereas to succeed to my own satisfaction in a manual piece of work, is life,—to me, as to all men; and it is only the peace which comes necessarily from manual labour which in all time has kept the honest country people patient in their task of maintaining the rascals who live in towns. But we are in hard times, now, for all men's wits; for men who know the truth are like to go mad from isolation; and the fools are all going mad in "Schwärmerei,"—only that is much the pleasanter way. Mr. Lecky, for instance, quoted in last *Fors*;[1] how pleasant for him to think he is ever so much wiser than Aristotle; and that, as a body, the men of his generation are the wisest that ever were born—giants of intellect, according to Lord Macaulay,[2] compared to the pigmies of Bacon's time, and the minor pigmies of Christ's time, and the minutest of all, the microscopic pigmies of Solomon's time, and, finally, the vermicular and infusorial pigmies—twenty-three millions to the cube inch—of Mr. Darwin's time, whatever that may be! How pleasant for

* See second letter in Notes and Correspondence [p. 219].

[1] [Not *last Fors*, but Letter 43, § 14 (p. 121). The present passage was, however, written for an earlier letter (see beginning of this section).]

[2] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, § 168 (Vol. XVI. p. 154, and see *note* there).]

Mr. Lecky to live in these days of the Anakim,—"his spear, to equal which, the tallest pine,"[1] etc., etc., which no man Stratford-born could have lifted, much less shaken!

6. But for us of the old race—few of us now left,—children who reverence our fathers, and are ashamed of ourselves; comfortless enough in that shame, and yearning for one word or glance from the graves of old, yet knowing ourselves to be of the same blood, and recognizing in our hearts the same passions, with the ancient masters of humanity;—we, who feel as men, and not as carnivorous worms; we, who are every day recognizing some inaccessible height of thought and power, and are miserable in our shortcomings,—the few of us now standing here and there, alone, in the midst of this yelping, carnivorous crowd,[2] mad for money and lust, tearing each other to pieces, and starving each other to death, and leaving heaps of their dung and ponds of their spittle[3] on every palace floor and altar stone,—it is impossible for us, except in the labour of our hands, not to go mad.

7. And the danger is tenfold greater for a man in my own position, concerned with the arts which develop the more subtle brain sensations; and, through them, tormented all day long. Mr. Leslie Stephen rightly says how much better it is to have a thick skin and a good digestion.[4] Yes, assuredly; but what is the use of knowing that, if one hasn't? In one of my saddest moods, only a week or two ago, because I had failed twice over in drawing the lifted hand of Giotto's "Poverty"; utterly beaten and comfortless,

[1] [*Paradise Lost*, Book I.]

[2] ["*Cf.* below, § 12."—*Author's MS. note.*]

[3] [Compare Letter 44, § 1 (p. 125).]

[4] [In *Fraser's Magazine*, June 1874 (vol. 9, N.S., pp. 688–701), Mr. Leslie Stephen wrote a review of *Fors Clavigera*, entitled "Mr. Ruskin's Recent Writings." The concluding words are: "A sensitive nature, tortured and thrust aside by pachydermatous and apathetic persons, may well be driven to rash revolt and hasty denunciations of society in general. At worst, and granting him to be entirely wrong, he has certainly more claim on our pity than on our contempt. And for a moral, if we must have a moral, we can only remark, that on the whole Mr. Ruskin supplies a fresh illustration of the truth, which has both a cynical and an elevating side to it, that it is amongst the greatest of all blessings to have a thick skin and a sound digestion."]

at Assisi, I got some wholesome peace and refreshment by mere sympathy with a Bewickian little pig in the roundest and conceitedest burst of pig-blossom.[1] His servant,—a grave old woman, with much sorrow and toil in the wrinkles of *her* skin, while his was only dimpled in its divine thickness,—was leading him, with magnanimous length of rope, down a grassy path behind the convent; stopping, of course, where he chose. Stray stalks and leaves of eatable things, in various stages of ambrosial rottenness, lay here and there; the convent walls made more savoury by their fumigation, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says the Alpine pines are by his cigar.[2] And the little joyful darling of Demeter[3] shook his curly tail, and munched; and grunted the goodnaturedest of grunts, and snuffled the approvingest of snuffles, and was a balm and beatification to behold; and I would fain have changed places with him for a little while, or with Mr. Leslie Stephen for a little while,—at luncheon, suppose, —anywhere but among the Alps. But it can't be.

Hôtel Meurice, Paris,
20*th October*, 1874.

8. I interrupt myself, for an instant or two, to take notice of two little things that happen to me here—arriving to breakfast by night train from Geneva.

Expecting to be cold, I had ordered fire, and sat down by it to read my letters as soon as I arrived, not noticing that the little parlour was getting much too hot. Presently, in comes the chambermaid, to put the bedroom in order, which one enters through the parlour. Perceiving that I am mismanaging myself, in the way of fresh air, as she

[1] [See *Præterita*, ii. § 163 *n.*, where Ruskin quotes this passage.]

[2] [In a paper on his ascent (in 1873) of "The Col des Hirondelles," first published in the *Alpine Journal* for February 1874, and now included in his *The Play-ground of Europe*, new edition, 1894, p. 188: "Delicious, too, was the rest under a clump of fragrant pines, rendered still more fragrant by our fumigation." Stephen, on seeing this allusion to him by Ruskin, wrote to C. E. Norton: "Next time you write to him say that I (and you) forgive and pity him for raging against the blessed weed, which certainly improves the best of scenery—to the smoker; and assure him that if he would take to it himself, he would find the world look less detestable" (*Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen*, by F. W. Maitland, 1906, p. 247).]

[3] [On the association of the pig with Demeter, see Frazer's *Golden Bough*, vol. ii.]

passes through, "Il fait bien chaud, monsieur, ici," says she, reprovingly, and with entire self-possession. Now that is French servant-character of the right old school. She knows her own position perfectly, and means to stay in it, and wear her little white radiant frill of a cap all her days. She knows my position also; and has not the least fear of my thinking her impertinent because she tells me what it is right that I should know. Presently afterwards, an evidently German-importation of waiter brings me up my breakfast, which has been longer in appearing than it would have been in old times. It looks all right at first,—the napkin, china, and solid silver sugar basin, all of the old régime. Bread, butter,—yes, of the best, still. Coffee, milk, —all right too. But, at last here is a bit of the new régime. There are no sugar-tongs; and the sugar is of beetroot, and in methodically similar cakes, which I must break with my finger and thumb if I want a small piece, and put back what I don't want, for my neighbour, to-morrow.

"Civilization," this, you observe, according to Professor Liebig and Mr. John Stuart Mill.[1] Not according to old French manners, however.

9. Now, my readers are continually complaining that I don't go on telling them my plan of life, under the rule of St. George's Company.

I *have* told it them, again and again, in broad terms; agricultural life, with as much refinement as I can enforce in it. But it is impossible to describe what I mean by "refinement," except in details which can only be suggested by practical need; and which cannot at all be set down at once.

Here, however, to-day, is one instance. At the best hotel in what has been supposed the most luxurious city of modern Europe,—because people are now always in a hurry to catch the train, they haven't time to use the sugar-tongs, or look for a little piece among differently sized lumps, and therefore they use their fingers; have bad sugar instead of

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 204.]

good, and waste the ground that would grow blessed cherry trees, currant bushes, or wheat, in growing a miserable root as a substitute for the sugar-cane, which God has appointed to grow where cherries and wheat won't, and to give juice which will freeze into sweet snow as pure as hoar-frost.

Now, on the poorest farm of the St. George's Company, the servants shall have white and brown sugar of the best —or none. If we are too poor to buy sugar, we will drink our tea without; and have suet-dumpling instead of pudding. But among the earliest school lessons, and home lessons, decent behaviour at table will be primarily essential; and of such decency, one little exact point will be—the neat, patient, and scrupulous use of sugar-tongs instead of fingers. If we are too poor to have silver basins, we will have delf ones; if not silver tongs, we will have wooden ones; and the boys of the house shall be challenged to cut, and fit together, the prettiest and handiest machines of the sort they can contrive. In six months you would find more real art fancy brought out in the wooden handles and claws, than there is now in all the plate in London.

10. Now, there's the cuckoo-clock striking seven, just as I sit down to correct the press of this sheet, in my nursery at Herne Hill; and though I don't remember, as the murderer does in Mr. Crummles' play, having heard a cuckoo-clock strike seven—in my infancy,[1] I do remember, in my favourite *Frank*,[2] much talk of the housekeeper's cuckoo-clock, and of the boy's ingenuity in mending it. Yet to this hour of seven in the morning, ninth December of my fifty-fifth year, I haven't the least notion how any such clock says "Cuckoo," nor a clear one even of the making of the commonest barking toy of a child's Noah's ark. I don't know how a barrel-organ produces music by being ground; nor what real function the pea has in a

[1] [*Nicholas Nickleby*, ch. xxiv.]

[2] [For another reference to Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*, see Letter 43, § 5 (p. 112).]

whistle. Physical science—all this—of a kind which would have been boundlessly interesting to me, as to all boys of mellifluous disposition, if only I had been taught it with due immediate practice, and enforcement of true manufacture, or, in pleasant Saxon, "handiwork." But there shall not be on St. George's estate a single thing in the house which the boys don't know how to make, nor a single dish on the table which the girls will not know how to cook.

11. By the way, I have been greatly surprised by receiving some letters of puzzled inquiry as to the meaning of my recipe, given last year, for Yorkshire Pie.[1] Do not my readers yet at all understand that the whole gist of this book is to make people build their own houses, provide and cook their own dinners, and enjoy both? Something else besides, perhaps; but at least, and at first, those. St. Michael's mass, and Christ's mass, may eventually be associated in your minds with other things than goose and pudding; but *Fors* demands at first no more chivalry nor Christianity from you than that you build your houses bravely, and earn your dinners honestly, and enjoy them both, and be content with them both. The contentment is the main matter; you may enjoy to any extent, but if you are discontented, your life will be poisoned. The little pig was so comforting to me because he was wholly content to be a little pig; and Mr. Leslie Stephen is in a certain degree exemplary and comforting to me, because he is wholly content to be Mr. Leslie Stephen;[2] while I am miserable because I am always wanting to be something else than I am. I want to be Turner; I want to be Gainsborough; I want to be Samuel Prout; I want to be

[1] [See Letter 25, § 2 (Vol. XXVII. p. 448).]

[2] [Stephen's biographer, the late Professor F. W. Maitland, in quoting this passage adds: "So wrote Ruskin; but let us distinguish. If the prophet meant that Stephen was self-complacent and satisfied with his own performances, the prophet made a great mistake; but if he meant that Stephen was contented with his lot, that is true and worth saying" (*Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen*, p. 258). Stephen was Ruskin's neighbour for some weeks at Coniston, and they had some friendly intercourse (see Vol. XXIV. p. xxxi., and, in a later volume, Ruskin's letter of August 2, 1876, to C. E. Norton); but Stephen "could not be at ease with him" (*Life and Letters*, pp. 292, 302, 308).]

Doge of Venice; I want to be Pope; I want to be Lord of the Sun and Moon. The other day, when I read that story in the papers about the dog-fight,* I wanted to be able to fight a bulldog.

12. Truly, that was the only effect of the story upon me, though I heard everybody else screaming out "how horrible it was!" What's horrible in it? Of course it is in bad taste, and the sign of a declining era of national honour—as all brutal gladiatorial exhibitions are; and the stakes and rings of the tethered combat meant precisely, for England, what the stakes and rings of the Theatre of Taormina,—where I saw the holes left for them among the turf, blue with Sicilian lilies, in this last April,—meant, for Greece, and Rome. There might be something loathsome, or something ominous, in such a story, to the old Greeks of the school of Heracles; who used to fight with the Nemean lion, or with Cerberus, when it was needful only, and not for money; and whom their Argus remembered through all Trojan exile.[1] There might be something loathsome in it, or ominous, to an Englishman of the school of Shakespeare or Scott; who would fight with men only, and loved his hound. But for you—you carnivorous cheats[2]—what, in dog's or devil's name, is there horrible in it for *you?* Do you suppose it isn't more manly and virtuous to fight a bulldog, than to poison a child, or cheat a fellow

* I don't know how far it turned out to be true,—a fight between a dwarf and a bulldog (both chained to stakes, as in Roman days), described at length in some journals.[3]

[1] [For the recognition of Ulysses by his dog Argus, see *Odyssey*, xvii. 291 *seq.*]

[2] [See Letter 42, § 14 (p. 102).]

[3] [The reference is to a sensational account of a fight at Hanley between a bulldog and an undersized man known as "Brummy," contributed by Mr. James Greenwood to the *Daily Telegraph* of July 6, 1874. The article attracted much attention, and the accuracy of Mr. Greenwood's statements was hotly challenged: see various notes and letters in the *Times* of July and August (and especially the issues of July 21 and August 12). The Home Secretary (then Mr. Cross) was questioned on the matter in Parliament. On July 9 he stated that he had "every reason to believe that the account is substantially true"; on July 23, that the Chief Constable of Hanley, after prolonged inquiries, had been "unable to find any corroboration." Mr. Greenwood, however, maintained positively the accuracy of his account.]

who trusts you, or leave a girl to go wild in the streets? And don't you live, and profess to live—and even insolently proclaim that there's no other way of living than—by poisoning and cheating? And isn't every woman of fashion's dress, in Europe, now set the pattern of to her by its prostitutes?

13. What's horrible in it? I ask you, the third time. I hate, myself, seeing a bulldog ill-treated; for they are the gentlest and faithfullest of living creatures if you use them well. And the best dog I ever had was a bull-terrier,[1] whose whole object in life was to please me, and nothing else; though, if he found he *could* please me by holding on with his teeth to an inch-thick stick, and being swung round in the air as fast as I could turn, that was his own idea of entirely felicitous existence. I don't like, therefore, hearing of a bulldog's being ill-treated; but I can tell you a little thing that chanced to me at Coniston the other day, more horrible, in the deep elements of it, than all the dog, bulldog, or bull-fights, or baitings, of England, Spain, and California. A fine boy, the son of an amiable English clergyman, had come on the coach-box round the Water-head to see me, and was telling me of the delightful drive he had had. "Oh," he said, in the triumph of his enthusiasm, "and just at the corner of the wood, there was *such* a big squirrel! and the coachman threw a stone at it, and nearly hit it!"

"Thoughtlessness — only thoughtlessness" — say you — proud father? Well, perhaps not much worse than that. But how *could* it be much worse? Thoughtlessness is precisely the chief public calamity of our day;[2] and when it comes to the pitch, in a clergyman's child, of not thinking

[1] [Ruskin was "a devoted lover and keen observer of animals. It would take long to tell the story of all his dogs, from the spaniel Dash, commemorated in his earliest poems, and Wisie, whose sagacity is related in *Præterita*, down through the long line of bulldogs, St. Bernards, and collies, to Bramble, the reigning favourite; and all the cats who made his study their home, or were flirted with abroad" (W. G. Collingwood, *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 355). For one of his dogs, see below, p. 256 *n.*]

[2] [See Preface to the second edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, where Ruskin refers to this passage: Vol. XVIII. p. 204.]

that a stone hurts what it hits of living things, and not caring for the daintiest, dextrousest, innocentest living thing in the northern forests of God's earth, except as a brown excrescence to be knocked off their branches,—nay, good pastor of Christ's lambs, believe me, your boy had better have been employed in thoughtfully and resolutely stoning St. Stephen—if any St. Stephen is to be found in these days, when men not only can't see heaven opened, but don't so much as care to see it shut.[1]

For they, at least, meant neither to give pain nor death without cause,—that unanimous company who stopped their ears,—they, and the consenting bystander who afterwards was sorry for his mistake.[2]

14. But, on the whole, the time has now come when we must cease throwing of stones either at saints or squirrels; and, as I say, build our own houses with them, honestly set: and similarly content ourselves in peaceable use of iron and lead, and other such things which we have been in the habit of throwing at each other dangerously, in thoughtlessness; and defending ourselves against as thoughtlessly, though in what we suppose to be an ingenious manner. Ingenious or not, will the fabric of our new ship of the Line, *Devastation*,[3] think you, follow its fabricator in heavenly places, when he dies in the Lord?[4] In such representations as I have chanced to see of probable Paradise, Noah is never without his ark;—holding that up for judgment as the main work of his life.[5] Shall we hope at the Advent to see the builder of the *Devastation* invite St. Michael's judgment on his better style of naval architecture, and four-foot-six-thick "armour of light"?[6]

[1] [Compare Letter 75, § 14 (Vol. XXIX. p. 70).]

[2] [Acts vii. 56 *seq.*]

[3] [The *Devastation*—turret-ship, designed by Sir E. J. Reed (1830–1906), launched in 1871 and commissioned in 1873—was the representative of the newest and most powerful type of battleship at the time. She was the first British sea-going battleship that relied solely on steam. For other references to her, see Letters 64, § 26, and 65, § 4 (below, pp. 585, 590).]

[4] [Revelation xiv. 13: see above, p. 148.]

[5] [As, for instance, in Tintoret's "Paradise" in the Ducal Palace: see the description in Vol. XXII. p. 104.]

[6] [Romans xiii. 12.]

15. It is to-day the second Sunday in Advent, and all over England, about the time that I write these words, full congregations will be for the second time saying Amen to the opening collect of the Christian year.

I wonder how many individuals of the enlightened public understand a single word of its first clause:

> "Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life."

How many of them, may it be supposed, have any clear knowledge of what grace is, or of what the works of darkness are which they hope to have grace to cast away; or will feel themselves, in the coming year, armed with any more luminous mail than their customary coats and gowns, hosen and hats? Or again, when they are told to "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them,"[1]—what fellowship do they recognize themselves to have guiltily formed; and whom, or what, will they feel now called upon to reprove?

In last *Fors*,[2] I showed *you* how the works of darkness were unfruitful;—the precise reverse of the fruitful, or creative, works of Light;—but why in this collect, which you pray over and over again all Advent, do you ask for "armour" instead of industry? You take your coat off to work in your own gardens; why must you put a coat of mail on, when you are to work in the Garden of God?

Well; because the earthworms in it are big—and have teeth and claws, and venomous tongues. So that the first question for you is indeed, not whether you have a mind to work in it—many a coward has that—but whether you have courage to stand in it, and armour proved enough to stand in.

16. Suppose you let the consenting bystander who took care of the coats taken off to do that piece of work on

[1] [Ephesians v. 11. For a later reference to this passage, see Letter 63, § 3 (p. 540).]

[2] [Not *last Fors*, but Letter 46, § 10 (p. 175).]

St. Stephen, explain to you the pieces out of St. Michael's armoury needful to the husbandman, or Georgos,[1] of God's garden.

"Stand therefore; having your loins girt about with Truth."

That means, that the strength of your backbone depends on your meaning to do true battle.

"And having on the breastplate of Justice."

That means, there are to be no partialities in your heart, of anger or pity;—but you must only in justice kill, and only in justice keep alive.

"And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of Peace."

That means, that where your foot pauses, moves, or enters, there shall be peace; and where you can only shake the dust of it on the threshold, mourning.

"Above all, take the shield of Faith."

Of fidelity or obedience to your captain, showing his bearings, argent, a cross gules; your safety, and all the army's, being first in the obedience of faith: and all casting of spears vain against such guarded phalanx.

"And take the helmet of Salvation."

Elsewhere, the *hope* of salvation,[2] that being the defence of your intellect against base and sad thoughts, as the shield of fidelity is the defence of your heart against burning and consuming passions.

"And the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."[3]

That being your weapon of war,—your power of action, whether with sword or ploughshare; according to the saying

[1] [For St. George the Husbandman, see *St. Mark's Rest*, § 214 (Vol. XXIV. p. 375).]
[2] [1 Thessalonians v. 8 ("and for an helmet the hope of salvation").]
[3] [Ephesians vi. 14–17.]

of St. John of the young soldiers of Christ, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you."[1] The Word by which the heavens were of old; and which, being once only Breath, became in man Flesh, "quickening it by the spirit" into the life which is, and is to come; and enabling it for all the works nobly done by the quick, and following the dead.

17. And now, finish your Advent collect, and eat your Christmas fare, and drink your Christmas wine, thankfully; and with understanding that if the supper is holy which shows your Lord's death till He come, the dinner is also holy which shows His life; and if you would think it wrong at any time to go to your own baby's cradle side, drunk, do not show your gladness by Christ's cradle in that manner; but eat your meat, and carol your carol in pure gladness and singleness of heart; and so gird up your loins with truth, that, in the year to come, you may do such work as Christ can praise, whether He call you to judgment from the quick or dead; so that among your Christmas carols there may never any more be wanting the joyfullest,—

> O sing unto the Lord a new song:
> Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
> Say among the heathen that the Lord is King:
> The world also shall be stablished that it shall not be moved.
> Let the heavens rejoice,
> And let the earth be glad;
> Let the sea shout, and the fulness thereof.
> Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:
> Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice
> Before the Lord:
> For He cometh, for He cometh to JUDGE THE EARTH:
> HE SHALL JUDGE THE WORLD WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS,
> AND THE PEOPLE WITH HIS TRUTH.[2]

[1] [1 John ii. 14. The other Bible references in §§ 16, 17 are 2 Peter iii. 5; John i. 14; 1 Peter iii. 18; Revelation xiv. 13; 1 Corinthians xi. 26; Ephesians vi. 14; 2 Timothy iv. 1.]

[2] [Psalms xcvi. 1, 10–13. Ruskin partly retranslates, slightly altering the Authorised Version.]

18. (I.) I HAVE kept the following kind and helpful letter for the close of the year:—

"*January* 8, 1874.

"SIR,—I have been much moved by a passage in No. 37 of *Fors Clavigera*, in which you express yourself in somewhat desponding terms as to your loneliness in 'life and thought,' now you have grown old.[1] You complain that many of your early friends have forgotten or disregarded you, and that you are almost left alone. I cannot certainly be called an early friend, or, in the common meaning of the word, a friend of any time. But I cannot refrain from telling you that there are 'more than 7000' in this very 'Christ-defying' England whom you have made your friends by your wise sympathy and faithful teaching. I, for my own part, owe you a debt of thankfulness not only for the pleasant hours I have spent with you in your books, but also for the clearer views of many of the ills which at present press upon us, and for the methods of cure upon which you so urgently and earnestly insist. I would especially mention *Unto this Last* as having afforded me the highest satisfaction. It has ever since I first read it been my text-book of political economy. I think it is one of the needfullest lessons for a selfish, recklessly competitive, cheapest-buying and dearest-selling age, that it should be told there are principles deeper, higher, and even more prudent than those by which it is just now governed. It is particularly refreshing to find Christ's truths applied to modern commercial immorality in the trenchant and convincing style which characterizes your much maligned but most valuable book. It has been, let me assure you, appreciated in very unexpected quarters; and one humble person to whom I lent my copy, *being too poor to buy one for himself, actually wrote it out word for word, that he might always have it by him.*"[2]

("What a shame!" thinks the enlightened Mudie-subscriber. "See what comes of his refusing to sell his books cheap."

Yes,—see what comes of it. The dreadful calamity, to another person, of doing once, what I did myself twice—and, in great part of the book, three times. A vain author, indeed, thinks nothing of the trouble of writing his own books. But I had infinitely rather write somebody else's. My good poor disciple, at the most, had not half the pain his master had; learnt his book rightly, and gave me more help, by this best kind of laborious sympathy, than twenty score of flattering friends who tell me what a fine word-painter I am, and don't take the pains to understand so much as half a sentence in a volume.)

"You have done, and are doing, a good work for England, and I pray you not to be discouraged. Continue as you have been doing, convincing us by your 'sweet reasonableness' of our errors and miseries, and the time will doubtless come

[1] [Letter 37, § 2 (p. 14).]

[2] [In a letter to his publisher about this number of *Fors*, Ruskin wrote:—
"One of the letters in the correspondence will say how a poor man copied out *Unto this Last* word for word, being too poor to buy one. It makes one think, don't it?"]

when your work, now being done in Jeremiah-like sadness and hopelessness, will bear gracious and abundant fruit.

"Will you pardon my troubling you with this note? but, indeed, I could not be happy after reading your gloomy experience, until I had done my little best to send one poor ray of comfort into your seemingly almost weary heart.

"I remain,

"Yours very sincerely."

19. (II.) Next to this delightful testimony to my "sweet reasonableness," here is some discussion of evidence on the other side:—

"*November* 12, 1872.

"To JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D., greeting, these.

"Enclosed is a slip cut from the *Liverpool Mercury* of last Friday, November 8. I don't send it to you because I think it matters anything what the *Mercury* thinks about any one's qualification for either the inside or outside of any asylum; but that I may suggest to you, as a working-man reader of your letters, the desirability of your printing any letters of importance you may send to any of the London papers, over again—in, say, the space of *Fors Clavigera* that you have set apart for correspondence. It is most tantalizing to see a bit printed like the enclosed, and not know either what is before or after. I felt similar feelings some time ago over a little bit of a letter about the subscription to Warwick Castle.[1]

"We cannot always see the London papers, especially us provincials; and we would like to see what goes on between you and the newspaper world.

"Trusting that you will give this suggestion some consideration, and at any rate take it as given in good faith from a disciple following afar off,

"I remain, sincerely yours."

The enclosed slip was as follows:—

"MR. RUSKIN'S TENDER POINT.—Mr. John Ruskin has written a letter to a contemporary on madness and crime, which goes far to clear up the mystery which has surrounded some of his writings of late. The following passage amply qualifies the distinguished art critic for admission into any asylum in the country: —'I assure you, sir, insanity is a tender point with me.'"

The writer then quotes to the end the last paragraph of the letter, which, in compliance with my correspondent's wish, I am happy here to reprint in its entirety.

MADNESS AND CRIME

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE"[2]

SIR,—Towards the close of the excellent article on the Taylor trial[3] in your issue for October 31, you say that people never will be, nor ought to be, persuaded "to treat criminals simply as vermin which they destroy, and not as men who are to be punished." Certainly not, sir! Who ever

[1] [Ruskin wrote two letters to the *Daily Telegraph* (December 22 and 25, 1871) on the subject of an appeal for public subscriptions towards the restoration of Warwick Castle, which had been partly destroyed by fire. The letters are reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. pp. 223–226, and in a later volume of this edition.]

[2] [From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 4, 1872; also reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. pp. 189–190.]

[3] [The trial of W. J. Taylor at the Central Criminal Court (October 30, 1872) was for the murder of a woman and child, and ended in his acquittal on the ground of insanity owing to drink.]

talked or thought of regarding criminals "simply" as anything (or innocent people either, if there be any)? But regarding criminals complexly and accurately, they are partly men, partly vermin; what is human in them you must punish—what is vermicular, abolish. Anything between—if you can find it—I wish you joy of, and hope you may be able to preserve it to society. Insane persons, horses, dogs, or cats, become vermin when they become dangerous. I am sorry for darling Fido, but there is no question about what is to be done with him.

Yet, I assure you, sir, insanity is a tender point with me. One of my best friends has just gone mad;[1] and all the rest say I am mad myself. But, if ever I murder anybody—and, indeed, there are numbers of people I should like to murder—I won't say that I ought to be hanged; for I think nobody but a bishop or a bank director can ever be rogue enough to deserve hanging;[2] but I particularly, and with all that is left me of what I imagine to be sound mind, request that I may be immediately shot.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *November* 2 (1872).

20. (III.) I am very grateful to the friend who sends me the following note on my criticism of Dickens in last letter:[3]—

"It does not in the least detract from the force of *Fors* that there was a real 'Miss Flite,' whom I have seen, and my father well remembers; and who used to haunt the Courts in general, and sometimes to address them. She had been ruined, it was believed; and Dickens must have seen her, for her picture is like the original. But he knew nothing about her, and only constructed her after his fashion. She cannot have been any prototype of the character of Miss Flite. I never heard her real name. Poor thing! she did not look sweet or kind, but crazed and spiteful; and unless looks deceived Dickens, he just gave careless, false witness about her. Her condition seemed to strengthen your statement in its very gist,—as Law had made her look like Peter Peebles.

"My father remembers little Miss F., of whom nothing was known. She always carried papers and a bag, and received occasional charity from lawyers.

"Gridley's real name was Ikey;—he haunted Chancery. Another, named Pitt, in the Exchequer;—broken attorneys, both."

21. (IV.) I have long kept by me an official statement of the condition of England[4] when I began *Fors*, and together with it an illustrative column, printed, without alteration, from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the previous year [§ 22]. They may now fitly close my four years' work, of which I have good hope next year to see some fruit.

"MR. GOSCHEN ON THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND.—The nation is again making money at an enormous rate, and driving every kind of decently secure investment up to unprecedented figures. Foreign Stocks, Indian Stocks, Home Railway Shares, all securities which are beyond the control of mere speculators and offer above four per cent., were never so dear; risky loans for millions, like that for Peru, are

[1] [Compare Letter 49, § 13 (p. 246). For the death of this friend, see Vol. XXIV. p. xx., together with the Introduction to *Præterita*.]

[2] [Compare, on the punishment of bank directors who fail, Letter 7, §§ 12, 19 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 125, 131).]

[3] [Letter 47, § 9, p. 195.]

[4] [That is, the statement in Mr. Goschen's speech on June 17, 1870, already noticed in Letter 4, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 70), and summarised in the article from the *Spectator* here given in § 21.]

taken with avidity; the cup is getting full, and in all human probability some new burst of speculation is at hand, which may take a beneficial form—for instance, we could get rid of a hundred millions in making cheap country railways with immense advantage—but will more probably turn out to be a mere method of depletion. However it goes, the country is once more getting rich, and the money is filtering downwards to the actual workers. The people, as Mr. Goschen showed by unimpugnable figures, are consuming more sugar, more tea, more beer, spirits, and tobacco, more, in fact, of every kind of popular luxury, than ever. Their savings have also increased, while the exports of cotton, of wool, of linen, of iron, of machinery, have reached a figure wholly beyond precedent. By the testimony of all manner of men—factory inspectors, poor-law inspectors, members for great cities—the Lancashire trade, the silk trade, the flax-spinning trade, the lace trade, and, above all, the iron trade, are all so flourishing, that the want is not of work to be done, but of hands to do it. Even the iron shipbuilding trade, which was at so low a point, is reviving, and the only one believed to be still under serious depression is the building trade of London, which has, it is believed, been considerably overdone. So great is the demand for hands in some parts of the country, that Mr. Goschen believes that internal emigration would do more to help the people than emigration to America, while it is certain that no relief which can be afforded by the departure of a few workpeople is equal to the relief caused by the revival of any one great trade—relief, we must add, which would be more rapid and diffused if the trades' unions, in this one respect at least false to their central idea of the brotherhood of labour, were not so jealous of the intrusion of outsiders. There is hardly a trade into which a countryman of thirty, however clever, can enter at his own discretion—one of the many social disqualifications which press upon the agricultural labourer.

"The picture thus drawn by Mr. Goschen, and truly drawn—for the President of the Poor-Law Board is a man who does not manipulate figures, but treats them with the reverence of the born statist—is a very pleasant one, especially to those who believe that wealth is the foundation of civilization; but yet what a weary load it is that, according to the same speech, this country is carrying, and must carry! There are 1,100,000 paupers on the books, and not a tenth of them will be taken off by any revival whatever, for not a tenth of them are workers. The rest are children—350,000 of them alone—widows, people past work, cripples, lunatics, incapables, human drift of one sort or another, the detritus of commerce and labour, a compost of suffering, helplessness, and disease. In addition to the burden of the State, in addition to the burden of the Debt, which we talk of as nothing, but without which England would be the least-taxed country in the world, this country has to maintain an army of incapables twice as numerous as the army of France, to feed, and clothe, and lodge and teach them,—an army which she cannot disband, and which she seems incompetent even to diminish. To talk of emigration, of enterprise, even of education, as reducing this burden, is almost waste of breath; for cripples do not emigrate, the aged do not benefit by trade, when education is universal children must still be kept alive."—The *Spectator*, June 25, 1870.

22. (V.) The following single column of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been occasionally referred to in past letters:[1]—

"It is proposed to erect a memorial church at Oxford to the late Archbishop Longley. The cost is estimated at from £15,000 to £20,000. The subscriptions promised already amount to upwards of £2000, and in the list are the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Oxford, St. Asaph, and Chester."

"An inquest was held in the Isle of Dogs by Mr. Humphreys, the coroner, respecting the death of a woman named Catherine Spence, aged thirty-four, and

[1] [The only specific reference to this column is not in *Fors*, but in *The Eagle's Nest*, § 63 (Vol. XXII. pp. 166–167).]

her infant. She was the wife of a labourer, who had been almost without employment for two years and a half. They had pledged all their clothes to buy food, and some time since part of the furniture had been seized by the brokers for rent. The house in which they lived was occupied by six families, who paid the landlord 5s. 9d. for rent. One of the witnesses stated that 'all the persons in the house were ill off for food, and the deceased never wanted it more than they did.' The jury on going to view the bodies found that the bed on which the woman and child had died was composed of rags, and there were no bed-clothes upon it. A small box placed upon a broken chair had served as a table. Upon it lay a tract entitled '*The Goodness of God.*' The windows were broken, and an old iron tray had been fastened up against one and a board up against another. Two days after his wife's death the poor man went mad, and he was taken to the workhouse. He was not taken to the asylum, for there was no room for him in it—it was crowded with mad people. Another juror said it was of no use to return a verdict of death from starvation. It would only cause the distress in the island to be talked about in newspapers. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased woman died from exhaustion, privation, and want of food."

"The Rev. James Nugent, the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Liverpool borough gaol, reported to the magistrates that crime is increasing among young women in Liverpool; and he despairs of amendment until effective steps are taken to check the open display of vice which may now be witnessed nightly, and even daily, in the thoroughfares of the town. Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate, confesses that he is at a loss what to do in order to deter women of the class referred to from offending against the law, as even committal to the sessions and a long term of imprisonment fail to produce beneficial effects. Father Nugent also despairs of doing much good with this class; but he thinks that if they were subjected to stricter control, and prevented from parading in our thoroughfares, many girls would be deterred from falling into evil ways."

"At the Liverpool borough gaol sessions Mr. Robertson Gladstone closely interrogated the chaplain (the Rev. Thomas Carter) respecting his visitation of the prisoners. Mr. Gladstone is of opinion that sufficient means to make the prisoners impressionable to religious teaching are not used; whilst the chaplain asserts that the system which he pursues is based upon a long experience, extending over twenty-eight years, at the gaol. Mr. Gladstone, who does not share the chaplain's belief that the prisoners are 'generally unimpressionable,' hinted that some active steps in the matter would probably be taken."

"Mr. Fowler, the stipendiary magistrate of Manchester, referring to Mr. Ernest Jones' death[1] yesterday, in the course of the proceedings at the City police-court, said: 'I wish to say one word, which I intended to have said yesterday morning, in reference to the taking from amongst us of a face which has been so familiar in this court; but I wished to have some other magistrates present in order that I might, on the part of the bench, and not only as an individual, express our regret at the unexpected removal from our midst of a man whose life has been a very remarkable one, whose name will always be associated in this country in connection with the half-century he lived in it, and who, whatever his faults—and who amongst us is free?—possessed the great virtues of undoubted integrity and honour, and of being thoroughly consistent, never flinching from that course which he believed to be right, though at times at the cost of fortune and of freedom.'"

"A Chester tradesman named Meacock, an ex-town councillor, has been arrested in that city on a charge of forging conveyances of property upon which he subsequently obtained a mortgage of £2200. The lady who owns the property

[1] [Ernest Charles Jones (1819–1869), chartist, poet, and barrister; suffered two years' imprisonment for seditious speeches (1848–1850).]

appeared before the magistrates, and declared that her signature to the conveyance was a forgery. The prisoner was remanded, and was sent to prison in default of obtaining the bail which was required."

"Mr. Hughes, a Liverpool merchant, was summoned before the local bench for having sent to the London Dock a case, containing hydrochloric acid, without a distinct label or mark denoting that the goods were dangerous. A penalty of £10 was imposed."

"A woman, named Daley, came before the Leeds magistrates, with her son, a boy six years old, whom she wished to be sent to a reformatory, as she was unable to control him. She said that one evening last week he went home, carrying a piece of rope, and said that he was going to hang himself with it. He added that he had already attempted to hang himself 'in the Crown Court, but a little lass loosed the rope for him, and he fell into a tub of water.' It turned out that the mother was living with a man by whom she had two children, and it was thought by some in court that her object was merely to relieve herself of the cost and care of the boy; but the magistrates, thinking that the boy would be better away from the contaminating influence of the street and of his home, committed him to the Certified Industrial Schools until he arrives at sixteen years of age, and ordered his mother to contribute one shilling per week towards his maintenance."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, January 29, 1869.

23. SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ST. GEORGE'S FUND

TO CLOSE OF YEAR 1874

(*The Subscribers each know his or her number in this List*)

		£	s.	d.
1.	Annual, £4 0 0 (1871, '72, '73, '74)	16	0	0
2.	Annual, £20 0 0 (1871, '72, '73, '74)	80	0	0
3.	Gift	5	0	0
4.	Gifts (1871), £30 0 0; (1873), £20 0 0	50	0	0
5.	Gift (1872)	20	0	0
6.	Annual, £1 1 0 (1872, '73, '74)	3	3	0
7.	Gift (1872)	10	0	0
8.	Annual, £20 0 0 (1872, '73, '74)	60	0	0
9.	Gift (1872)	25	0	0
10.	Annual, £5 0 0 (1872, '73)	10	0	0
11.	Annual, £1 1 0 (1873, '74)	2	2	0
12.	Gift (1873)	4	0	0
13.	Annual, £3 0 0 (1873, '74)	6	0	0
14.	Gift (1873)	13	10	0
15.	Gift (1873)	5	0	0
16.	Gift (1874)	25	0	0
17.	,,	1	0	0
18.	,,	10	0	0
19.	,,	5	0	0
20.	,,	2	0	0
21.	,,	10	10	0
22.	,,	1	1	0
23.	,,	5	0	0
24.	,,	1	1	0
		£370	7	0

One or two more subscriptions have come in since this list was drawn up; these will be acknowledged in the January number,[1] and the subjoined letter from Mr. Cowper-Temple gives the state of the Fund in general terms.

Broadlands, Romsey, *December* 9, 1874.

Dear Ruskin,—The St. George's Fund, of which Sir Thomas Acland and I are Trustees, consists at present of £7000* Consolidated Stock, and of £923 standing to the credit of our joint account at the Union Bank of London, Chancery Lane Branch. Contributions to this fund are received by the Bank and placed to the credit of our joint account.

Yours faithfully,

W. Cowper-Temple.

* I have heard that some impression has got abroad that in giving this £7000 stock to the St. George's Company,[2] I only parted with one year's income. It was a fairly estimated tenth of my entire property, including Brantwood. The excess of the sum now at the credit of the Trustees, over the amount subscribed, consists in the accumulated interest on this stock. With the sum thus at their disposal, the Trustees are about to purchase another £1000 of stock, and in the *Fors* of January[3] will be a more complete statement of what we shall begin the year with, and of some dawning prospect of a beginning also to our operations.

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[1] [See Letter 49, § 21 (p. 253).]
[2] [See Letter 12, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 199).]
[3] [Letter 49; and see Letter 50, § 17 (pp. 268–269).]

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

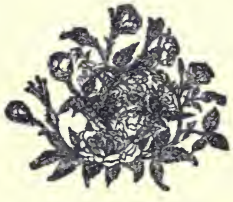
TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART.

VOL. V.



GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1875.

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[1] For the fourth species, see Letter 52, § 15.

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FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTER 49

FROM THE PROPHET EVEN UNTO THE PRIEST[1]

1. I WONDER if Fors will let me say any small proportion, this year, of what I intend. I wish she would, for my readers have every right to be doubtful of my plan till they see it more defined; and yet to define it severely would be to falsify it, for all that is best in it depends on my adopting whatever good I can find, in men and things, that will work to my purpose; which of course means action in myriads of ways that I neither wish to define, nor attempt to anticipate. Nay, I am wrong, even in speaking of it as a plan or scheme at all. It is only a method of uniting the force of all good plans and wise schemes: it is a principle and tendency, like the law of form in a crystal; not a plan. If I live, as I said at first,[2] I will endeavour to show some small part of it in action; but it would be a poor design indeed, for the bettering of the world, which any man could see either quite round the outside, or quite into the inside of.

But I hope in the letters of this next year to spend less time in argument or attack; what I wish the reader to know, of principle, is already enough proved, if only he take the pains to read the preceding letters thoroughly; and I shall now, as far as Fors will let me, carry out my purpose[3] of choosing and annotating passages of confirmatory

[1] [See below, § 9. "False Priests and Prophets" was a rejected title for this Letter.]

[2] [See Letter 5 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 95–96).]

[3] [See Letter 14, § 6 (Vol. XXVII. p. 250).]

classical literature; and answering, as they occur, the questions of my earnest correspondents, as to what each of them, in their place of life, may immediately do with advantage for St. George's help.

2. If those of my readers who have been under the impression that I wanted them to join me in establishing some model institution or colony, will look to § 3 of Letter 1,[1] they will see that, so far from intending or undertaking any such thing, I meant to put my whole strength into my Oxford teaching; and, for my own part, to get rid of begging letters and live in peace.

Of course, when I have given fourteen thousand pounds away in a year,* everybody who wants some money thinks I have plenty for *them.* But my having given fourteen thousand pounds is just the reason I have *not* plenty for them; and, moreover, have no time to attend to them, (and generally, henceforward, my friends will please to note that I have spent my life in helping other people, and am quite tired of it; and if they can now help me in my work, or praise me for it, I shall be much obliged to them; but I can't help them at theirs).

But this impression of my wanting to found a colony was founded on §§ 20–21 of Letter 5, and § 10 of Letter 8.[2] Read them over again now, altogether.

3. If the help I plead for come, we will indeed try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful; and if sufficient help come, many such pieces of ground; and on those we will put cottage dwellings, and educate the labourers' children in a certain manner. But that is not

* Seven thousand to St. George's Company; five, for establishment of Mastership in Drawing in the Oxford schools; two, and more, in the series of drawings placed in those schools to secure their efficiency.[3]

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 13.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 95, 96, 142. Yet it will be observed that on the next page he speaks of "my model colony." What he means is that, though giving directions for the foundation of such a colony or colonies, he declined any manner of political action which should interfere with his Oxford work: see Letter 81, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 197).]

[3] [For Ruskin's gift of a "tenth" to St. George's Guild, see Letter 12, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 199); for his gifts to Oxford, Vol. XXI. pp. xix. *seq.*]

founding a colony. It is only agreeing to work on a given system. Any English gentleman who chooses to forbid the use of steam machinery—be it but over a few acres,—and to make the best of them he can by human labour, or who will secure a piece of his mountain ground from dog, gun, and excursion party, and let the wild flowers and wild birds live there in peace;—any English gentleman, I say, who will so command either of these things, is doing the utmost I would ask of him;—if, seeing the result of doing so much, he felt inclined to do more, field may add itself to field, cottage rise after cottage,—here and there the sky begin to open again above us, and the rivers to run pure. In a very little while, also, the general interest in education will assuredly discover that healthy habits, and not mechanical drawing nor church catechism, are the staple of it; and then, not in my model colony only, but as best it can be managed in any unmodelled place or way—girls will be taught to cook, boys to plough, and both to behave; and that with the heart,—which is the first piece of all the body that has to be instructed.

4. A village clergyman (an excellent farmer, and very kind friend of my earliest college days) sent me last January a slip out of the *Daily Telegraph*, written across in his own hand with the words "Advantage of Education."[1] The slip described the eloquence and dexterity in falsehood of the Parisian Communist prisoners on their trial for the murder of the hostages. But I would fain ask my old friend to tell me himself whether he thinks instruction in the art of false eloquence should indeed receive from any minister of Christ the title of "education" at all; and how far display of eloquence, instead of instruction in behaviour, has become the function, too commonly, of these ministers themselves.

5. I was asked by one of my Oxford pupils the other day why I had never said any serious word of what it

[1] [The extract is given in a note to Vol. XXIII. p. 250. It comes from the *Daily Telegraph* of January 10, and following days, 1872.]

might seem best for clergymen to do in a time of so great doubt and division.

I have not, because any man's becoming a clergyman in these days must imply one of two things—either that he has something to do and say for men which he honestly believes himself impelled to do and say by the Holy Ghost,[1] —and in that case he is likely to see his way without being shown it,—or else he is one of the group of so-called Christians who, except with the outward ear, "have not so much as heard whether there *be* any Holy Ghost,"[2] and are practically lying, both to men and to God;—persons to whom, whether they be foolish or wicked in their ignorance, no honest way can possibly be shown.

6. The particular kinds of folly also which lead youths to become clergymen, uncalled, are especially intractable. That a lad just out of his teens, and not under the influence of any deep religious enthusiasm, should ever contemplate the possibility of his being set up in the middle of a mixed company of men and women of the world, to instruct the aged, encourage the valiant, support the weak, reprove the guilty, and set an example to all;—and not feel what a ridiculous and blasphemous business it would be, if he only pretended to do it for hire; and what a ghastly and murderous business it would be, if he did it strenuously wrong; and what a marvellous and all but incredible thing the Church and its power must be, if it were possible for him, with all the good meaning in the world, to do it rightly;—that any youth, I say, should ever have got himself into the state of recklessness, or conceit, required to become a clergyman at all, under these existing circumstances, must put him quite out of the pale of those whom one appeals to on any reasonable or moral question, in serious writing. I went into a ritualistic church, the other day, for instance, in the West End. It was built of bad Gothic, lighted with bad painted glass, and had its Litany

[1] [For a reference by a correspondent to this passage, see Letter 54 (below, p. 359).]

[2] [Acts xix. 2.]

intoned, and its sermon delivered—on the subject of wheat and chaff—by a young man of, as far as I could judge, very sincere religious sentiments, but very certainly the kind of person whom one might have brayed in a mortar among the very best of the wheat with a pestle, without making his foolishness depart from him.[1] And, in general, any man's becoming a clergyman in these days implies that, at best, his sentiment has overpowered his intellect; and that, whatever the feebleness of the latter, the victory of his impertinent piety has been probably owing to its alliance with his conceit, and its promise to him of the gratification of being regarded as an oracle, without the trouble of becoming wise, or the grief of being so.

7. It is not, however, by men of this stamp that the principal mischief is done to the Church of Christ. Their foolish congregations are not enough in earnest even to be misled; and the increasing London or Liverpool respectable suburb is simply provided with its baker's and butcher's shop, its alehouse, its itinerant organ-grinders for the week, and stationary organ-grinder for Sunday, himself his monkey, in obedience to the commonest condition of demand and supply, and without much more danger in their Sunday's entertainment than in their Saturday's. But the importunate and zealous ministrations of the men who have been strong enough to deceive themselves before they deceive others;—who give the grace and glow of vital sincerity to falsehood, and lie for God from the ground of their heart, produce forms of moral corruption in their congregations as much more deadly than the consequences of recognizedly vicious conduct, as the hectic of consumption is more deadly than the flush of temporary fever. And it is entirely unperceived by the members of existing churches that the words, "speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron,"[2] do not in the least apply to wilful and self-conscious hypocrites, but only to those who do not recognize themselves for such. Of wilful assumption

[1] [Proverbs xxvii. 22. Compare Letter 15, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 264).]
[2] [1 Timothy iv. 2.]

of the appearance of piety, for promotion of their own interests, few, even of the basest men, are frankly capable: and to the average English gentleman, deliberate hypocrisy is impossible. And, therefore, all the fierce invectives of Christ, and of the prophets and apostles, against hypocrisy, thunder above their heads unregarded; while all the while Annas and Caiaphas are sitting in Moses' seat[1] for ever; and the anger of God is accomplished against the daughter of His people, "for the sins of her prophets, and the iniquities of her priests, that have shed the blood of the just in the midst of her. They have wandered blind in the streets; they have polluted themselves with blood, so that men could not touch their garments."*

8. Take, for example, the conduct of the heads of the existing Church respecting the two powers attributed to them in this very verse. There is certainly no Bishop now in the Church of England who would either dare in a full drawing-room to attribute to himself the gift of prophecy, in so many words; or to write at the head of any of his sermons, "On such and such a day, of such and such a month, in such and such a place, the Word of the Lord came unto me,[2] saying." Nevertheless, he claims to have received the Holy Ghost himself by laying on of hands; and to be able to communicate the Holy Ghost to other men in the same manner. And he knows that the office of the prophet is as simply recognized in the enumeration of the powers of the ancient Church, as that of the apostle, or evangelist, or doctor. And yet he can neither point out in the Church the true prophets, to whose number he dares not say he himself belongs, nor the false prophets, who are casting out devils in the name of Christ, without being known by Him;[3]—and he contentedly suffers his flock to remain under the impression that the Christ who led

* Lamentations iv. 13, 14.

[1] [Matthew xxiii. 2.]
[2] [See, *e.g.*, Hosea i. 2.]
[3] [Matthew vii. 22, 23.]

captivity captive, and received gifts for men,[1] left the gift of prophecy out of the group, as one needed no longer.

9. But the second word, "priest," is one which he finds it convenient to assume himself, and to give to his fellow-clergymen. He knows, just as well as he knows prophecy to be a gift attributed to the Christian minister, that priesthood is a function expressly taken away from the Christian minister.* He dares not say in the open drawing-room that he offers sacrifice for any soul there;—and he knows that he cannot give authority for calling himself a priest from any canonical book of the New Testament. So he equivocates on the sound of the word "presbyter," and apologizes to his conscience and his flock by declaring, "The priest I say,—the presbyter I mean," without even requiring so much poor respect for his quibble as would be implied by insistance that a so-called priest should at least *be* an Elder. And securing, as far as he can, the reverence of his flock, while he secretly abjures the responsibility of the office he takes the title of, again he lets the rebuke of his God fall upon a deafened ear, and reads that "from the Prophet unto the Priest, every one dealeth falsely,"[2] without the slightest sensation that his own character is so much as alluded to.

10. Thus, not daring to call themselves prophets, which they know they ought to be; but daring, under the shelter of equivocation, to call themselves priests, which they know they are not, and are forbidden to be; thus admittedly,

* As distinguished, that is to say, from other members of the Church. All are priests, as all are kings; but the kingly function exists apart; the priestly, not so. The subject is examined at some length, and with a clearness which I cannot mend, in my old pamphlet on the *Construction of Sheepfolds*, which I will presently reprint.[3] See also Letter XIII., in *Time and Tide*.

[1] [Ephesians iv. 8.]

[2] [Jeremiah vi. 13. The title to this letter is from this text.]

[3] [Reprinted in 1875, and again in 1879: see now Vol. XII. p. 523, and for the passage in *Time and Tide*, Vol. XVII. p. 378. See also (in a later volume of this edition) Ruskin's letter of August 13 in the series of letters upon *The Lord's Prayer and the Church*.]

without power of prophecy, and only in stammering pretence to priesthood, they yet claim the power to forgive and retain sins. Whereupon, it is to be strictly asked of them, whose sins they remit; and whose sins they retain.[1] For truly, if they have a right to claim any authority or function whatever—this is it. Prophesy, they cannot;—sacrifice, they cannot;—in their hearts there is no vision—in their hands no victim. The work of the Evangelist was done before they could be made Bishops; that of the Apostle cannot be done on a Bishop's throne: there remains to them, of all possible office of organization in the Church, only that of the pastor,—verily and intensely their own; received by them in definite charge when they received what they call the Holy Ghost;—"Be to the flock of Christ, a shepherd, not a wolf;—feed them, devour them not."[2]

Does any man, of all the men who have received this charge in England, know what it *is* to be a wolf?—recognize in himself the wolfish instinct, and the thirst for the blood of God's flock? For if he does not know what is the nature of a wolf, how should he know what it is to be a shepherd? If he never felt like a wolf himself, does he know the people who do? He does not expect them to lick their lips and bare their teeth at him, I suppose, as they do in a pantomime? Did he ever in his life see a wolf coming, and debate with himself whether he should fight or fly?—or is not rather his whole life one headlong hireling's flight, without so much as turning his head to see what manner of beasts they are that follow?—nay, are not his very hireling's wages paid him *for* flying instead of fighting?[3]

11. Dares any one of them answer me—here from my college of the Body of Christ I challenge every mitre of them: definitely, the Lord of St. Peter's borough, whom I note as a pugnacious and accurately worded person, and

[1] [John xx. 23.]
[2] [Prayer-book (The Form of Consecrating a Bishop).]
[3] [See John x. 12.]

hear of as an outspoken one,[1] able and ready to answer for his fulfilment of the charge to Peter:[2] How many wolves does he know in Peterborough—how many sheep?—what battle has he done—what bites can he show the scars of?—whose sins has he remitted in Peterborough—whose retained?—has he not remitted, like his brother Bishops, all the sins of the rich, and retained all those of the poor?—does he know, in Peterborough, who are fornicators, who thieves, who liars, who murderers?—and has he ever dared to tell any one of them to his face that he was so—if the man had over a hundred a year?

"Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites."[3] Who *are* the true Israelites, my lord of Peterborough, whom you can definitely announce for such, in your diocese? Or, perhaps, the Bishop of Manchester will take up the challenge, having lately spoken wisely—in generalities—concerning Fraud.[4] Who are the true Israelites, my lord of Manchester, on your Exchange? Do they stretch their cloth, like other people?—have they any underhand dealings with the liable-to-be-damned false Israelites

[1] [William Connor Magee (1821–1891); Bishop of Peterborough (1868–1891); Archbishop of York (1891); "one of the most brilliant controversialists of the day" (see *Dictionary of National Biography*). He was a fellow-member with Ruskin of the Metaphysical Society. In describing the meeting at which Ruskin read a paper on "Miracles" (printed in a later volume of this edition), Magee mentions that in the subsequent discussion "Ruskin declared himself delighted 'with the exquisite accuracy and logical power of the Bishop of Peterborough'" (letter of February 13, 1873, in J. C. Macdonnell's *Life and Correspondence of Magee*, vol. i. p. 284).]

[2] [See John xxi. 15.]

[3] [Third Collect for Good Friday.]

[4] [James Fraser (1818–1885); Bishop of Manchester (1870–1885). The particular speech, or sermon, here referred to, has not been traced; but the Bishop often spoke of "the dishonesties in trade" as "one of the curses of the day": see, for instance, a sermon of September 7, 1879, in J. W. Diggle's *Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser*, p. 134. The Bishop seems to have referred to Ruskin's present challenge in a sermon: see Letter 56, § 25 (p. 400). Ruskin repeated the challenge in a letter to the Bishop in 1877: see Letters 76, § 13, 78, § 13, and 82, § 22 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 95, 136, 243–244). To the last repetition of the challenge the Bishop replied in a letter to Ruskin, dated December 8, 1879. Ruskin published the letter, with his reply, in an article entitled "Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder," which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for February 1880: see the volume of this edition containing *On the Old Road*.]

—Rothschilds and the like? or are they duly solicitous about those wanderers' souls? and how often, on the average, do your Manchester clergy preach from the delicious parable, savouriest of all Scripture to rogues, at least since the eleventh century, when I find it to have been specially headed with golden title in my best Greek MS.,[1] "of the Pharisee and Publican"[2]—and how often, on the average, from those objectionable First and Fifteenth Psalms?[3]

12. For the last character in St. Paul's enumeration, which Bishops can claim, and the first which they are bound to claim, for the perfecting of the saints, and the work of the ministry,[4] is that of the Doctor or Teacher.

In which character, to what work of their own, frank and faithful, can they appeal in the last fifty years of especial danger to the Church from false teaching? On this matter, my challenge will be most fittingly made to my own Bishop, of the University of Oxford. He inhibited, on the second Sunday of Advent of last year, another Bishop of the English Church from preaching at Carfax.[5] By what right? Which of the two Bishops am I, their innocent lamb, to listen to? It is true that the insulted Bishop was only a colonial one;—am I to understand, therefore, that the Church sends her heretical Bishops out as Apostles, while she keeps her orthodox ones at home? and that, accordingly, a stay-at-home Bishop may always silence a returned Apostle? And, touching the questions which are at issue, is there a single statement of the Bishop of Natal's, respecting the Bible text, which the Bishop of Oxford dares to contradict before Professor Max Müller or any other leading scholar of Europe? Does the Bishop

[1] [A tenth-century Greek Gospels, or rather Book of Lessons; annotated by Ruskin in ink. See the page reproduced in W. G. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*, p. 201, and in a later volume of this edition.]

[2] [See Luke xviii. 10–14.]

[3] [For other references of Ruskin to the Fifteenth Psalm, see Letters 23, § 24; 35, § 3; 36, §§ 10–12 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 415, 649, 674); and 80, § 9 (Vol. XXIX. p. 179). See also on the First, *Rock Honeycomb*, Preface, §§ 15, 16; and on the Fifteenth, Ruskin's notes on Sidney's paraphrase.]

[4] [Ephesians iv. 12.]

[5] [For the reference here to Bishop Colenso by Dr. Mackarness (Bishop of Oxford, 1870-1888), see Vol. XIV. p. 285 *n.*]

of Oxford himself believe every statement in the Bible?[1] If not,—which does he disbelieve, and why? He suffers the whole collection of books to be spoken of—certainly by many clergymen in his diocese—as the Word of God.[2] If he disbelieves any portion of it, that portion he is bound at once to inhibit them from so calling, till inquiry has been made concerning it; but if he and the other orthodox home-Bishops,—who would very joyfully, I perceive, burn the Bishop of Natal at Paul's, and make Ludgate Hill safer for the omnibuses with the cinders of him,—if they verily believe all, or even, with a living faith, *any*, vital part of the Bible, how is it that we, the incredulous sheep, see no signs following them that believe;—that though they can communicate the Holy Spirit, they cannot excommunicate the unholy one, and apologetically leave the healing of sick to the physician, the taking up of serpents to the juggler, and the moving of mountains[3] to the railway-navvy?

"It was never meant that any one should do such things literally, after St. Paul's time."

Then what *was* meant, and what *is*, doctors mine?

13. Challenge enough, for this time, it seems to me; the rather that just as I finish writing it, I receive a challenge myself, requiring attentive answer. Fors could not have brought it me at better time. The reader will find it the first in the Notes and Correspondence of this year;[4] and my answer may both meet the doubts of many readers who would not so frankly have expressed them; and contain some definitions of principle which are necessary for our future work.

My correspondent, referring to my complaint that no matron nor maid of England had yet joined the St. George's Company,[5] answers, for her own part, first that her husband

[1] [For the impossibility of such belief by any "ordinarily well-educated person," see *Time and Tide*, § 35 (1) (Vol. XVII. p. 348).]
[2] [Compare above, p. 72.]
[3] [Mark xvi. 18; Matthew xvii. 20.]
[4] [See below, § 17 (p. 249).]
[5] [See Letter 45, § 19 (p. 165).]

and family prevent her from doing it; secondly, that she has done it already; thirdly, that she will do it when I do it myself. It is only to the third of these pleas that I at present reply.

She tells me, first, that I have not joined the St. George's Company because I have no home. It is too true. But that is because my father, and mother, and nurse, are dead; because the woman I hoped would have been my wife is dying;[1] and because the place where I would fain have stayed to remember all of them, was rendered physically uninhabitable to me by the violence of my neighbours; —that is to say, by their destroying the fields I needed to think in, and the light I needed to work by.[2] Nevertheless, I have, under these conditions, done the best thing possible to me—bought a piece of land on which I could live in peace; and on that land, wild when I bought it, have already made, not only one garden, but two,[3] to match against my correspondent's; nor that without help from children who, though not mine, have been cared for as if they were.

14. Secondly; my correspondent tells me that my duty is to stay at home, instead of dating from places which are a dream of delight to *her*, and which, therefore, she concludes, must be a reality of delight to me.

She will know better after reading this extract from my last year's diary (worth copying, at any rate, for other persons interested in republican Italy[4]). "Florence, 20th September, 1874.—Tour virtually ended for this year. I leave Florence to-day, thankfully, it being now a place of torment day and night for all loving, decent, or industrious people; for every face one meets is full of hatred and cruelty; and the corner of every house is foul; and no

[1] [See above, p. 220.]
[2] [Compare Vol. X. p. 459.]
[3] [For the Brantwood gardens, see Vol. XXV. pp. xxxvii., xxxviii. The children were those of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn.]
[4] [For other notes on the discomforts of Italy, made by Ruskin in 1874, see Vol. XXIII. pp. xxxviii., 413.]

thoughts can be thought in it, peacefully, in street, or cloister, or house, any more. And the last verses I read, of my morning's readings, are Esdras II., xv. 16, 17: 'For there shall be sedition among men, and invading one another; they shall not regard their kings nor princes, *and the course of their actions shall stand in their power.* A man shall desire to go into a city, and shall not be able.'"

What is said here of Florence is now equally true of every great city of France or Italy; and my correspondent will be perhaps contented with me when she knows that only last Sunday I was debating with a very dear friend whether I might now be justified in indulging my indolence and cowardice by staying at home among my plants and minerals, and forsaking the study of Italian art for ever. My friend would fain have it so; and my correspondent shall tell me her opinion, after she knows—and I will see that she has an opportunity of knowing—what work I have done in Florence, and propose to do, if I can be brave enough.[1]

15. Thirdly; my correspondent doubts the sincerity of my abuse of railroads because she suspects I use them. I do so constantly, my dear lady; few men more. I use everything that comes within reach of me. If the devil were standing at my side at this moment, I should endeavour to make some use of him as a local black. The wisdom of life is in preventing all the evil we can; and using what is inevitable, to the best purpose. I use my sicknesses, for the work I despise in health; my enemies, for study of the philosophy of benediction and malediction; and railroads, for whatever I find of help in them—looking always hopefully forward to the day when their embankments will be ploughed down again, like the camps of Rome, into our English fields. But I am perfectly ready even to construct a railroad, when I think one necessary; and in the opening

[1] [The reference is to *Mornings in Florence,* published at intervals between 1875 and 1877: see Vol. XXIII. p. 285.]

chapter of *Munera Pulveris*[1] my correspondent will find many proper uses for steam-machinery specified. What is required of the members of St. George's Company is, not that they should never travel by railroads, nor that they should abjure machinery; but that they should never travel unnecessarily, or in wanton haste; and that they should never do with a machine what can be done with hands and arms, while hands and arms are idle.

16. Lastly, my correspondent feels it unjust to be required to make clothes, while she is occupied in the rearing of those who will require them.

Admitting (though the admission is one for which I do not say that I am prepared) that it is the patriotic duty of every married couple to have as large a family as possible, it is not from the happy Penelopes of such households that I ask—or should think of asking—the labour of the loom. I simply require that when women belong to the St. George's Company they should do a certain portion of useful work with their hands, if otherwise their said fair hands would be idle; and if on those terms I find sufficient clothing cannot be produced, I will use factories for them, —only moved by water, not steam.

My answer, as thus given, is, it seems to me, sufficient; and I can farther add to its force by assuring my correspondent that I shall never ask any member of St. George's Company to do more, in relation to his fortune and condition, than I have already done myself. Nevertheless, it will be found by any reader who will take the trouble of reference, that in recent letters I have again and again intimated the probable necessity, before the movement could be fairly set on foot, of more energetic action and example, towards which both my thoughts and circumstances seem gradually leading me; and, in that case, I shall trustfully look to the friends who accuse me of cowardice in doing too little, for defence against the, I believe, too probable imputations impending from others, of folly in doing too much.

[1] [See *Munera Pulveris*, § 17 (Vol. XVII. p. 156).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. (I.) I HOPE my kind correspondent will pardon my publication of the following letter, which gives account of an exemplary life, and puts questions which many desire to have answered.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I do not know if you have forgotten me, for it is a long time since I wrote to you; but you wrote so kindly to me before, that I venture to bring myself before you again, more especially as you write *to* me (among others) every month, and I want to answer something in these letters.

"I do answer your letters (somewhat combatively) every month in my mind, but all these months I have been waiting for an hour of sufficient strength and leisure, and have found it now for the first time. A family of eleven children, through a year of much illness, and the birth of another child in May, have not left me much strength for *pleasure*, such as this is.

"Now a little while ago, you asked reproachfully of Englishwomen in general, why none of them had joined St. George's Company.[1] I can only answer for myself, and I have these reasons.

"First. Being situated as I am, and as doubtless many others are more or less, I *cannot* join it. In my actions I am subject first to my husband, and then to my family. Any one who is entirely free cannot judge how impossible it is to make inelastic and remote rules apply to all the ever-varying and incalculable changes and accidents and personalities of life. They are a disturbing element to us visionaries, which I have been *forced* to acknowledge and submit to, but which you have not. Having so many to consider and consult, it is all I can do to get through the day's work; I am obliged to take things as I find them, and to do the best I can, in haste; and I might constantly be breaking rules, and not able to help it, and indeed I should not have time to think about it. I do not want to be hampered more than I am. I am not straitened for money; but most people with families are so more or less, and this is another element of difficulty.

"Secondly. Although I do not want to be further bound by *rules*, I believe that as regards *principles* I am a member of St. George's Company already; and I do not like to make any further profession which would seem to imply a renunciation of the former errors of my way, and the beginning of a *new* life. I have never been conscious of any other motives or course of life than those which you advocate; and my children and all around me do not know me in any other light; and I find a gradual and unconscious conformation to them growing up round me, though I have no sort of *teaching* faculty. I cannot tell how much of them I owe to you, for some of your writings which fell in my way when I was very young made a deep impression on me, and I grew up imbued with their spirit; but certainly I cannot now profess it for the first time.

"Thirdly (and this is wherein I fear to offend you), *I will join St. George's Company whenever you join it yourself.* Please pardon me for saying that I appear to be more a member of it than you are. My life is strictly bound and ruled, and within those lines I live. Above all things, you urge our duties to the land, the common earth of our country. It seems to me that the first duty any one

[1] [See Letter 45, § 19 (p. 165).]

owes to his country is *to live in it.* I go further, and maintain that every one is bound to have a home, and live in that. You speak of the duty of acquiring, if possible, and cultivating, the smallest piece of ground. But (forgive the question) where is your house and your garden? I know you have got *places,* but you do not stay there. Almost every month you date from some new place, a dream of delight to me; and all the time I am stopping at home, labouring to improve the place I live at, to keep the lives entrusted to me, and to bring forth other lives in the agony and peril of my own. And when I read your reproaches, and see where they date from, I feel as a soldier freezing in the trenches before Sebastopol might feel at receiving orders from a General who was dining at his club in London. If you would come and see me in May, I could show you as pretty a little garden of the spade as any you ever saw, made on the site of an old rubbish heap, where seven tiny pair of hands and feet have worked like fairies. Have you got a better one to show me? For the rest of my garden I cannot boast; because out-of-door work or pleasure is entirely forbidden me by the state of my health.

"Again, I agree with you in your dislike of railroads, but I suspect you use them, and sometimes go on them. *I never do.* I obey these laws and others, with whatever inconvenience or privation they may involve; but you do not; and that makes me revolt when you scold us.

"Again, I *cannot,* as you suggest, grow, spin, and weave the linen for myself and family. I have enough to do to get the clothes made. If you would establish factories where we could get pure woven cotton, linen, and woollen, I would gladly *buy* them there; and that would be a fair division of labour. It is not fair that the more one does, the more should be required of one.

"You see you are like a clergyman in the pulpit in your books: you can scold the congregation, and they cannot answer; behold the congregation begins to reply; and I only hope you will forgive me.[1]

"Believe me,
"Yours very truly."

18. (II.) It chances, I see, while I print my challenge to the Bishop of my University,[2] that its neighbouring clergymen are busy in expressing to him their thanks and compliments. The following address is worth preserving. I take it from the *Morning Post* of December 16, and beneath it have placed an article from the *Telegraph* of the following day, describing the results of clerical and episcopal teaching of an orthodox nature in Liverpool, as distinguished from "Doctor"[3] Colenso's teaching in Africa.

"The Inhibition of Bishop Colenso.—The clergy of the rural deanery of Witney, Oxford, numbering thirty-four, together with the rural dean (the Rev. F. M. Cunningham), have subscribed their names to the following circular, which has been forwarded to the Bishop of Oxford:—'To the Right Rev. Father in God, John Fielder, by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Oxford.—We, the undersigned clergy of the rural deanery of Witney, in your Lordship's diocese, beg respectfully to offer to your Lordship our cordial sympathy under the painful circumstances in which you have been placed by the invitation to the Right Rev. Dr. Colenso to

[1] [For the author's reply, see above, §§ 13–16.]
[2] [See above, § 12.]
[3] ["Doctor" and not "Bishop" because Colenso's enemies chose to regard him as canonically deposed. In his "teaching in Africa," Ruskin refers to his work among the Zulus, by whom he was styled "Sobantu" (the father of the people).]

preach in one of the churches in your diocese. Your firm and spontaneous refusal to permit Dr. Colenso to preach will be thankfully accepted by all consistent members of our Church as a protest much needed in these times against the teaching of one who has grievously offended many consciences, and has attempted as far as in him lay to injure the 'faith which was delivered to the saints.'[a] That your Lordship may long be spared to defend the truth, is the prayer of your Lordship's obedient and attached clergy."

([a] I append a specimen of the conduct of the Saints to whom our English clergymen have delivered the Faith.)

19. (III.) "Something startling in the way of wickedness is needed to astonish men who, like our Judges, see and hear the periodical crop of crime gathered in at Assizes; yet in two great cities of England, on Tuesday, expressions of amazement, shame, and disgust fell from the seat of Justice. At York, Mr. Justice Denman was driven to utter a burst of just indignation at the conduct of certain people in his court, who grinned and tittered while a witness in a disgraceful case was reluctantly repeating some indelicate language. 'Good God!' exclaimed his Lordship, 'is this a Christian country? Let us at least have decency in courts of justice. One does not come to be amused by filth which one is obliged to extract in cases that defame the land.' At Liverpool a sterner declaration of judicial anger was made, with even stronger cause. Two cases of revolting barbarism were tried by Mr. Justice Mellor—one of savage violence towards a man, ending in murder; the other of outrage upon a woman, so unspeakably shameful and horrible that the difficulty is how to convey the facts without offending public decency. In the first,[1] a gang of men at Liverpool set upon a porter named Richard Morgan, who was in the company of his wife and brother, and because he did not instantly give them sixpence to buy beer they kicked him completely across the street, a distance of thirty feet, with such ferocity, in spite of all the efforts made to save him by the wife and brother, that the poor man was dead when he was taken up. And during this cruel and cowardly scene the crowd of bystanders not only did not attempt to rescue the victim, but hounded on his murderers, and actually held back the agonized wife and the brave brother from pursuing the homicidal wretches. Three of them were placed at the bar on trial for their lives, and convicted; nor would we intervene with one word in their favour, though that word might save their vile necks. This case might appear bad enough to call forth the utmost wrath of Justice; but the second, heard at the same time and place, was yet more hideous. A tramp-woman, drunk, and wet to the skin with rain, was going along a road near Burnley, in company with a navvy, who by-and-by left her helpless at a gate. Two out of a party of young colliers coming from work found her lying there, and they led her into a field. They then sent a boy named Slater to fetch the remaining eight of their band, and, having thus gathered many spectators, two of them certainly, and others of the number in all probability, outraged the hapless creature, leaving her after this infernal treatment in such plight that next day she was found lying dead in the field. The two in question—Durham, aged twenty, and Shepherd, aged sixteen—were arraigned for murder; but that charge was found difficult to make good, and the minor indictment for rape was alone pressed against them. Of the facts there was little or no doubt; and it may well be thought that in stating them we have accomplished the saddest portion of our duty to the public.

"But no! to those who have learned how to measure human nature, we think what followed will appear the more horrible portion of the trial—if more horrible could be. With a strange want of insight, the advocate for these young men called up the companions of their atrocity to swear—what does the public expect?—to

[1] [John M'Crave, alias Quinn, Michael Mullen, and Peter Campbell were all sentenced to death for the murder of Richard Morgan.]

swear *that they did not think the tramp-woman was ill-used,* nor that *what was done was wrong.* Witness after witness, present at the time, calmly deposed to his personal view of the transaction in words like those of William Bracewell, a collier, aged nineteen. Between this precious specimen of our young British working man and the Bench, the following interchange of questions and answers passed. 'You did not think there was anything wrong in it?'—'No.' 'Do you mean to tell me you did not think there was anything wrong in outraging a drunken woman?'—'She never said nothing.' 'You repeat you think there was nothing wrong—that there was no harm in a lot of fellows outraging a drunken woman: is that your view of the thing?'—'Yes.' And, in reply to further questions by Mr. Cottingham, this fellow Bracewell said he only 'thought the matter a bit of fun. None of them interfered to protect the woman.' Then the boy Slater, who was sent to bring up the laggards, was asked what he thought of his errand. Like the others, 'he hadn't seen anything very wrong in it.' At this point the Judge broke forth, in accents which may well ring through England. His Lordship indignantly exclaimed: 'I want to know how it is possible in a Christian country like this that there should be such a state of feeling, even among boys of thirteen, sixteen, and eighteen years of age. It is outrageous. If there are missionaries wanted to the heathen, there are heathens in England who require teaching a great deal more than those abroad.' (Murmurs of 'Hear, hear,' from the jury box, and applause in court.) His Lordship continued: 'Silence! It is quite shocking to hear boys of this age come up and say these things.' How, indeed, is it possible? that is the question which staggers one. Murder there will be—manslaughter, rape, burglary, theft, are all unfortunately recurring and common crimes in every community. Nothing in the supposed nature of 'Englishmen' can be expected to make our assizes maiden, and our gaol deliveries blank. But there was thought to be something in the blood of the race which would somehow serve to keep us from seeing a Liverpool crowd side with a horde of murderers against their victim, or a gang of Lancashire lads making a ring to see a woman outraged to death. A hundred cases nowadays tell us to discard that idle belief; if it ever was true, it is true no longer. The most brutal, the most cowardly, the most pitiless, the most barbarous deeds done in the world, are being perpetrated by the lower classes of the English people—once held to be by their birth, however lowly, generous, brave, merciful, and civilized. In all the pages of Dr. Livingstone's experience among the negroes of Africa, there is no single instance approaching this Liverpool story, in savagery of mind and body, in bestiality of heart and act. Nay, we wrong the lower animals by using that last word: the foulest among the beasts which perish is clean, the most ferocious gentle, matched with these Lancashire pitmen, who make sport of the shame and slaying of a woman, and blaspheme nature in their deeds, without even any plea whatever to excuse their cruelty."[1]

20. The clergy may vainly exclaim against being made responsible for this state of things. They, and chiefly their Bishops, are wholly responsible for it; nay, are efficiently the causes of it, preaching a false gospel for hire.[2] But, putting all questions of false or true gospels aside, suppose that they only obeyed St. Paul's plain order in 1st Corinthians v. 11.[3] Let them determine as distinctly what covetousness and extortion are in the rich, as what drunkenness is, in the poor. Let them refuse, themselves, and order their clergy to refuse, to go out to dine with such persons,

[1] [Leading article in the *Daily Telegraph,* December 17, 1874.]

[2] [For a criticism of this statement, and Ruskin's reply, see Letter 51, § 20 (below, p. 287); see also Letter 55, §§ 1–3 (pp. 363–366).]

[3] ["But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat."]

and still more positively to allow such persons to sup at God's table. And they would soon know what fighting wolves meant;[1] and something more of their own pastoral duty than they learned in that Consecration Service, where they proceeded to follow the example of the Apostles in Prayer, but carefully left out the Fasting.[2]

21. The following Subscriptions have come in since I made out the list in the December number;[3] but that list is still incomplete, as I cannot be sure of some of the numbers till I have seen my Brantwood note-book:—

	£	s.	d.
31. "In Memoriam"	5	0	0
32. (The tenth of a tenth)	1	1	0
33. Gift	20	0	0
34. An Old Member of the Working Men's College. Gift	5	0	0
35. H. T. S.	9	0	0
36.	5	0	0
7. Second Donation	5	0	0
15. ,, ,,	5	0	0
	£55	1	0

[1] [See above, § 10.]

[2] [See in the Form of Consecrating a Bishop the call to prayer following the oath of obedience, which, after referring to Acts xiv. 23 ("And when they had ordained them elders in every church, and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord"), proceeds "Let us first fall to prayer," but omits the words "with fasting."]

[3] [See Letter 48, § 23 (p. 223).]

LETTER 50

AGNES' BOOK

1. A FRIEND, in whose judgment I greatly trust, remonstrated sorrowfully with me, the other day, on the desultory character of *Fors;*[1] and pleaded with me for the writing of an arranged book instead.

But he might as well plead with a birch-tree growing out of a crag, to arrange its boughs beforehand. The winds and floods will arrange them according to their wild liking; all that the tree has to do, or can do, is to grow gaily, if it may be; sadly, if gaiety be impossible; and let the black jags and scars rend the rose-white of its trunk where Fors shall choose.

But I can well conceive how irritating it must be to any one chancing to take special interest in any one part of my subject—the life of Scott for instance,—to find me, or lose me, wandering away from it for a year or two; and sending roots into new ground in every direction: or (for my friend taxed me with this graver error also) needlessly re-rooting myself in the old.

2. And, all the while, some kindly expectant people are waiting for "details of my plan."[2] In the presentment of which, this main difficulty still lets me; that, if I told them, or tried to help them definitely to conceive, the ultimate things I aim at, they would at once throw the book down as hopelessly Utopian; but if I tell them the immediate things I aim at, they will refuse to do those

[1] [Probably Professor Norton, in his letters to whom Ruskin is constantly on the defensive with regard to *Fors:* see (in a later volume) the letters of April 9 and August 15, 1874.]

[2] [See above, p. 235.]

instantly possible things, because inconsistent with the present vile general system. For instance—I take (see Letter 5) Wordsworth's single line,

"We live by admiration, hope, and love,"[1]

for my literal guide, in all education. My final object, with every child born on St. George's estate, will be to teach it what to admire, what to hope for, and what to love: but how far do you suppose the steps necessary to such an ultimate aim are immediately consistent with what Messrs. Huxley and Co. call "Secular education"?[2] Or with what either the Bishop of Oxford, or Mr. Spurgeon, would call "Religious education"?

3. What to admire, or wonder at! Do you expect a child to wonder at—being taught that two and two make four—(though if only its masters had the sense to teach *that*, honestly, it would be something)—or at the number of copies of nasty novels and false news a steam-engine can print for its reading?

What to hope? Yes, my secular friends—What? That it shall be the richest shopman in the street; and be buried with black feathers enough over its coffin?[3]

What to love—Yes, my ecclesiastical friends, and who is its neighbour, think you? Will you meet these three demands of mine with your three Rs, or your catechism?

And how would I meet them myself? Simply by never, so far as I could help it, letting a child read what is not worth reading, or see what is not worth seeing; and by making it live a life which, whether it will or no, shall enforce honourable hope of continuing long in the land[4]—whether of men or God.

[1] [*Excursion*, Book IV. See Vol. XXVII. p. 90 and *n.*]

[2] [Huxley is often, as here by Ruskin, spoken of as the leader of the Secularist party. It should, however, be remembered that as a member of the first London School Board, he separated from the extreme "Secularists" by advocating the reading of the Bible in schools: see Leonard Huxley's *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*, 1903, vol. ii. pp. 28, 32.]

[3] [For Ruskin's dislike of mourning, see Vol. XVI. p. 62.]

[4] [See Exodus xx. 12.]

And who is to say what is worth reading, or worth seeing? sneer the Republican mob. Yes, gentlemen, you who never knew a good thing from a bad, in all your lives, may well ask that!

4. Let us try, however, in such a simple thing as a child's book. Yesterday, in the course of my walk, I went into a shepherd-farmer's cottage, to wish whoever might be in the house a happy new year. His wife was at home, of course; and his little daughter, Agnes, nine years old; both as good as gold, in their way.[1]

The cottage is nearly a model of those which I shall expect the tenants of St. George's Company, and its active members, to live in;—the entire building, parlour, and kitchen (in this case one, but not necessarily so), bedrooms and all, about the size of an average dining-room, in Grosvenor Place or Park Lane. The conversation naturally turning to Christmas doings and havings,—and I, as an author, of course inquiring whether Agnes had any new books, Agnes brought me her library—consisting chiefly in a good pound's weight of the literature which cheap printing enables the pious to make Christmas presents of for a penny. A full pound, or it might be, a pound and a half, of this instruction, full of beautiful sentiments, woodcuts, and music. More woodcuts in the first two ounces of it I took up, than I ever had to study in the first twelve years of my life. Splendid woodcuts, too, in the best Kensington style, and rigidly on the principles of high, and

[1] [A note to Mrs. Arthur Severn refers to one of Ruskin's country walks, in which he called on Mrs. Stalker, the mother of Agnes: she lived at the farm on the moor above Brantwood. "Maude" is a dog often referred to in letters of the time:—

> "Brantwood, Coniston. [Undated, but placeable as *Feb.* 1873.]—. . . Maude came with me for a hill walk yesterday, and we called on Mrs. Stalker at the farm you know. . . .
>
> "Mrs. Stalker was *baking*—a great lesson for me. A large pot hung over the hearth well covered with thoroughly hot turf, held six or eight small loaves side by side at the bottom. On the flat lid of the pot were loaded two inches more of hot turf. The bread was baked in an hour, Mrs. Stalker said—and I never saw anything that looked nicer. She had baked so for twenty-two years. I shall really know something worth knowing at last, in this nice country."

For the later story of Agnes, see Letter 94, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 487-488).]

commercially remunerative, art, taught by Messrs. Redgrave, Cole, and Company.[1]

Somehow, none of these seem to have interested little Agnes, or been of the least good to her. Her pound and a half of the best of the modern pious and picturesque is (being of course originally boardless) now a crumpled and variously doubled-up heap, brought down in a handful, or lapful, rather; most of the former insides of the pamphlets being now the outsides; and every form of dog's ear, puppy's ear, cat's ear, kitten's ear, rat's ear, and mouse's ear, developed by the contortions of weary fingers at the corners of their didactic and evangelically sibylline leaves. I ask if I may borrow one to take home and read. Agnes is delighted; but undergoes no such pang of care as a like request would have inflicted on my boyish mind, and needed generous stifling of;—nay, had I asked to borrow the whole heap, I am not sure whether Agnes' first tacit sensation would not have been one of deliverance.

5. Being very fond of pretty little girls (not, by any means, excluding pretty—tall ones), I choose, for my own reading, a pamphlet* which has a picture of a beautiful little girl with long hair, lying very ill in bed, with her mother putting up her forefinger at her brother, who is crying, with a large tear on the side of his nose; and a legend beneath: "Harry told his mother the whole story." The pamphlet has been doubled up by Agnes right through the middle of the beautiful little girl's face, and no less remorselessly through the very middle of the body of the "Duckling Astray," charmingly drawn by Mr. Harrison Weir[2] on the opposite leaf. But my little Agnes knows so much more about real ducklings than the artist does, that her severity in this case is not to be wondered at.

* *The Children's Prize.* No. XII. December, 1873. Price one penny.[3]

[1] [For other references to Mr. Redgrave and Sir Henry Cole, as directors of the South Kensington system, see Letter 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 20).]

[2] [W. Harrison Weir (*b.* 1824), animal-painter and draughtsman; on the original staff of the *Illustrated London News*.]

[3] [Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. The story of "Harry's Sad Christmas" is at pp. 184–187.]

I carry my Children's Prize penny's-worth home to Brantwood, full of curiosity to know "the whole story." I find that this religious work is edited by a Master of Arts—no less—and that two more woodcuts of the most finished order are given to Harry's story,—representing Harry and the pretty little girl (I suppose so, at least; but, alas, now with her back turned to me,—the cut came cheaper, so), dressed in the extreme of fashion, down to her boots,—first running with Harry, in snow, after a carriage, and then reclining against Harry's shoulder in a snowstorm.

6. I arrange my candles for small print, and proceed to read this richly illustrated story.

Harry and his sister were at school together, it appears, at Salisbury; and their father's carriage was sent, in a snowy day, to bring them home for the holidays. They are to be at home by five; and their mother has invited a children's party at seven. Harry is enjoined by his father, in the letter which conveys this information, to remain inside the carriage, and not to go on the box.

Harry is a good boy, and does as he is bid; but nothing whatever is said in the letter about not getting out of the carriage to walk up hills. And at "two-mile hill" Harry thinks it will be clever to get out and walk up it, without calling to, or stopping, John on the box. Once out himself, he gets Mary out;—the children begin snowballing each other; the carriage leaves them so far behind that they can't catch it; a snowstorm comes on, etc., etc.; they are pathetically frozen within a breath of their lives; found by a benevolent carter, just in time; warmed by a benevolent farmer, the carter's friend; restored to their alarmed father and mother; and Mary has a rheumatic fever, "and for a whole week it was not known whether she would live or die," which is the Providential punishment of Harry's sin in getting out of the carriage.

7. Admitting the perfect appositeness and justice of this Providential punishment, I am, parenthetically, desirous to

know of my Evangelical friends, first, whether from the corruption of Harry's nature they could have expected anything better than his stealthily getting out of the carriage to walk up the hill?—and, secondly, whether the merits of Christ, which are enough to save any murderer or swindler from all the disagreeable consequences of murder and swindling, in the next world, are not enough in this world, if properly relied upon, to save a wicked little boy's sister from rheumatic fever? This, I say, I only ask parenthetically, for my own information; my immediate business being to ask what effect this story is intended to produce on my shepherd's little daughter Agnes?

Intended to produce, I say; what effect it *does* produce, I can easily ascertain; but what do the writer and the learned editor expect of it? Or rather, to touch the very beginning of the inquiry, for what class of child do they intend it? "For all classes," the enlightened editor and liberal publisher doubtless reply. "Classes, indeed! In the glorious liberty of the Future, there shall be none!"

8. Well, be it so; but in the inglorious slavery of the Past, it has happened that my little Agnes's father has not kept a carriage; that Agnes herself has not often seen one, is not likely often to be in one, and has seen a great deal too much snow, and had a great deal too much walking in it, to be tempted out,—if she ever has the chance of being driven in a carriage to a children's party at seven,—to walk up a hill on the road. Such is our benighted life in Westmoreland.[1] In the future, do my pious and liberal friends suppose that all little Agneses are to drive in carriages? That is *their* Utopia. Mine, so much abused for its impossibility, is only that a good many little Agneses who at present drive in carriages, shall have none.

Nay, but perhaps, the learned editor did not intend the

[1] [Meaning generally "the land of the Western meres" (see in *Bibliotheca Pastorum, Rock Honeycomb,* Preface), for Coniston is strictly in Lancashire.]

story for children "quite in Agnes's position." For what sort did he intend it, then? For the class of children whose fathers keep carriages, and whose mothers dress their girls by the Paris modes, at three years old? Very good; then, in families which keep carriages and footmen, the children are supposed to think a book is a prize, which costs a penny? Be that also so, in the Republican cheap world; but might not the cheapeners print, when they are about it, prize poetry for their penny? Here is the "Christmas Carol," set to music, accompanying this moral story of the Snow:—

"Hark, hark, the merry pealing,
List to the Christmas chime,
Every breath and every feeling
Hails the good old time;
Brothers, sisters, homeward speed,
All is mirth and play;
Hark, hark, the merry pealing,—
Welcome Christmas Day.

Sing, sing, around we gather,
Each with something new,
Cheering mother, cheering father,
From the Bible true;
Bring the holly, spread the feast,
Every heart to cheer,
Sing, sing, a merry Christmas,
A happy, bright New Year."

9. Now, putting aside for the moment all questions touching the grounds of the conviction of the young people for whom these verses are intended of the truth of the Bible; or touching the propriety of their cheering their fathers and mothers by quotations from it; or touching the difficultly reconcilable merits of old times and new things; I call these verses bad, primarily, because they are not rhythmical. I consider good rhythm a moral quality. I consider the rhythm in these stanzas demoralized, and demoralizing. I quote, in opposition to them, one of the rhymes by which my own ear and mind were educated in

early youth, as being more distinctly, and literally "moral," than that Christmas carol.

> "Dame Wiggins of Lee
> Was a worthy old soul,
> As e'er threaded a nee-
> Dle, or washed in a bowl.
> She held mice and rats
> In such antipa-thy,
> That Seven good Cats
> Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee."[1]

Putting aside also, in our criticism of these verses, the very debateable question, whether Dame Wiggins kept the Seven Cats, or the Seven Cats Dame Wiggins; and giving no judgment as to the propriety of the license taken in pronunciation, by the accent on the last syllable of "antipathy," or as to the evident plagiarism of the first couplet from the classical ballad of King Cole,[2] I aver these rhymes to possess the primary virtue of rhyme,—that is to say, to be rhythmical, in a pleasant and exemplary degree. And I believe, and will venture also to assert my belief, that the matter contained in them, though of an imaginative character, is better food for a child's mind than either the subject or sentiment of the above quoted Christmas Carol.

10. The mind of little Agnes, at all events, receives from story, pictures, and carol, altogether, no very traceable impression; but, I am happy to say, certainly no harm. She lives fifteen miles from the nearest manufacturing district,—sees no vice, except perhaps sometimes in the village on Sunday afternoons;—hears, from week's end to week's end, the sheep bleat, and the wind whistle,—but neither human blasphemy, nor human cruelty of command. Her

[1] [For Ruskin's reprint of *Dame Wiggins*, with additions, see Vol. II. p. 518.]

[2] ["The traditional Nursery Rhymes of England commence with a legendary satire on King Cole, who reigned in Britain, as the old chronicles inform us, in the third century after Christ." The lines—"Old King Cole, Was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he; He called for his pipe, And he called for his bowl, And he called for his fiddlers three," and so forth—are, however, "of doubtful antiquity": see J. O. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England, Collected chiefly from Oral Tradition*, 1846, pp. 1–2. For another reference to "King Cole," see Letter 83, § 2 (Vol. XXIX. p. 259).]

shepherd father, out on the hills all day, is thankful at evening to return to his fireside, and to have his little daughter to look at, instead of a lamb. She suffers no more from schooling than serves to make her enjoy her home;—knows already the mysteries of butter-making and poultry-keeping;—curtsies to me without alarm when I pass her door, if she is outside of it;—and, on the whole, sees no enemy but winter and rough weather.[1]

11. But what effect this modern Christmas carol *would* have had on her mind, if she had had the full advantage of modern education in an advanced and prosperous town,—the following well-written letter,—happily sent me by Fors at the necessary moment,—enables me at once to exhibit:—

"10*th January*, 1874.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—Your appendix to the *Fors* this month contains a chapter on what some will assert is very exceptional ——shire brutality.[2] After nine years' residence in a ——shire village, I am compelled to believe that the vileness which horrified Judge Mellor is everywhere ingrained where factory and colliery rule prevails.

"Could you but hear the blasphemous and filthy language our rosy village bairns use as soon as they are out of the parson's earshot, even when leaving the Sabbath School!

"Yet we have a rural dean as incumbent, an excellent schoolmaster, and model school. The Government Inspector is highly satisfied, and there are the usual edifying tea-parties, prize-givings, and newspaper puffs, yearly.

"I know that the children are well taught six days a week, yet there is little fruit of good behaviour among them, and an indecency of speech which is amazing in rural children. On Christmas morn a party of these children, boys and girls, singing carols, encountered my young daughter going alone to the church service. The opportunity was tempting, and as if moved by one vile spirit, they screamed at her a blast of the most obscene and profane epithets that vicious malice could devise. She knew none of them; had never harmed them in her life. She came home with her kind, tender heart all aghast. 'Why do they hate me so?' she asked.

"Yet a short time after the same children came into the yard, and began, with the full shrill powers of their young lungs, 'Why do I love Jesus?'—the refrain,

'Because He died for me,'

with especial gusto. My husband, ignorant of their previous conduct, gave them a bright shilling, which evoked three more hymns of similar character. What does all this mean?

[1] [*As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 5.]
[2] [Letter 49, § 19 (p. 251).]

"Our Bishop says that we have a model parish, a model school, and a model parson—yet we have children like this. Our parson knows it, and says to me that he can do nothing to prevent it.

"More than this. It is almost incredible; but my own horrified ears have borne witness of it. Young boys will threaten girls of their own age, in the vilest terms, with outrage like that at Burnley. I have heard it again and again. Had Judge Mellor had nine years' experience of ——shire life, he would not have been surprised at the utter brutality of mind exhibited.

"Yet we are not criminal compared with other districts. Bastardy and drunkenness are at present the darkest shades we can show; but there is perhaps some better influence at work from the vicinage of two great squires, which secures us pure air and wide fields.

"I am glad to read that you purpose vexing yourself less with the sins of the times during the coming summer. It is too great a burthen for a human mind to bear the world's sins in spirit, as you do. If you mean to preserve yourself for the many thousands whose inner heart's bitterness your voice has relieved, you must vex yourself less about this age's madness.[1]

"The sure retribution is at hand already." *

12. "What does all this mean?" my correspondent asks, in wise anxiety.

National prosperity, my dear Madam, according to Mr. Goschen, the *Times*, and *Morning Post*;[2]—national prosperity carried to the point of not knowing what to do with our money.[3] Enlightenment, and Freedom, and orthodox Religion, and Science of the superbest and trustworthiest character, and generally the Reign of Law,[4] answer the Duke of Argyll and Professor Huxley. Ruin—inevitable and terrible, such as no nation has yet suffered,—answer God and the Fates.

Yes—inevitable. England has to drink a cup which cannot pass from her—at the hands of the Lord, the cup of His fury;—surely the dregs of it, the wicked of the earth shall wring them and drink them out.[5]

* Yes, I know that; but am I to be cheerfuller therefor?

[1] [For a later reference to this account of "the home-teaching in the mining districts," see Letter 94, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. p. 487).]

[2] [For Mr. Goschen's speech, see Letter 48, § 21 (p. 220); for the *Times* in this connexion, see Letter 12, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. p. 215), and compare Letter 73, § 6 (Vol. XXIX. p. 17); for the *Morning Post*, see Letter 22, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 376.]

[3] [See Letter 48, § 21 (above, p. 221).]

[4] [See above, p. 85.]

[5] [Matthew xxvi. 39; Isaiah li. 17; Psalms lxxv. 8.]

For let none of my readers think me mad enough or wild enough to hope that any effort, or repentance, or change of conduct, could now save the country from the consequences of her follies, or the Church from the punishment of her crimes. This St. George's Company of ours is mere raft-making amidst irrevocable wreck—the best we can do, to be done bravely and cheerfully, come of it what may.

13. Let me keep, therefore, to-day wholly to definite matters, and to little ones. What the education we now give our children leads to, my correspondent's letter shows. What education they should have, instead, I may suggest perhaps in some particulars.

What should be done, for instance, in the way of gift-giving, or instruction-giving, for our little Agnes of the hill-side? Would the St. George's Company, if she were the tenant, only leave her alone,—teach her nothing?

Not so; very much otherwise than so. This is some part of what should be done for her, were she indeed under St. George's rule.

Instead of the "something new,"[1] which our learned Master of Arts edits for her in carolling, she should learn by heart words which her fathers had known, many and many a year ago. As, for instance, these two little carols of grace before meat:—

"What God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake;
Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
God be thanked for those and these.
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are Fragments from His dish:
He His Church save; and the King;
And our Peace here, like a Spring,
Make it ever flourishing."

"Here, a little child, I stand
Heaving up my either hand;

[1] [See above, § 8, p. 260.]

Cold as Paddocks[1] though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee.
For a Benizon to fall,
On our meat, and on us all."[2]

These verses, or such as these, Agnes should be able to say, and sing; and if on any state occasion it were desired of her to say grace, should be so mannered as to say obediently, without either vanity or shame. Also, she should know other rhymes for her own contentment, such as she liked best, out of narrow store offered to her, if *she chose* to learn to read. Reading by no means being enforced upon her—still less, writing; nothing enforced on her but household help to her mother; instant obedience to her father's or mother's word; order and cleanliness in her own departments and person; and gentleness to all inoffensive creatures—paddocks as well as lambs and chickens.

14. Further, instead of eighteen distinct penny Children's Prizes, containing seventy-two elaborate woodcuts of "Ducklings Astray," and the like (which I should especially object to, in the case of Agnes, as too personal, she herself being little more at present than a duckling astray), the St. George's Company would invest for her at once, the "ridiculously small sum of eighteenpence," in one coloured print—coloured by hand, for the especial decoration of her own chamber. This colouring by hand is one of the occupations which young women of the upper classes, in St. George's Company, will undertake as a business of pure duty; it was once a very wholesome means of livelihood to poorer art students. The plates of Sibthorp's *Flora Græca*,[3] for instance, cost, I am informed, on their first publication, precisely the sum in question,—eighteenpence each,—for their colouring by hand:—the enterprising publisher

[1] [Frogs: see *Hortus Inclusus*, p. 35 (ed. 3, p. 39).]
[2] [Herrick's *Noble Numbers*, Nos. 93 and 95 ("Graces for Children").]
[3] [For particulars of this book, see Vol. XXV. p. 408 *n*. The first edition (of which only thirty complete copies were sold) was issued in 1806–1840, the price being £252. A second edition (forty copies) was issued in 1845–1846 at £63.]

who issued the more recent editions, reducing, in conformity with modern views on the subject of economy, the colourist's remuneration to thirty shillings per hundred. But in the St. George's Company, young ladies who have the gift of colouring will be taught to colour engravings simply as well as they can do it, without any reference whatever to pecuniary compensation; and such practice I consider to be the very best possible elementary instruction for themselves, in the art of water-colour painting.

And the print which should be provided and thus coloured for little Agnes' room should be no less than the best engraving I could get made of Simon Memmi's St. Agnes in Paradise;[1] of which—(according to the probable notions of many of my readers, absurd and idolatrous)—image, little Agnes should know the legend as soon as she was able to understand it; though, if the St. George's Company could manage it for her, she should be protected from too early instruction in the meaning of that legend by such threats from her English playfellows as are noticed in my correspondent's letter.[2]

15. Such should be some small part of her religious education. For beginning of secular education, the St. George's Company would provide for her, above and before all things, a yard or two square of St. George's ground, which should be wholly her own; together with instruments suited to her strength, for the culture, and seeds for the sowing, thereof. On which plot of ground, or near it, in a convenient place, there should be a bee-hive, out of which it should be considered a crowning achievement of Agnes' secular virtues if she could produce, in its season, a piece of snowy and well-filled comb. And (always if she chose to learn to read) books should be given her containing such information respecting bees, and other living creatures, as it

[1] [In one of the frescoes in the Spanish Chapel at Florence: see Vol. XXIII. p. 452 (last lines).]

[2] [She should be protected, that is, from hearing language of such obscenity as Ruskin's correspondent describes (§ 11), and from thus needing too early to be clothed, like St. Agnes, with an all-resisting chastity.]

appeared to the St. George's Company desirable she should possess. But touching the character of this desirable information, what I have to say being somewhat lengthy, must be deferred to my March letter.[1]

CASTLETON, PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE,
27th January.

16. Since finishing this letter, I have driven leisurely through the midland manufacturing districts,[2] which I have not traversed, except by rail, for the last ten years. The two most frightful things I have ever yet seen in my life are the south-eastern suburb of Bradford (six miles long),[3] and the scene from Wakefield Bridge, by the chapel; yet I cannot but more and more reverence the fierce courage and industry, the gloomy endurance, and the infinite mechanical ingenuity of the great centres, as one reverences the fervid labours of a wasp's nest, though the end of all is only a noxious lump of clay.

[1] [See below, pp. 277 *seq.*]

[2] [For Ruskin's driving tours at this time, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxvii. For "the scene from Wakefield Bridge," see Letters 55, § 9, and 57, § 10 (pp. 380, 409). Ruskin in his copy of *Fors* marks this postscript with special emphasis.]

[3] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 87 (Vol. XVI. p. 335).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. In my last December's letter,[1] I promised, for January, some statement of real beginning of operations by our Company; but, as usual, was hindered from fulfilling my promise at the time I intended. And the hindrance lay, as in all useful business it is pretty sure in some measure to lie, in the state of British law. An acre of ground, with some cottages on it,[2] has been given me for our Company; but it is not easy to find out how the Company is to lay hold of it. I suppose the conveyancing will cost us, in the end, half-a-dozen times the value of the land; and in the meantime I don't care to announce our possession of it, or say what I mean to do with it. I content myself for the present with reprinting, and very heartily, as far as my experience holds, ratifying, the subjoined portions of a letter sent me the other day out of a country paper. The writer is speaking, at the point where my quotation begins, of the difficulty of getting a good Bankruptcy Act passed:—

"The reason alleged is that almost any lawyer is ready to help any lying and false-trading person to drive his coach and four through any Act, however good in intention it may be. This is a sad state of things, and is wasteful of more things than money or good temper. It is, however, on the matter of conveyancing that we wish to say a few words. . . .

"We are accustomed to look at the matter as a very simple one. We have before us the deeds of our dwelling-house. The real point is, why can we not sell these papers to, say John Smith, for £1000, if John is satisfied that our little cottage, with all its admirable rooms so well arranged, is worth that amount? Why can't we sell him this matter in a simple and clear way? Or, for a case the least bit complicated, take our six shops in the chief street. Why can't we sell one each to Brown, Jones, Robinson, Thompson, Atkinson, or Williams, their respective and respectable tenants, in an equally simple way? The English law steps in and says that we must have a cumbrous deed prepared for each case, and the total cost to all of us, without stamps, would be about one hundred pounds, at a reasonable computation. What do we get for this large sum? Absolutely nothing but jargon on parchment, instead of plain and simple English, which all the Smiths and Browns might understand, and get for a tenth of the cost. This is all the more irritating, because sensible people are agreed that our present plan is a cumbrous farce, and, moreover, nobody laughs at it but the lawyers who get the picking. Any six honest, clear-headed, educated men could devise a system in a month which would put an end to the needless and costly worry entailed by the existing legal paraphernalia. We have never yet seen any tangible objections to the simple system, nor any salient and satisfactory reasons for retaining the present circumlocutory, wasteful, and foolish one.

"Another monstrous anomaly is that we might sell each of our before-mentioned shops in our chief street, and yet retain the original deed untouched; so that after

[1] [Letter 48, § 23 *n.* (p. 224).]
[2] [At Barmouth: see p. 424.]

drawing cash from each of our present tenants, we could mortgage the whole block again, and clear off with the double cash.*

"But even the present system might be made endurable, and herein lies its greatest blame, namely—that you never know what you are going to pay for the foolish and needless work you are having done. You are entirely at the mercy of the lawyer. When we consider that this so-called difficult and skilful work is always managed in the best offices by a mere clerk, and seldom, if ever, by the principal, we have a reasonable ground of complaint against the enormous and unfair charges usually made for work so done by wholesale.

"We will conclude with a practical suggestion or two. Building clubs have been a great boon to the saving element in our community. It is the wish of most people to have a house of their own, and these clubs find, for hundreds, the readiest means to that end. They have made easy the borrowing and the paying back of money, and they have been the means of simplifying mortgage deeds which, for clubs, are only £2, 5s., and if got up simpler, and printed, instead of being written, might easily and profitably be done for a guinea. Could not they confer a still greater boon on the community by combining, and compelling, by a strong voice, the lawyers to systematise and cheapen the present mode of conveyancing? This would be a great work, and might be done. Still better would it be to combine to send up suggestions to Parliament for a simpler and better plan, such as would lead to the passing of an Act for the embodiment of this great and much-needed reform."

18. The following additional subscriptions complete the account of receipts for St. George's Fund to 15th January, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
25. Gift	5	0	0
26. Gift	1	13	4
30. Gift	0	2	6
37. Gift	5	0	0
38. Annual (1875)	1	1	0
39. Gift (on condition of being immediately used)	25	0	0
40. Gift	2	0	0
41. Gift	5	0	0
44. Third Donation (1874)	10	0	0
	£54	16	10

* I don't vouch for the particular statements in this letter. It seems to me incredible that any practical absurdity so great as this should exist in tenure of property.

LETTER 51

HUMBLE BEES[1]

HERNE HILL, *9th Feb.*, 1875.

1. I HAVE been so much angered, distressed, and defeated, by many things, during these last autumn and winter months, that I can only keep steadily to my business by insisting to myself on my own extreme value and importance to the world; and quoting, in self-application, the most flattering texts I can find, such as, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you,"[2] and so on; hoping that at least a little more of my foolishness is being pounded out of me at every blow; and that the dough I knead for *Fors* may be daily of purer wheat.

I wish I could raise it with less leaven of malice; but I dislike some things and some people so much, that, having been always an impetuous, inconsiderate, and weakly communicative person, I find it impossible to hold my tongue in this time of advanced years and petulance. I am thankful, to-day, to have one most pleasant thing first to refer to;—the notable speech, namely, of Mr. Johnson, the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on the immorality of cheapness;[3] the first living words respecting commerce which I have ever known to be spoken in England, in my time;—on which, nevertheless, I can in no wise dilate to-day, but most thankfully treasure them

[1] [For a reference to "the bee *Fors*," see a letter from Bolton Bridge, reprinted in a later volume of this edition from *Hortus Inclusus* (ed. 3, pp. 36–37).]

[2] [Luke xxii. 31.]

[3] [The speech was made by Mr. Richard Johnson (President) at the fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, February 1, 1875. Mr. Johnson's address dealt with the immorality of cheapness, the duties of merchants and manufacturers as public servants, and the nobility of trade as a profession which, when rightly and unselfishly conducted, would yield to no other "in the dignity of its nature and in the employment that it offers to the highest faculties

for study in a future letter; having already prepared for this one, during my course of self-applause taken medicinally, another passage or two of my own biography, putting some of the reasons for my carelessness about Agnes' proficiency in reading or writing,[1] more definitely before the reader.

2. Until I was more than four years old,[2] we lived in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, the greater part of the year; for a few weeks in the summer breathing country air by taking lodgings in small cottages (real cottages, not villas, so-called) either about Hampstead, or at Dulwich, at "Mrs. Ridley's," the last of a row in a lane which led out into the Dulwich fields on one side, and was itself full of buttercups in spring, and blackberries in autumn. But my chief remaining impressions of those days are attached to Hunter Street. My mother's general principles of first treatment were, to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger; and, for the rest, to let me amuse myself as I liked, provided I was neither fretful nor troublesome. But the law was, that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed;—and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendour of temptation, she bought the most radiant Punch and Judy

of man." To the correspondent who sent him a copy of the speech, Ruskin sent the following letter (printed in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 105):—

> "MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Johnson's speech in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, which you favour me by sending, appears to me the most important event that has occurred in relation to the true interests of the country during my lifetime. It begins an era of true civilization. I shall allude to it in the *Fors* of March, and make it the chief subject of the one following (the matter of this being already prepared). It goes far beyond what I had even hoped to hear admitted—how much less, enforced so gravely and weightily in the commercial world.
>
> "Believe me, faithfully yours,
> "J. RUSKIN."

Mr. Johnson's speech, however, was not again referred to in *Fors*.]

[1] [See the last Letter, p. 265.]

[2] [§§ 2–7 of this Letter were used by Ruskin when writing *Præterita*, where they appear, slightly revised, as §§ 13–18 of vol. i. ch. i. His autobiographical notes are resumed in Letter 52, § 1 (p. 296).]

she could find in all the Soho bazaar—as big as a real Punch and Judy, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and that would dance, tied to the leg of a chair. I must have been greatly impressed, for I remember well the look of the two figures, as my aunt herself exhibited their virtues. My mother was obliged to accept them; but afterwards quietly told me it was not right that I should have them; and I never saw them again.

3. Nor did I painfully wish, what I was never permitted for an instant to hope, or even imagine, the possession of such things as one saw in toyshops. I had a bunch of keys to play with, as long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered and jingled;[1] as I grew older, I had a cart, and a ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks. With these modest, but, I still think, entirely sufficient possessions,[2] and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion; and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colours of my carpet;—examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses; with rapturous intervals of excitement during the filling of the water-cart, through its leathern pipe, from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge; or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock, when he turned and turned till a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street. But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed covers, dresses, or wall-papers to be examined, were my chief resources, and my attention to the particulars in these was soon so accurate, that when at three and a half I was taken to have my portrait painted by Mr. Northcote,[3] I had not been ten minutes alone with him before I asked him why

[1] [For a later reference to Ruskin's amusements as those of "a poor little Cockney wretch," contrasted with the outdoor life of Scott, see Letter 67, § 9 (p. 645).]

[2] [Here, however, the account of Scott's childhood may be compared, Vol. XXVII. p. 612.]

[3] [For this portrait, see a plate in the later volume, containing *Præterita*.]

there were holes in his carpet. The portrait in question represents a very pretty child with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad light-blue sash and blue shoes to match; the feet of the child wholesomely large in proportion to its body; and the shoes still more wholesomely large in proportion to the feet.

4. These articles of my daily dress were all sent to the old painter for perfect realization; but they appear in the picture more remarkable than they were in my nursery, because I am represented as running in a field at the edge of a wood with the trunks of its trees striped across in the manner of Sir Joshua Reynolds; while two rounded hills, as blue as my shoes, appear in the distance, which were put in by the painter at my own request; for I had already been once, if not twice, taken to Scotland; and my Scottish nurse having always sung to me as we approached the Tweed or Esk,—

> "For Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
> With her barefooted lassies, and mountains so blue,"[1]

I had already generally connected the idea of distant hills with approach to the extreme felicities of life, in my (Scottish) aunt's garden of gooseberry bushes, sloping to the Tay.

But that, when old Mr. Northcote asked me (little thinking, I fancy, to get any answer so explicit) what I would like to have in the distance of my picture, I should have said "blue hills" instead of "gooseberry bushes," appears to me—and I think without any morbid tendency to think overmuch of myself—a fact sufficiently curious, and not without promise, in a child of that age.

5. I think it should be related also that having, as aforesaid, been steadily whipped if I was troublesome, my formed habit of serenity was greatly pleasing to the old painter; for I sat contentedly motionless, counting the holes in his carpet, or watching him squeeze his paint out of its bladders,

[1] [The lines are quoted also in Letter 92, § 1 (Vol. XXIX. p. 449).]

—a beautiful operation, indeed, it seemed to me; but I do not remember taking any interest in Mr. Northcote's applications of the pigments to the canvas; my ideas of delightful art, in that respect, involving indispensably the possession of a large pot, filled with paint of the brightest green, and of a brush which would come out of it soppy. But my quietude was so pleasing to the old man that he begged my father and mother to let me sit to him for the face of a child which he was painting in a classical subject; where I was accordingly represented as reclining on a leopard skin, and having a thorn taken out of my foot by a wild man of the woods.[1]

6. In all these particulars, I think the treatment, or accidental conditions, of my childhood, entirely right, for a child of my temperament; but the mode of my introduction to literature appears to me questionable, and I am not prepared to carry it out in St. George's schools without much modification. I absolutely declined to learn to read by syllables; but would get an entire sentence by heart with great facility, and point with accuracy to every word in the page as I repeated it. As, however, when the words were once displaced, I had no more to say, my mother gave up, for the time, the endeavour to teach me to read, hoping only that I might consent, in process of years, to adopt the popular system of syllabic study. But I went on, to amuse myself, in my own way, learnt whole words at a time, as I did patterns;—and at five years old was sending for my "second volumes" to the circulating library.

7. This effort to learn the words in their collective aspect, was assisted by my real admiration of the look of printed type, which I began to copy for my pleasure, as other children draw dogs and horses. The following inscription, facsimiled from the fly-leaf of my *Seven Champions of Christendom*,[2] I believe (judging from the independent

[1] [For this picture also, see a plate in the *Præterita* volume.]
[2] [For this book, see Vol. XXIV. p. 246.]

views taken in it of the character of the letter L, and the relative elevation of G), to be an extremely early art study of this class; and as, by the will of Fors, the first lines of the note written the other day underneath my copy of it, in direction to Mr. Burgess, presented some notable points of correspondence with it, I thought it well he should engrave them together, as they stood.

8. It would be difficult to give more distinct evidence

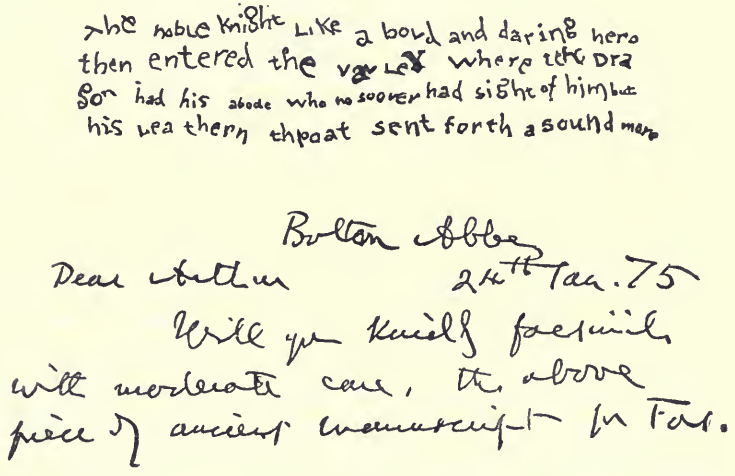

Fig. 2

than is furnished by these pieces of manuscript, of the incurably desultory character which has brought on me the curse of Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."[1] But I reflect, hereupon, with resolute self-complacency, that water, when good, is a good thing, though it be not stable; and that it may be better sometimes to irrigate than excel.[2] And of the advantage, in many respects, of learning to write and read, if at all, in the above pictorial manner, I have much to say on some other occasion;[3] but,

[1] [Genesis xlix. 4.]
[2] [Ruskin in his copy of *Fors* specially marks this passage.]
[3] [See Letters 94 and 95 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 486, 507–508).]

having to-day discoursed enough about myself, will assume that Agnes, wholly at her own sweet will, has made shift to attain the skill and temper necessary for the use of any kind of good book, or bible.[1] It is, then, for the St. George's Company to see that all the bibles she has, whether for delight or instruction, shall be indeed holy bibles;[2] written by persons, that is to say, in whom the word of God dwelt, and who spoke or wrote according to the will of God; and, therefore, with faithful purpose of speaking the truth touching what they had to tell, or of singing, rhyming, or what not else, for the amusement whether of children or grown-up persons, in a natural, modest, and honest manner, doing their best for the love of God and men, or children, or of the natural world; and not for money (though for the time necessary to learn the arts of singing or writing, such honest minstrels and authors, manifestly possessing talent for their business, should be allowed to claim daily moderate maintenance, and for their actual toil, in performance of their arts, modest reward, and daily bread).

9. And, passing by for the present the extremely difficult and debatable question, by what kind of entertaining and simple bibles Agnes shall be first encouraged in the pursuits of literature, I wish to describe to-day more particularly the kind of book I want to be able to give her about her bees, when she is old enough to take real charge of them. For I don't in the least want a book to tell her how many species of bees there are; nor what grounds there may be for suspecting that one species is another species; nor why Mr. B—— is convinced that what Mr. A—— considered two species are indeed one species; nor how conclusively Mr. C—— has proved that what Mr. B—— described as a new species is an old species.

[1] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 17 (Vol. XVIII. p. 67), where Ruskin points out that "book" and "bible" are the same, and regrets that "The Bible" is not called "The Book."]

[2] [For other references to Ruskin's schemes for a select library of classical literature, see p. 20, and the other places there noted.]

Neither do I want a book to tell her what a bee's inside is like, nor whether it has its brains in the small of its back, or nowhere in particular, like a modern political economist; nor whether the morphological nature of the sternal portion of the thorax should induce us, strictly, to call it the prosternum, or may ultimately be found to present no serious inducement of that nature. But I want a book to tell her, for instance, how a bee buzzes; and how, and by what instrumental touch, its angry buzz differs from its pleased or simply busy buzz.* Nor have I any objection to the child's learning, for good and all, such a dreadful word as "proboscis," though I don't, myself, understand why in the case of a big animal, like an elephant, one should be allowed, in short English, to say that it takes a bun with its trunk; and yet be required to state always, with severe accuracy, that a bee gathers honey with its proboscis. Whatever we were allowed to call it, however, our bee-book must assuredly tell Agnes and me, what at present I believe neither of us know, —certainly I don't, myself,—how the bee's feeding instrument differs from its building one, and what either may be like.

10. I pause, here, to think over and put together the little I do know; and consider how it should be told

* I am not sure, after all, that I should like her to know even so much as this. For on inquiring, myself, into the matter, I find (Ormerod, quoting Dr. H. Landois) that a humble bee has a drum in its stomach, and that one half of this drum can be loosened and then drawn tight again, and that the bee breathes through the slit between the loose half and tight half, and that in this slit there is a little comb, and on this comb the humble bee plays while it breathes, as on a Jew's harp, and can't help it. But a honey bee hums with its "thoracic spiracles,"[1] not with its stomach. On the whole—I don't think I shall tell Agnes anything about all this. She may get through her own life, perhaps, just as well without ever knowing that there's any such thing as a thorax, or a spiracle.

[1] [See *British Social Wasps*, by Edward Latham Ormerod, M.D., 1868, pp. 132, 133, where he condenses from Dr. H. Landois, *Die Ton-und Stimmapparate der Insecten.* Leipzig, 1867.]

Agnes. For to my own mind, it occurs in a somewhat grotesque series of imagery, with which I would not, if possible, infect hers. The difference, for instance, in the way of proboscis, between the eminent nose of an elephant, and the not easily traceable nose of a bird: the humorous, and, it seems to me, even slightly mocking and cruel contrivance of the Forming Spirit,[1] that we shall always, unless we very carefully mind what we are about, think that a bird's beak is its nose:—the, to me, as an epicure, greatly disturbing, question, how much, when I see that a bird likes anything, it likes it at the tip of its bill, or somewhere inside. Then I wonder why elephants don't build houses with their noses, as birds build nests with their faces;—then, I wonder what elephants' and mares' nests are like, when they haven't got stables, or dens in menageries; finally, I think I had better stop thinking, and find out a fact or two, if I can, from any books in my possession, about the working tools of the bee.

11. And I will look first whether there is any available account of these matters in a book which I once all but knew by heart, Bingley's *Animal Biography*,[2] which, though it taught me little, made me desire to know more, and neither fatigued my mind nor polluted it, whereas most modern books on natural history only cease to be tiresome by becoming loathsome.

Yes,—I thought I had read it, and known it, once. "They" (the worker bees) "are so eager to afford mutual assistance" (bestial, as distinct from human competition, you observe), "and for this purpose so many of them crowd together, that their individual operations can scarcely be distinctly observed." (If I rewrite this for Agnes, that last sentence shall stand thus: "that it is difficult to see

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVI. p. 70.]

[2] [For the full title of this book, see Vol. XXV. p. 32 *n.*; and for other references to it, Letter 52, below, pp. 304–309. The passage quoted in § 11 is in vol. iii. pp. 390–391.]

what any one is doing.") "It has, however, been discovered that their two jaws are the only instruments they employ in modelling and polishing the wax. With a little patience we perceive cells just begun, we likewise remark the quickness with which a bee moves its teeth against a small portion of the cell; this portion the animal, by repeated strokes on each side, smooths, renders compact, and reduces to a proper thinness."

12. Here I pause again,—ever so many questions occurring to me at once,—and of which, if Agnes is a thoughtful child, and not frightened from asking what she wants to know, by teachers who have been afraid they wouldn't be able to answer, she may, it is probable, put one or two herself. What are a bee's teeth like? are they white or black? do they ever ache? can it bite hard with them? has it got anything to bite? Not only do I find no satisfaction in Mr. Bingley as to these matters, but in a grand, close-printed epitome of entomology * lately published simultaneously in London, Paris, and New York, and which has made me sick with disgust by its descriptions, at every other leaf I opened, of all that is horrible in insect life, I find, out of five hundred and seventy-nine figures, not one of a bee's teeth, the chief architectural instruments of the insect world. And I am the more provoked and plagued by this, because, my brains being, as all the rest of me, desultory and ill under control, I get into another fit of thinking what a bee's lips can be like, and of wondering why whole meadows-full of flowers are called "cows' lips" and none called "bees' lips." And finding presently, in Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, something really interesting about bees' tongues, and that they don't suck, but lick up honey, I go on wondering how soon we shall have a

* *The Insect World.* Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.[1]

[1] [*The Insect World; being a Popular Account of the Orders of Insects.* By Louis Figuier. A new edition, revised and corrected by P. Martin Duncan, F.R.S. (1872), p. 318.]

scientific Shakespeare printed for the use of schools, with Ariel's song altered into

"Where the bee licks, there lurk I,"[1]

and "the singing masons building roofs of gold,"[2] explained to be merely automatic arrangements of lively viscera.

13. Shaking myself at last together again, I refer to a really valuable book—Dr. Latham Ormerod's *History of Wasps:*[3]—of which, if I could cancel all the parts that interest the Doctor himself, and keep only those which interest Agnes and me, and the pictures of wasps at the end,—I would make it a standard book in St. George's Library, even placing it in some proper subordinate relation to the Fourth Georgic: but as it is, I open in every other page on something about "organs," a word with which I do not care for Agnes's associating any ideas, at present, but those of a Savoyard and his monkey.

However, I find here, indeed, a diagram of a wasp's mouth; but as it only looks like what remains of a spider after being trodden on, and, as I find that this "mandibulate form of mouth" consists of

> "*a*, the labium, with the two labial palpi;
> *b*, the maxilla, whose basilar portions bear at one end the cardo, at the other the hairy galea and the maxillary palpas;
> *c*, the labrum, and *d*, the mandible,"

Agnes and I perceive that for the present there is an end of the matter for us; and retreat to our Bingley, there to console ourselves with hearing how Mr. Wildman,[4] whose

[1] [*The Tempest*, Act v. sc. 1 ("Where the bee sucks, there suck I"). It is only in the modern settings of this song to music that *lurk* is substituted for *suck*).]

[2] [*King Henry V.*, i. 2, 198. Compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 24 (Vol. XIX. p. 76).]

[3] [For this book, see above, p. 277 *n.* The passage here quoted is at p. 76.]

[4] [*A Treatise on the Management of Bees*, by Thomas Wildman, 1768. Bingley cites no authority for the powers with which he credits Wildman, who does not tell the stories in his own book. He was a professional bee-keeper.]

remarks on the management of bees are well known, possessed a secret by which

"he could at any time cause a hive of bees to swarm upon his head, shoulders, or body, in a most surprising manner. He has been seen to drink a glass of wine, having at the same time the bees all over his head and face more than an inch deep: several fell into the glass, but they did not sting him. He could even act the part of a general with them, by marshalling them in battle array upon a large table. There he divided them into regiments, battalions, and companies, according to military discipline, waiting only for his word of command. The moment he uttered the word 'March!' they began to march in a regular manner, like soldiers. To these insects he also taught so much politeness, that they never attempted to sting any of the numerous company."[1]

14. Agnes, on reading this, is sure to ask me "how he taught them?" Which is just what, as a student of new methods of education, I should like to know myself; and not a word is said on the matter: and we are presently pushed on into the history of the larger animal which I call a humble, but Agnes, a bumble, bee. Not, however, clearly knowing myself either what the ways of this kind are, or why they should be called humble, when I always find them at the top of a thistle rather than the bottom, I spend half my morning in hunting through my scientific books for information on this matter, and find whole pages of discussion whether the orange-tailed bee is the same as the white-tailed bee, but nothing about why either should be called humble or bumble:[2]—at last I bethink me of the great despiser of natural history; and find that stout Samuel, with his good editor Mr. Todd, have given me all I want; but there is far more and better authority for "bumble" than I thought. However;—this first guess of Johnson's own assuredly touches one popular, though it appears mistaken, reason for the Shakespearian form. "The humble bee is known to have no sting. The Scotch call a cow without horns a 'humble

[1] [Bingley's *Animal Biography*, 1804, vol. iii. pp. 397–398.]

[2] [For a letter from a correspondent on this subject, see Letter 52, § 28 (p. 314).]

cow.'"[1] But truly, I have never myself yet had clear faith enough in that absence of sting to catch a humble bee in my fingers;* only I suppose Bottom would have warned Cobweb against that danger, if there had been such, as well as against being overflown with the honey bag.† Red-hipped, Bottom calls them;[2] and yet I find nothing about their red hips anywhere in my books.

15. We have not done with the name yet, however. It is from the Teutonic "hommolen," bombum edere[3] (in good time, some years hence, Agnes shall know what Teutons are,—what bombs are,—shall read my great passage in *Unto this Last* about bombshells and peaches;[4] and shall know how distinct the Latin root of Edition and Editor is from that of Edification).

Next,—Chaucer, however, uses "humbling" in the sense of humming or muttering: "like to the humblinge after the clap of a thunderinge."[5] So that one might classically say—a busy bee hums and a lazy bee humbles; only we can't quite rest even in this; for under Bumble-bee in Johnson, I find a quantity of other quotations and branched

* Alas, that incredulity, the least amiable of the virtues, should often be the most serviceable! Here is a pleasant little passage to fall in with, after Dr. Johnson's "it is well known"! I find it in Ormerod, discussing the relative tenability of insects between the fingers for the study of their voices. "Wasps are obviously ill fitted for this purpose, and humble bees are no better; they are so strong and so slippery that they need all our attention to prevent their putting their long stings through our gloves while we are examining them."[6]

† Foolish of me; a cobweb may be overflown, but cannot be stung.

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[1] [*A Dictionary of the English Language*, by Samuel Johnson, edited by Rev. H. J. Todd, 3 vols., 1827, vol. ii., *s.* "Humble-bee."]

[2] [*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv. sc. 1: "Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior."]

[3] [So Todd's edition of Johnson, 1827, as cited above: "hommolen," to hum, to give forth a buzzing.]

[4] [*Unto this Last*, § 76 (Vol. XVII. p. 103).]

[5] [*House of Fame*, ii. 531.]

[6] [*British Social Wasps*, p. 138.]

words, going off into silk and bombazine;[1]—of which I shall only ask Agnes to remember—

> "The Bittern, with his bump,
> The crane, with his trump,"[2]

and Chaucer's single line,

> "And as a bytorne bumblith in the mire."[3]

16. This, however, she should write out carefully, letter by letter, as soon as she had learned to write; and know at least that the image was used of a wife telling her husband's faults—and, in good time, the whole story of Midas. Meanwhile, we remain satisfied to teach her to call her large brown friends, humble bees, because Shakespeare does, which is reason enough: and then the next thing I want to know, and tell her, is, why they are so fond of thistles. Before she can know this, I must be able to draw a thistle-blossom rightly for her;[4] and as my botany has stood fast for some years at the point where I broke down in trying to draw the separate tubes of thistle-blossom, I can't say any more on that point to-day: but, going on with my Bingley, I find four more species of bees named, which I should like to tell Agnes all I could about: namely, the Mason Bee; the Wood-piercing Bee; the one which Bingley calls the Garden Bee, but which, as most bees are to be found in gardens, I shall myself call the Wool-gathering Bee; and the Leaf-cutting Bee.[5]

17. (1.) The mason bee, it appears, builds her nest of sand, which she chooses carefully grain by grain; then sticks, with bee-glue, as many grains together as she can carry (like the blocks of brick we see our builders prepare for circular drains)—and builds her nest like a swallow's,

[1] [See Todd's Johnson, *s.* "Bumbast": "falsely written for *bombast; bombast* and *bombasine*, being mentioned, with great probability, by Junius, as coming from *boom*, a tree, and *sein*, silk."]

[2] [Quoted in Todd's Johnson, *s.* "Bump," from Skelton's *Poems*, p. 227.]

[3] [*Wife of Bath's Tale*, 116, in which the story of Midas is referred to.]

[4] [See now in *Proserpina* Plate XXVII. (Vol. XXV.).]

[5] [See, for these names and for the quotations in §§ 17, 18, Bingley's *Animal Biography*, vol. iii. pp. 382 *seq.*, 386 *seq.*, 380 *seq.*, and 377 *seq.*]

in any angle on the south side of a wall; only with a number of cells inside, like—a monastery, shall we say?—each cell being about the size of a thimble. But these cells are not, like hive bees', regularly placed, but anyhow—the holes between filled up with solid block building;—and this disorder in the architecture of mason bees seems to be connected with moral disorder in their life; for, instead of being "so eager to afford mutual assistance"[1] that one can't see what each is doing, these mason bees, if they can, steal each other's nests, just like human beings, and fight, positively, like Christians. "Sometimes the two bees fly with such rapidity and force against each other that both fall to the ground;" and the way their cells are built—back of one to side of the other, and so on, is just like what a friend was telling me only the day before yesterday of the new cottages built by a speculative builder, who failed just afterwards, on some lots of land which a Lord of the Manor, near my friend, had just stolen from the public common and sold.[2]

18. (2.) The wood-piercing bee cuts out her nest in decayed wood; the nest being a hollow pipe like a chimney, or a group of such pipes, each divided by regular floors, into cells for the children; one egg is put in each cell, and the cell filled with a paste made of the farina of flowers mixed with honey, for the young bee to eat when it is hatched. Now this carpentering work, I find, is done wholly by the wood-piercing bee's strong jaws; but here again is no picture of her jaws, or the teeth in them; though the little heaps of sawdust outside where she is working "are of grains nearly as large as those produced by a handsaw"; and she has to make her floors of these grains, by gluing them in successive rings from the outside of her cell to the centre. Yes; that's all very well; but then I want to know if she cuts the bits of any particular shape, as, suppose, in flattish pieces like tiles, and if then she glues these sideways or edgeways in their successive rings.

[1] [See above, p. 278.]
[2] [Compare Letter 52, § 13 (p. 302).]

But here is the prettiest thing of all in her work. It takes, of course, a certain time to collect the farina with which each cell is filled, and to build the floor between it and the nest; so that the baby in the room at the bottom of the pipe will be born a day or two before the baby next above, and be ready to come out first; and if it made its way upwards, would disturb the next baby too soon. So the mother puts them all upside down, with their feet —their tails, I should say—uppermost; and then when she has finished her whole nest, to the last cell at the top, she goes and cuts a way at the bottom of it, for the oldest of the family to make her way out, as she naturally will, head foremost, and so cause the others no discomfort by right of primogeniture.

19. (3.) The wool-gathering bee is described by White of Selborne, as "frequenting the Garden Campion, for the sake of its Tomentum."[1] I lose half-an-hour in trying to find out the Garden Campion among the thirty-two volumes of old Sowerby:[2] I find nothing but the sort of white catchfly things that grow out of hollow globes (which Mary of the Giessbach, by the way, spoken of in a former letter,[3] first taught me to make pops with). I vainly try to find out what "Campion" means. Johnson fails me this time.[4] "Campion, the name of a plant." I conjecture it must be simple for champion, "keeper of the field,"—and let that pass; but lose myself again presently in the derivation of Tomentum,[5] and its relation to Tome, in the sense of a volume. Getting back out of all that, rather tired, I find at last in Bingley[6] that the Garden

[1] [White's *Selborne* ("Observations on Insects and Vermes").]

[2] [*i.e.*, the first edition of Sowerby's *English Botany* (1790–1814): see Vol. XXV. p. 421 *n.*]

[3] [Letter 44, § 7, p. 131.]

[4] [In Murray's *New English Dictionary*, the meaning of the name is left in doubt, two alternative explanations being suggested—(1) derived from *campus*, field; (2) identification with campion (the original form of champion), as Dioscorides and Theophrastus both speak of the flower as being fit, or used, for garlands.]

[5] [*Tomentum*, in classical Latin, means the stuffing for cushions; in botanical use, the dense, close, white hairs, or down on plants. "Tome" (from τέμνειν, to cut) is a section of anything, hence a volume.]

[6] [*Animal Biography*, vol. iii. p. 381 *n.*]

Campion is Agrostemma Coronaria of Linnæus; and I look in my Linnæus, and find it described as Tomentosum; and then I try my two Sowerbys, ancient and modern, where I find nothing under Agrostemma but the corn-cockle, and so have to give in at last; but I can tell Agnes, at least, that there's some sort of pink which has a downy stem, and there's some sort of bee which strips off the down from the stalk of this pink, "running from the top to the bottom of a branch, and shaving it bare with all the dexterity of a hoop-shaver."[1]

Hoop-shaver? but I never saw so much as a hoop-shaver! Must see one on the first chance, only I suppose they make hoops by steam now.

"When it has got a bundle almost as large as itself it flies away, holding it secure between its chin and forelegs."

Chin?—what is a bee's chin like?

Then comes a story about a knight's finding the key wouldn't turn in the lock of his garden gate; and there being a wool-gathering bee's nest inside: and it seems she makes her cells or thimbles of this wool, but does not fill them with honey inside; so that I am in doubt whether the early life of the young bees who live in wood, and have plenty to eat, be not more enviable than the lot of those who live in wool and have no larders. I can't find any more about the wool-gatherer; and the fourth kind of bee, most interesting of all, must wait till next *Fors*' time, for there's a great deal to be learnt about her.[2]

"And what of the St. George's Company meanwhile?"

Well, if I cannot show it some better method of teaching natural history than has been fallen upon by our recent Doctors, we need not begin our work at all. We cannot live in the country without hunting animals, or shooting them,[3] unless we learn how to look at them.

[1] [Quoted, not quite exactly (as also the following passage), by Bingley (*Animal Biography*, vol. iii. p. 381) from Gilbert White: see his "Observations on Insects" (p. 342 in the 1887 edition of *The Natural History of Selborne*).]

[2] [See Letter 52, § 15 (p. 304).]

[3] [As Ruskin had above enjoined: see p. 156, and compare above, p. 24 *n.*]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

"The Parsonage, Werrington, Peterborough,
Feb. 12*th*, 1875.

20. "My dear Sir,—In your *Fors* published last month you have charged the Pastors, and especially the Chief Pastors of our Church, with 'preaching a false gospel for hire,'[1] and thus becoming responsible for the hideous immorality which prevails.

"It is very painful to be told this by *you*, of whom some of us have learned so much.

"I have been reading your words to my conscience, but—is it my unconscious hypocrisy, my self-conceit, or my sentiment overpowering intellect[2] which hinders me from hearing the word 'Guilty'?

"The gospel I endeavour with all my might to preach and embody is this—Believe on, be persuaded by, the Lord Jesus Christ; let His life rule your lives, and you shall be 'safe and sound' now and everlastingly.

"Is this 'a false gospel preached for hire'? If not, what other gospel do you refer to?

"I am very faithfully yours,
"Edward Z. Lyttel.

"John Ruskin, Esq."

The gospel which my correspondent preaches (or, at the least, desires to preach)—namely, "Let His life rule your lives," is eternally true and salutary. The "other gospel which I refer to" is the far more widely preached one, "Let His life be in the stead of your lives," which is eternally false and damnatory.

The rest of my correspondent's letter needs, I think, no other reply than the expression of my regret that a man of his amiable character should be entangled in a profession, respecting which the subtle questions of conscience which he proposes can be answered by none but himself; nor by himself with security.[3]

21. I do not know if, in modern schools of literature, the name of Henry Fielding is ever mentioned;[4] but it was of repute in my early days, and I think it right, during the discussion of the subjects to which *Fors* is now approaching, to refer my readers to a work of his which gives one

[1] [See Letter 49, § 20 (p. 252).]

[2] [See above, pp. 239–240.]

[3] [For further letters from Mr. Lyttel and comments thereon by the author, see Letters 52, § 23; 53, § 18; and 56, §§ 22–24 (pp. 311, 335, 398–400).]

[4] [For other references to Fielding, see Letters 34, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 631), and 82, § 1 (Vol. XXIX. p. 220).]

of the most beautiful types I know of the character of English clergymen,[1] (the "Vicar of Wakefield" not excepted). His hero is thus introduced:

"He was a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages, to which he added a great share of knowledge in the Oriental tongues, and could read and translate French, Italian, and Spanish. He had applied many years to the most severe study, and had treasured up a fund of learning rarely to be met with in a university.* He was besides a man of good sense, good parts, and good-nature;—his virtue, and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a Bishop, that, at the age of fifty, he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year, which, however, he could not make any great figure with; because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children."

Of course, in our present estimate of the good Bishop's benevolence, we must allow for the greater value of money in those times:—nevertheless, it was even then to be obtained in considerable sums, as it is now, by persons who knew the right channels and proper methods of its accumulation, as our author immediately afterwards shows us by the following account of part of the economy of an English gentleman's estate:—

"Joseph had not quite finished his letter when he was summoned downstairs by Mr. Peter Pounce to receive his wages; for, besides that out of eight pounds a year, he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical instruments,"

(Mr. Fielding countenances my own romantic views respecting the propriety of the study of music even by the lower classes, and entirely approves of these apparently extravagant purchases),

"to apply to the generosity of the aforesaid Peter, who on urgent occasions used to advance the servants their wages, not before they were due, but before they were payable,—that is, perhaps half a year after they were due; and this at the moderate premium of fifty per cent., or a little more; by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own master and mistress, the honest man had, from nothing, in a few years amassed a small sum of twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts."[2]

22. Of the character of the modern English country clergyman, from my own personal knowledge,[3] I could give some examples quite deserving place with the Fielding and Goldsmith type;—but these have influence only in their own villages, and are daily diminishing in number; while another type, entirely modern, is taking their place, of which some curious illustration has been furnished me by the Third Fors as I was looking over the Christmas books of last year to see if I could find a

* His debate with Barnabas, on the occasion of the latter's visit to the wounded Joseph,[4] throws some clear light on the questions opened in Mr. Lyttel's letter.

[1] [Mr. Abraham Adams: see *Joseph Andrews*, ch. iii.]
[2] [*Joseph Andrews*, ch. x.]
[3] [Compare Letter 10, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 173).]
[4] [*Joseph Andrews*, ch. xvii.]

prize or two for Agnes and some other of my younger cottage friends. Among them, I get two books on natural history, by a country clergyman,[1] who takes his children out on beach and moorland expeditions, and puts a charming portrait of himself, in his best coat, and most elegant attitude of instruction, for the frontispiece. His little daughter has been taught to express herself in such terms as the following:—

(Of a jelly-fish.) "Let me look. If you hold it up to the light, you see it is nearly transparent, and the surface is marked with numerous angular spaces."

(Of a sand-worm.) "Oh—in this respect the little Pectinaria resembles the fresh-water Melicerta we find abundantly on the weeds in the canal at home."

(Of a sea-mouse.) "Oh, papa, I do think here is a sea-mouse lying on the shore. Bah! I don't much like to touch it."

The childish simplicity and ladylike grace of these expressions need no comment; but the clergyman's education of his children in *gentleness* is the point peculiarly striking to me in the books, collated with my own experience in the case of the boy and the squirrel.[2] The following two extracts are sufficiently illustrative:—

"'Well, papa,' said Jack, 'I am tired of sitting here; let us now go and hunt for peewits' eggs.' 'All right, Jack, and if you find any you shall each have one for your breakfast in the morning. When hard-boiled and cold, a peewit's egg is a very delicious thing, though I think the peewits are such valuable birds, and do so much good, that I should not like to take many of their eggs. We had better separate from each other, so as to have a better chance of finding a nest.' Soon we hear a shout from Willy, whose sharp eyes had discovered a nest with four eggs in it; so off we all scamper to him. See how the old bird screams and flaps, and how near she comes to us; she knows we have found her eggs, and wishes to lure us away from the spot; so she pretends she has been wounded, and tries to make us follow after her. 'Now, Jack, run and catch her. Hah! hah! There they go. I will back the peewit against the boy. So you have given up the chase, have you? Well, rest again, and take breath.'"

"'Well, Mr. Parry Evans, how many salmon have you counted in the pool?' 'There are seven or eight good fish in, sir, this time; and one or two will be ten or eleven pounds each.' Look at the dog 'Jack'; he is evidently getting a little impatient, as he sees in the retiring water of the pool every now and then a salmon darting along. And now Mr. Evans takes the silver collar off, and sets 'Jack' free; and in a second he is in the middle of the pool. Now for the fun! Willy and Jack* tuck up their trousers, take off their shoes and stockings, and with nets in their hands enter the water. Bah! it is rather cold at first, but the excitement soon warms them. There goes a salmon, full tilt, and 'Jack' after him. What a splashing in the water, to be sure! There is another dog learning the trade, and 'Jack' is his tutor in the art; he is a brown retriever, and dashes

* Some ambiguity is caused in this passage by the chance of both dog and boy having the same name, as well as the same instincts.

[1] [The two books—by the Rev. W. Houghton—are *Seaside Walks of a Naturalist with his Children* (1870), and *Country Walks of a Naturalist with his Children* (1869). Ruskin here quotes from pp. 10, 20, 11 of the former; then from p. 5 of the latter; and lastly from pp. 44–46 of the former. Ruskin, in his copy, compares this passage of *Fors* with one in *Deucalion:* see Vol. XXVI. pp. 264 *n.*]

[2] [See Letter 48, § 13 (p. 213).]

about the water after the salmon as if he enjoyed the fun immensely, but he has not yet learned how to catch a slippery fish. There! there! see! see! good dog; now you have him! No! off again! well done, salmon! Now, dog! have at him!

"How immensely rapid is the motion of a frightened salmon! 'Quick as an arrow' is hardly a figure of speech. Bravo, 'Jack,' bravo! Do you see? He has caught the salmon firmly by the head. Good dog! Mr. Parry Evans is immediately on the spot, and takes the fish from old 'Jack,' whom he kindly pats on the back, holds the salmon aloft for us all to see, and consigns him to the basket which his man is guarding on the shore. See, see, again! off they go, dogs and men, and soon another salmon is captured; and there is lots of fun, meanwhile, in catching the mackerel and garfish. Well, the sport of catching the various fish in the pool—there were nine salmon, averaging about five pounds each—lasted about half-an-hour. 'Jack' behaved admirably; it was wonderful to see his skill in the pursuit; he generally caught hold of the salmon by the head, on which he gave one strong bite, and the fish was rendered helpless almost instantaneously. Sometimes he would catch hold of the back fin. When the sport was finished, we went to survey the spoils; and a nice 'kettle of fish' there was. I bought one salmon and the gurnard; the rest were soon disposed of by Mr. Evans to his numerous visitors, all of whom were much pleased with the sport. But wait a little; some of the fish lie on the sand. I will look for parasites. Here, on this salmon, is a curious parasite, with a body an inch long, and with two long tail-like projections three times the length of the creature itself. It is a crustacean, and related to the *Argulus foliaceus*."

23. The reverend and learned author will perhaps be surprised to hear that the principal effect of these lively passages on me has been slightly to diminish my appetite for salmon, no less than for seaside recreations. I think I would rather attend my pious instructor, in discourse on the natural history of the land. I get his *Country Walks of a Naturalist*, therefore, in which I find a graceful preface, thanking Mr. Gould for permission to copy his Birds of England; and two very gummy and shiny copies (so-called) adorning the volume.

Now there was boundless choice for the pleasing of children in Gould's marvellous plates. To begin with, the common sparrow's nest, in the ivy, with the hen sitting:[1]—

> "The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by,
> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together visited.
> She looked at it as if she feared it,—
> Still wishing, dreading to be near it,
> Such heart was in her."[2]

But the reverend naturalist will none of this. Sparrows indeed! are not five sold for two farthings?[3] Shall any note be taken of them in our modern enlightened science? No; nor yet of the dainty little Bramble Finch, couched in her knotty hollow of birch trunk; though England, and mainland Europe, and Asia Minor, Persia, China, and Japan, all know the

[1] [*Birds of Great Britain*, vol. iii., No. 32. The Bramble Finch is in vol. iii., No. 35; the Stonechat in vol. ii., No. 47; the Fire-crested Wren in vol. ii., No. 70; the Bottle Tit in vol. ii., No. 28; and the Butcher Bird in vol. ii., No. 15.]

[2] [Wordsworth, "The Sparrow's Nest."]

[3] [Luke xii. 6.]

little Brambling;—and though in the desolate region of the Dovrefjeld,* too high for the Chaffinch, she decorates the outer walls of her nest with flat pieces of lichen and other materials,—though she is attractive in her winter dress; and in her summer costume, "no pencil can do her justice," clerical taste and propriety will none of her;—no, nor even of the dear little fellow who looks so much like the properest of clergymen himself, in the sprucest of white ties—the Stone-Chat,—preaching, or chattering, or chatting, from the highest twig of his furze-bush;—no, nor of the Fire-crested Wren, poised on long spray of larch with purple buds; nor even, though she at least might, one would have thought, have provided some "fun" for the ecclesiastical family, the long-tailed Tit, or Bottle-tit, with her own impatient family of six Bottle-tits, every one with a black eye, as if to illustrate the sympathy of their nature with bottle-tits of the human species, and every one with its mouth open; and the nest, of their mother's exquisite building, with the pale sides of the lichens always turned to the light, and 2000 feathers used in its lining, and these, nothing to the amount of "invisible cobwebs" taken to attach the decorative pieces of lichen to the outside. All this is contemptible to my religious author; but he hunts Mr. Gould's whole book through, to find the horriblest creature in it—the Butcher-bird! transfixing mice on the spines of the blackthorn, and tearing their flesh from them as they hang, "invariably breaking the skull," with farther parental direction of the youthful mind.[1] "Do you see that great tit on a branch of this poplar? He is actually at work doing a bit of butchering on a small warbler. See how he is beating the poor little fellow about the head; he wants to get at his brains." This—for one of his two plates, besides the frontispiece, of the back of his own head and its hat; with his two children 'wanting to get at'—something in his hand—and his only remaining plate is of the heron, merely because it is big; for his miserable copyist has taken care to change every curve of the bird's neck and body, so as to destroy every gracious character it has in Mr. Gould's plate, to an extent so wonderful that I mean to impale the two together—on the stem of a blackthorn—in my Oxford schools.

I have much to say, eventually, about this extraordinary instinct for the horrible, developing itself at present in the English mind.[2] The deep root of it is cruelty, indulged habitually by the upper classes in their sports, till it has got into the blood of the whole nation; then, the destruction of beautiful things, taking place ever since the sixteenth century, and of late ending in utter blackness of catastrophe, and ruin of all grace and glory in the land; so that sensation *must* be got out of death, or darkness, or frightfulness; else it cannot be had at all—while it is daily more and more demanded by the impatient cretinism of national dotage.

* I don't put inverted commas to all Mr. Gould's words, having necessarily to mix up mine with them in a patchwork manner; but I don't know anything worth telling, whatever, about—so much as a sparrow,—but what he tells me.

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[1] [The plate is lettered "Great Grey Shrike, or Butcher Bird, with its victims —Shrews and Blue Titmouse." It is at p. 106 of the *Country Walks*, where the passage quoted by Ruskin will also be found.]

[2] [The subject was not much discussed in *Fors Clavigera;* but is incidentally mentioned in Letter 83 (Vol. XXIX. p. 270) and see *Fiction, Fair and Foul.*]

24. And the culmination of the black business is, that the visible misery drags and beguiles, to its help, all the enthusiastic simplicity of the religious young, and the honest strength of the really noble type of English clergymen; and swallows them as Charybdis would lifeboats. Courageous and impulsive men, with just sense enough to make them soundly practical, and therefore complacent in immediate business; but not enough to enable them to see what the whole business comes to, when done, are sure to throw themselves desperately into the dirty work, and die like lively moths in candle-grease.[1] Here is one of them at this instant—"dangerously ill of scarlet fever,"—alas! his whole generous life having been but one fit of scarlet fever;—and all aglow in vain.

The London correspondent of the *Brighton Daily News* writes:—

"On Sunday morning Mr. Moncure Conway,[2] preaching his usual sermon in his chapel in Finsbury, made a strong attack upon the National Church, but subsequently modified it so far as to admit that it was possible for some clergymen of the Church to be of use in their day and generation; and he referred especially to the rector of a neighbouring parish, whom he did not name, but who was evidently Mr. Septimus Hansard, rector of Bethnal Green, who is now lying dangerously ill of scarlet fever. This is the third perilous illness he has had since he has been in this parish; each time it was caught while visiting the sick poor. On one occasion he fell down suddenly ill in his pulpit. It was found that he was suffering from small-pox, and he at once said that he would go to an hospital. A cab was brought to take him there, but he refused to enter it, lest he should be the means of infecting other persons; and, a hearse happening to pass, he declared that he would go in that, and in it he went to the hospital—a rare instance this of pluck and self-devotion. His next illness was typhus fever; and now, as I have said, he is suffering from a disease more terrible still. Five hundred a year (and two curates to pay out of it) is scarcely excessive payment for such a life as that."

For such a life—perhaps not. But such a death, or even perpetual risk of it, it appears to me, is dear at the money.

"But have I counted the value of the poor souls he has saved in Bethnal?"

No—but I am very sure that while he was saving one poor soul in Bethnal, he was leaving ten rich souls to be damned, at Tyburn,—each of which would damn a thousand or two more by their example—or neglect.

25. The above paragraph was sent me by a friend, of whose accompanying letter I venture to print a part together with it.

"I send you a cutting from a recent *Times*, to show you there are some faithful men left. I have heard of this Mr. Hansard before, and how well he works. I want to tell you, too, that I am afraid the coarseness and shamelessness you write about, in *Fors*,[3] is not wholly caused by the neighbourhood of large manufacturing towns, for in the lonely villages I used to know long ago, it was exactly the same. I don't mean that brutal crimes, such as you speak of, were heard of or even possible; but the conversation of men and women, working in the fields together, was frequently such that no young girl working with them could keep modesty. Nor if a girl had what they termed a 'misfortune,' was she one bit worse off for it.

[1] [For this expression, see below, p. 359.]

[2] [Moncure D. Conway, minister of the South Place Chapel (Theist), Finsbury, 1864–1884; author of *The Earthward Pilgrimage*, and many other works.]

[3] [See Letter 49, § 19 (p. 251).]

She was just as certain to be married as before. Reform in all these things—*i.e.*, immodest conversation—ought to begin with women. If women in cottages, and indeed elsewhere, were what they ought to be, and kept up a high tone in their households, their sons would not dare to speak in their presence as I know they often do, and their daughters would feel they fell away from much more than they do now, when they go wrong. Men are, I fancy, very much what women make them, and seem to like them to be; and if women withdrew from those who hurt their sense of what is right, I do believe they would try to be different; but it seems very difficult to preserve a high tone of maidenly dignity in poor girls, who, from youth up, hear every possible thing usually left unspoken of freely discussed by fathers and mothers and brothers, and sometimes very evil deeds treated as jests. This is the case painfully often."

26. Though my notes, for this month, far exceed their usual limits, I cannot close them without asking my readers to look back, for some relief of heart, to happier times. The following piece of biography, printed only for private circulation, is so instructive that I trust the friend[1] who sent it me will forgive my placing it in broader view; and the more because in the last section of the *Queen of the Air*, my readers will find notice of this neglected power of the tide.[2] I had imagined this an idea of my own, and did not press it,—being content to press what is already known and practically proved to be useful; but the following portion of a very interesting letter, and the piece of biography it introduces, show the tidemill to be in this category:—

"My father, who began life humbly, dates the prosperity of his family to the time when—being the tenant of a small *tidemill*—he laboured with spade and barrow (by consent of the Earl of Sheffield) to enclose an increased area—overflowed by the tide—in order to lay under contribution as motive power this wasted energy of rising and falling waters. He thereby nearly quadrupled the power of the mill, and finally became its possessor."

"William Catt was the son of Mr. John Catt, a Sussex farmer, who married the daughter of a yeoman named Willett, living on a small estate at Buxted. He was born in the year 1780, and soon after that date his parents removed to the Abbey Farm at Robertsbridge. There he passed his early years, and there obtained such education as a dame's school could afford. This of course was limited to very rudimentary English. He was not a particularly apt scholar: he hated his books—but liked cricket.

"When little more than nineteen, he married a daughter of Mr. Dawes, of Ewhurst. Farming in the Weald of Sussex was then, as now, a laborious and unremunerative occupation; and as an interesting record of the habits of his class at that period, it may be stated, *that* on the morning of his wedding-day he went into a wood with his father's team for a load of hop-poles, was afterwards married in a white*

* Italics mine throughout.

[1] [Mr. Henry Willett, of Brighton; for whom, see below, p. 576 *n.*; and for later letters from him, see Letters 85 and 86 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 323–324, 347–349).]

[2] ["The last section" is Lecture III., which was in part reprinted from Ruskin's "Notes on Employment": see in this edition, Vol. XVII. pp. 541–546. The neglected power of the tide is, however, not there expressly mentioned, though it was no doubt in Ruskin's mind when he wrote generally of the better utilisation of "natural mechanical power." His actual suggestion of "mills moved by sluices from reservoirs filled by the tides" occurs in *Lectures on Art*, § 123 (Vol. XX. pp. 113–114). Compare above, p. 138; and Letter 85, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 322).]

'round-frock,' and returned to his usual work the next morning. He commenced business at Stonehouse, in Buxted, a farm of between 100 and 200 acres. Banking was in those days in its infancy, and travelling notoriously unsafe;* so his good and prudent mother sewed up beneath the lining of his waistcoat the one-pound notes which he carried from Robertsbridge to Buxted to meet the valuation of his farm. When settled in his little homestead, his household arrangements were of the simplest kind. One boy, one girl, and one horse, formed his staff; yet he throve and prospered. And no wonder: for *both himself and his young wife often rose at three in the morning; he to thrash by candlelight in his barn, she to feed or prepare her poultry for the market.* His principle was—'earn a shilling, and spend elevenpence'; and hence, no doubt, his subsequent success.

"After two years' farming he took a small mill at Lamberhurst, where a journeyman miller, Saunders Ditton, gave him all the instruction that he ever received in the manufacture and business in which he was afterwards so extensively engaged. Hard work was still a necessity; the mill by night, the market and his customers by day, demanded all his time; and on one occasion, overcome by cold and fatigue, he crept for warmth into his meal-bin, where he fell asleep, and would certainly have been suffocated but for the timely arrival of Ditton. This worthy man afterwards followed his master to Bishopston, and survived him—a pensioner in his old age.

"At this time the Bishopston Tidemills were in the occupation of Messrs. Barton and Catt. The former exchanged with Mr. Catt, of Lamberhurst, who went into partnership with his cousin Edmund. The power of the mill was then only five pair of stones, though he ultimately increased it to sixteen.† In this much more important sphere the same habits of industry still marked his character, amidst all disadvantages. It was war-time; corn was of inferior quality and high price; and privateering prevented trading by water. His cousin and he were not suited to each other, and dissolved partnership; but, by the aid of a loan from his worthy friends and neighbours, Mr. Cooper, of Norton, and Mr. Farncombe, of Bishopston, he was enabled to secure the whole of the business to himself. Subsequently Mr. Edmund Cooper, the son of his friend, became his partner in the mills, and the business was for many years carried on under the title of Catt and Cooper.

"During this partnership *a lease was obtained,* from the Earl of Sheffield, *of the waste lands between the Mills and Newhaven harbour.* This was embanked and reclaimed as arable land at first, and subsequently partly used as a reservoir of additional water power. Mr. Catt took great interest in the work; *laboured at it himself with spade and barrow;* and to it he always referred as the main cause of his success in life. In the third year a crop of oats was grown on the arable portion, which repaid the expenses of reclamation and induced him to increase the power of the mill as mentioned above. Mr. Cooper retired from the concern by agreement, and afterwards, under the firm of William Catt and Sons, in conjunction with his children, Mr. Catt completed fifty years of business at Bishopston. During a considerable portion of those years he had also a large stake with other sons in West Street Brewery, Brighton.

"His faithful wife died in 1823, leaving him the responsible legacy of eleven children—the youngest being not an hour old. This bereavement seemed to

* Nowadays the travelling is of course "notoriously safe"![1] but what shall we say of the banking?

† The oldest *wind*mill on record in this country (I speak under correction) stood in this parish, and was given by Bishop Seffrid to the see of Chichester about the year 1199. The largest *water*mill ever constructed in Sussex was that of Mr. Catt.

[1] [See the list of railway accidents in Letter 35 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 664–666).]

stimulate him to renewed exertion and to extraordinary regard for little savings. *He would always stop to pick up a nail or any scrap of old iron that lay in the road, and in the repeated enlargements and construction of his mills he was his own architect and surveyor;* he was always pleased with the acquisition of a bit of wreck timber, any old materials from Blatchington barracks, or from the dismantled mansion of Bishopston Place, formerly the seat of the Duke of Newcastle. Yet he was ever bountiful as a host, liberal to his neighbours, and charitable to his dependants and the deserving poor.

"To a man of Mr. Catt's experience in life, ordinary amusements would have few charms. His business was his pleasure, yet he delighted in his garden, and the culture of pears afforded him much recreation. A more bleak and unpromising place of horticulture than the Bishopston Mills could hardly exist; but by the aid of good walls, and the observation of wind effects, he was eminently successful, and no garden in Sussex produced a greater variety, or finer specimens, of that pleasant fruit. His maxim on this subject was, '*Aim to get a good pear all the year round.*'

"In the latter years of his life, Mr. Catt retired from active business and resided at Newhaven, where he died in 1853, in the seventy-third year of his age, leaving behind him not only the good name which an honourable life deserves, but a substantial fortune for his somewhat numerous descendants."

LETTER 52

VALE OF LUNE[1]

1. I MUST steadily do a little bit more autobiography in every *Fors*, now, or I shall never bring myself to be of age before I die—or have to stop writing,—for which last turn of temper, or fortune, my friends, without exception (and I hope—one or two of my enemies) are, I find, praying with what devotion is in them.

My mother[2] had, as she afterwards told me, solemnly devoted me to God before I was born; in imitation of Hannah.[3]

Very good women are remarkably apt to make away with their children prematurely, in this manner: the real meaning of the pious act being, that, as the sons of Zebedee are not (or at least they hope not) to sit on the right and left of Christ, in His kingdom,[4] their own sons may perhaps, they think, in time be advanced to that respectable position in eternal life; especially if they ask Christ very humbly for it every day;—and they always forget in the most naïve way that the position is not His to give!

2. "Devoting me to God," meant, as far as my mother knew herself what she meant, that she would try to send me to college, and make a clergyman of me: and I was accordingly bred for "the Church." My father, who—rest be to his soul—had the exceedingly bad habit of yielding to my mother in large things and taking his own way in

[1] [For the title, see § 6. "Rose-bees" was a discarded title for this letter.]

[2] [§§ 1–5, commencing with "My mother had . . ." were used by Ruskin when writing *Præterita*, where they appear, without alteration, as §§ 19–23 of vol. i. ch. i. His autobiographical notes are resumed in Letter 53, § 1 (p. 316).]

[3] [See 1 Samuel i. 11.]

[4] [See Matthew xx. 20–23.]

little ones, allowed me, without saying a word, to be thus withdrawn from the sherry trade as an unclean thing; not without some pardonable participation in my mother's ultimate views for me. For, many and many a year afterwards, I remember while he was speaking to one of our artist friends, who admired Raphael, and greatly regretted my endeavours to interfere with that popular taste, —while my father and he were condoling with each other on my having been impudent enough to think I could tell the public about Turner and Raphael,—instead of contenting myself, as I ought, with explaining the way of their souls' salvation to them—and what an amiable clergyman was lost in me,—"Yes," said my father, with tears in his eyes—(true and tender tears—as ever father shed), "he would have been a Bishop."

3. Luckily for me, my mother, under these distinct impressions of her own duty, and with such latent hopes of my future eminence, took me very early to church;—where, in spite of my quiet habits, and my mother's golden vinaigrette, always indulged to me there, and there only, with its lid unclasped that I might see the wreathed open pattern above the sponge, I found the bottom of the pew so extremely dull a place to keep quiet in (my best storybooks being also taken away from me in the morning), that—as I have somewhere said before[1]—the horror of Sunday used even to cast its prescient gloom as far back in the week as Friday—and all the glory of Monday, with church seven days removed again, was no equivalent for it.

4. Notwithstanding, I arrived at some abstract in my own mind of the Rev. Mr. Howell's sermons; and occasionally—in imitation of him—preached a sermon at home over the red sofa cushions;—this performance being always called for by my mother's dearest friends, as the great accomplishment of my childhood. The sermon was—I believe —some eleven words long;—very exemplary, it seems to

[1] [See Letter 24, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 421).]

me, in that respect—and I still think must have been the purest gospel, for I know it began with "People, be good."

5. We seldom had company, even on week days; and I was never allowed to come down to dessert, until much later in life—when I was able to crack nuts neatly. I was then permitted to come down to crack other people's nuts for them (I hope they liked the ministration)—but never to have any myself; nor anything else of dainty kind, either then or at other times. Once, at Hunter Street, I recollect my mother giving me three raisins, in the forenoon—out of the store cabinet; and I remember perfectly the first time I tasted custard, in our lodgings in Norfolk Street—where we had gone while the house was being painted, or cleaned, or something. My father was dining in the front room, and did not finish his custard; and my mother brought me the bottom of it into the back room.

6. I've no more space for garrulity in this letter, having several past bits of note to bring together.

Bolton Bridge, *24th January*, 1875.[1]

I have been driving by the old road * from Coniston here, through Kirkby Lonsdale, and have seen more ghastly signs of modern temper than I yet had believed possible.

The valley of the Lune at Kirkby is one of the loveliest scenes in England—therefore, in the world. Whatever

* Frightened (I hear it was guessed in a gossiping newspaper) by the Shipton accident,[2] and disgusted afterwards by unexpected expenses. The ingenious British public cannot conceive of anybody's estimating danger before accidents as well as after them, or amusing himself by driving from one place to another, instead of round the Park. There was some grain of truth in the important rumour, however. I have posted, in early days, up and down England (and some other countries) not once nor twice; and I grumbled, in Yorkshire, at being charged twenty-pence instead of eighteenpence a mile. But the pace was good, where any trace of roads remained under casual outcasting of cinders and brickbats.

[1] [This passage was written before the postscript (dated January 27) of Letter 50.]

[2] [On the Great Western Railway, December 24, 1874. The tyre of a carriage wheel broke, and the train was driven over an embankment; thirty-four deaths ensued, and about seventy passengers were injured.]

moorland hill, and sweet river, and English forest foliage can be at their best, is gathered there; and chiefly seen from the steep bank which falls to the stream side from the upper part of the town itself. There, a path leads from the churchyard out of which Turner made his drawing of the valley,[1] along the brow of the wooded bank, to open downs beyond; a little bye footpath on the right descending steeply through the woods to a spring among the rocks of the shore. I do not know in all my own country, still less in France or Italy, a place more naturally divine, or a more priceless possession of true "Holy Land."

7. Well, the population of Kirkby cannot, it appears, in consequence of their recent civilization, any more walk, in summer afternoons, along the brow of this bank, without a fence. I at first fancied this was because they were usually unable to take care of themselves at that period of the day: but saw presently I must be mistaken in that conjecture, because the fence they have put up requires far more sober minds for safe dealing with it than ever the bank did; being of thin, strong, and finely sharpened skewers, on which if a drunken man rolled heavily, he would assuredly be impaled at the armpit. They have carried this lovely decoration down on both sides of the woodpath to the spring, with warning notice on ticket,—"This path leads only to the Ladies'* well—all trespassers will be prosecuted"—and the iron rails leave so narrow footing that I myself scarcely ventured to go down,—the morning being frosty, and the path slippery,—lest I should fall on the spikes. The well at the bottom was choked up and defaced, though ironed all round, so as to look like the "pound" of old days for strayed cattle: they had been felling the trees too; and the old wood had protested against the fence in its own way, with its last root and

* "Our Lady's," doubtless, once.

[1] [For other references to the drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale Churchyard, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 26).]

branch,—for the falling trunks had crashed through the iron grating in all directions, and left it in already rusty and unseemly rags, like the last refuse of a railroad accident, beaten down among the dead leaves.

8. Just at the dividing of the two paths, the improving mob* of Kirkby had got two seats put for themselves—to admire the prospect from, forsooth. And these seats were to be artistic, if Minerva were propitious,—in the style of Kensington.[1] So they are supported on iron legs, representing each, as far as any rational conjecture can extend—the Devil's tail pulled off, with a goose's head stuck on the wrong end of it. Thus: and what is more—two of the geese-heads are without eyes (I stooped down under the seat and rubbed the frost off them to make sure), and the whole symbol is perfect, therefore, —as typical of our English populace, fashionable and other, which seats itself to admire prospects, in the present day.

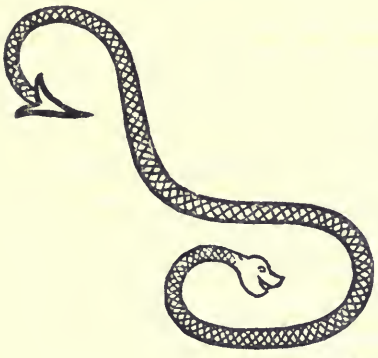

Fig. 3

9. Now, not a hundred paces from these seats there is a fine old church, with Norman door, and lancet east windows, and so on; and this, of course, has been duly patched, botched, plastered, and primmed up; and is kept as tidy as a new pin. For your English clergyman keeps his own stage properties, nowadays, as carefully as a poor actress her silk stockings. Well, all that, of course, is very fine; but, actually, the people go through the churchyard to the path on the hill-brow, making the new iron railing an excuse to pitch their dust-heaps, and whatever of worse they have

* I include in my general term "mob," lords, squires, clergy, parish beadles, and all other states and conditions of men concerned in the proceedings described.

[1] [Compare, above, pp. 256–257; and for a reference to the present "Studies from Kirkby Lonsdale," see Appendix 12, Vol. XXIX. p. 560.]

to get rid of, crockery and the rest,—down *over the fence* among the primroses and violets to the river,—and the whole blessed shore underneath, rough sandstone rock throwing the deep water off into eddies among shingle, is one waste of filth, town-drainage, broken saucepans, tannin, and mill-refuse.

10. The same morning I had to water my horses at the little village of Clapham, between Kirkby and Settle. There is another exquisite rocky brook there; and an old bridge over it. I went down to the brook-side to see the bridge; and found myself instantly, of course, stopped by a dunghill,—and that of the vilest human sort; while, just on the other side of the road,—not twenty yards off,—were the new schools, with their orthodox Gothic belfry—all spick and span—and the children playing fashionably at hoop, round them, in a narrow paved yard—like debtor children in the Fleet, in imitation of the manners and customs of the West End. High over all, the Squire's house, resplendent on the hill-side, within sound alike of belfry, and brook.

11. I got on here, to Bolton Bridge, the same day; and walked down to the Abbey in the evening, to look again at Turner's subject of the Wharfe shore.[1] If there is one spot in England, where human creatures pass or live, which one would expect to find, in *spite* of their foul existence, still clean—it is Bolton Park. But to my final and utter amazement, I had not taken two steps by the waterside at the loveliest bend of the river below the stepping-stones, before I found myself again among broken crockery, cinders, cockle-shells, and tinkers' refuse;—a large old gridiron forming the principal point of effect and interest among the pebbles. The filth must be regularly carried past the Abbey, and across the Park, to the place.

But doubtless, in Bolton Priory, amiable school teachers tell their little Agneses the story of the white doe;[2]—and

[1] [Engraved on Plate 12A in Vol. VI. (p. 306).]

[2] [Wordsworth's *The White Doe of Rylstone:* compare *St. Mark's Rest*, § 74 (Vol. XXIV. p. 266).]

duly make them sing, in psalm tune, "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks."[1]

12. Very certainly, nevertheless, the young ladies of Luneside and Wharfedale don't pant in the least after their waterbrooks; and this is the saddest part of the business to me. Pollution of rivers!—yes, that is to be considered also;—but pollution of young ladies' minds to the point of never caring to scramble by a riverside, so long as they can have their church-curate and his altar-cloths to their fancy—*this* is the horrible thing, in my own wild way of thinking. That shingle of the Lune, under Kirkby, reminded me, as if it had been yesterday, of a summer evening by a sweeter shore still: the edge of the North Inch of Perth, where the Tay is wide, just below Scone; and the snowy quartz pebbles decline in long banks under the ripples of the dark clear stream.

My Scotch cousin Jessie, eight years old, and I, ten years old, and my Croydon cousin, Bridget, a slim girl of fourteen, were all wading together, here and there;[2] and of course getting into deep water as far as we could,—my father and mother and aunt watching us,—till at last, Bridget, having the longest legs, and, taking after her mother, the shortest conscience,[3]—got in so far and with her petticoats so high, that the old people were obliged to call to her, though hardly able to call, for laughing; and I recollect staring at them, and wondering what they were laughing at. But alas, by Lune shore, now, there are no pretty girls to be seen holding their petticoats up. Nothing but old saucepans and tannin—or worse—as signs of modern civilization.

13. "But how fine it is to have iron skewers for our fences; and no trespassing (except by lords of the manor on poor men's ground[4]), and pretty legs exhibited where they can be so without impropriety, and with due advertisement to the public beforehand; and iron legs to our chairs, also,

[1] [Psalms xlii. 1.]
[2] [Compare *Præterita*, i. § 74.]
[3] [See Letter 46, § 4 (p. 171).]
[4] [See Letter 51, § 17 (p. 284).]

in the style of Kensington!" Doubtless; but considering that Kensington is a school of natural Science as well as Art, it seems to me that these Kirkby representations of the Ophidia are slightly vague. Perhaps, however, in conveying that tenderly sagacious expression into his serpent's head, and burnishing so acutely the brandished sting in his tail, the Kirkby artist has been under the theological instructions of the careful Minister who has had his church restored so prettily;—only then the Minister himself must have been, without knowing it, under the directions of another person, who had an intimate interest in the matter. For there is more than failure of natural history in this clumsy hardware. It is indeed a matter of course that it should be clumsy, for the English have always been a dull nation in decorative art: and I find, on looking at things here afresh after long work in Italy, that our most elaborate English sepulchral work, as the Cokayne tombs at Ashbourne[1] and the Dudley tombs at Warwick (not to speak of Queen Elizabeth's in Westminster!) are yet, compared to Italian sculpture of the same date, no less barbarous than these goose heads of Kirkby would appear beside an asp head of Milan.[2] But the tombs of Ashbourne or Warwick are honest, though blundering, efforts to imitate what was really felt to be beautiful; whereas the serpents of Kirkby are ordered and shaped by the "least erected spirit that fell,"[3] in the very likeness of himself!

14. For observe the method and circumstance of their manufacture. You dig a pit for ironstone, and heap a mass of refuse on fruitful land; you blacken your God-given sky, and consume your God-given fuel, to melt the iron; you bind your labourer to the Egyptian toil of its castings

[1] [In the north transept of Ashbourne Church; several monuments to the Cokayne family, who flourished from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. Ruskin gives a more detailed description of these Cokayne tombs—"of elaborate fifteenth-century and Elizabethan work"—in a letter to C. E. Norton of January 27, 1875 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition). The tombs of members of the Dudley family in the Beauchamp Chapel in the Church of St. Mary at Warwick are of the latter part of the sixteenth century.]

[2] [Compare the passage from Ruskin's diary given in Vol. XXIV. p. xxx.]

[3] [*Paradise Lost*, Book I., 679; quoted also in Vol. XVIII. p. 413.]

and forgings; then, to refine his mind you send him to study Raphael at Kensington; and with all this cost, filth, time, and misery, you at last produce—the devil's tail for your sustenance, instead of an honest three-legged stool.

You do all this that men may live—think you? Alas—no; the real motive of it all is that the fashionable manufacturer may live in a palace, getting his fifty per cent. commission on the work[1] which he has taken out of the hands of the old village carpenter, who would have cut two stumps of oak in two minutes out of the copse, which would have carried your bench and you triumphantly,—to the end of both your times.

15. However, I must get back to my bees' heads and tails,[2] to-day;—what a serpent's are like in their true type of Earthly Injustice, it may be worth our while to see also, if we can understand the "sad-eyed justice"[3] first.

Sad-eyed! Little did Shakespeare think, I fancy, how many eyes the sad-eyed Justice had! or how ill she saw with them. I continually notice the bees at Brantwood flying rapturously up to the flowers on my wall-paper, and knocking themselves against them, again and again, unconvincible of their fallacy; and it is no compliment to the wall-paper or its artist, neither—for the flowers are only conventional ones, copied from a radiant Bishop's cloak of the fifteenth century.[4]

It is curious too, that although before coming to the leaf-cutting bee, Bingley expatiates on the Poppy bee's luxurious tapestry, cut from the scarlet poppy,[5] he never considers whether she could *see* it, or not, underground—(unless by help of the fiery glowworms' eyes)—and still less, how long the cut leaves would remain scarlet. Then

[1] [Compare Letter 25, § 6 (Vol. XXVII. p. 451).]

[2] [This subject is continued from the end of the last Letter.]

[3] [*King Henry V.*, Act i. sc. 2.]

[4] [For a note on this wall-paper, copied from Marziale's picture in the National Gallery, see Vol. XV. p. 434 *n.*]

[5] ["'The Poppy Bee forms her nest in the ground, burrowing to the depth of about three inches. At the bottom she makes a large and somewhat hemispherical cavity, which, after being rendered perfectly smooth on all sides, she carefully lines with a splendid tapestry, selected from the scarlet flowers of the wild poppy'" (*Animal Biography*, 1804, vol. iii. p. 376).]

I am told wonderful things of the clasping of the curtains of her little tabernacle;—but when the curtains dry, and shrink, what then?

16. Let us hear what he tells us of the Rose bee, however—in full:—

"These bees construct cylindrical nests of the leaves of the rose and other trees. These nests are sometimes of the depth of six inches, and generally consist of six or seven cells, each shaped like a thimble.* They are formed with the convex end of one fitting into the open end of another. The portions of the leaf of which they are made are not glued together,† nor are they any otherwise fastened, than in the nicety of their adjustment to each other; and yet they do not admit the liquid honey to drain through them. The interior surface of each cell consists of three pieces of leaf, of equal size, narrow at one end, but gradually widening to the other, where the width equals half the length. One side of each of these pieces, is the serrated margin of the leaf. In forming the cell, the pieces of leaf are made to lap one over the other, (the serrated side always outermost), till a tube is thus formed, coated with three or four, or more, layers. In coating these tubes, the provident little animal is careful to lay the middle of each piece of leaf over the margins of others, so as, by this means, both to cover and strengthen the junctions. At the closed or narrow end of the cell, the leaves are bent down so as to form a convex termination. When a cell is formed, the next care of the Bee is to fill it with honey and pollen, which being collected chiefly from the thistles, form a rose-coloured paste. With these the cell is filled to within about half a line of its orifice; and the female then deposits in it an egg, and closes it with three perfectly circular pieces of leaf, which coincide so exactly with the walls of the cylindrical cell, as to be retained in their situation without any gluten.‡ After this covering is fitted in, there still remains a hollow, which receives the convex end of the succeeding cell. In this manner the patient and indefatigable animal proceeds, till her whole cylinder of six or seven cells is completed.

"This is generally formed under the surface of the ground,§ in a

* They are round at the end, but do not taper.

† An Indian one, patiently investigated for me by Mr. Burgess, was fastened with glue which entirely defied cold water, and yielded only to the kettle.

‡ She bites them round the edge roughly enough; but pushes them down with a tucked-up rim, quite tight, like the first covering of a pot of preserve.

§ Or in old wood.[1]

[1] [Ruskin condenses the note, which in the original is "In cavities of walls and in decayed wood—*Kirkby*." He also changes "fistular" in the text to "tubular." The passage is from Bingley's *Animal Biography*, 1804, vol. iii. pp. 377–380. The preceding footnotes are Ruskin's own.]

tubular passage, which it entirely fills, except at the entrance. If the labour of these insects be interrupted, or the edifice be deranged, they exhibit astonishing perseverance in setting it again to rights.

"Their mode of cutting pieces out of the leaves for their work, deserves particular notice. When one of these Bees selects a rose-bush with this view, she flies round or hovers over it for some seconds, as if examining for the leaves best suited to her purpose. When she has chosen one, she alights upon it, sometimes on the upper, and sometimes on the under surface, or not unfrequently on its edge, so that the margin passes between her legs. Her first attack, which is generally made the moment she alights, is usually near the footstalk, with her head turned towards the point. As soon as she begins to cut, she is wholly intent on her labour; nor does she cease until her work is completed. The operation is performed by means of her jaws, with as much expedition as we could exert with a pair of scissors. As she proceeds, she holds the margin of the detached part between her legs, in such a manner that the section keeps giving way to her, and does not interrupt her progress. She makes her incision in a curved line, approaching the midrib of the leaf at first; but when she has reached a certain point, she recedes from this towards the margin, still cutting in a curve. When she has nearly detached from the leaf the portion she has been employed upon, she balances her little wings for flight, lest its weight should carry her to the ground; and the very moment it parts, she flies off in triumph, carrying it in a bent position between her legs, and perpendicularly to her body."

17. Now in this account, the first thing I catch at is the clue to the love of bees for thistles. "Their pollen makes a rose-coloured paste with their honey." (I think some of my Scottish friends might really take measures to get some pure thistle honey made by their bees. I once worked all the working hours I had to spare for a fortnight, to clear a field of thistles by the side of the Tummel under Schehallien: perhaps Nature meant, all the while, its master and me to let it alone, and put a hive or two upon it.[1])

Secondly. The description of the bee's tubular house, though sufficiently clear, is only intelligible to me, though I know something of geometry, after some effort;—it would be wholly useless to Agnes, unless she were shown how to be a leaf-cutting bee herself, and invited to construct, or endeavour to construct, the likeness of a bee's nest with paper and scissors.

[1] [See *Præterita*, vol. ii. ch. x.]

What—in school-hours?

Yes, certainly,—in the very best of school-hours: this would be one of her advanced lessons in Geometry.

For little Agnes should assuredly learn the elements of Geometry, but she should at first call it "Earth measuring"; and have her early lessons in it, in laying out her own garden.

18. Her older companions, at any rate, must be far enough advanced in the science to attempt this bee problem; of which you will find the terms have to be carefully examined, and somewhat completed. So much, indeed, do they stand in need of farther definition, that I should have supposed the problem inaccurately given, unless I had seen the bee cut a leaf myself. But I have seen her do it, and can answer for the absolute accuracy of the passage describing her in that operation.

The pieces of leaf, you read, are to be narrow at one end, but gradually widen to the other, where the width equals half the length.

And we have to cut these pieces with curved sides; for one side of them is to be the serrated edge of a rose-leaf, and the other side is to be cut in a curved line beginning near the root of the leaf. I especially noticed this curved line as the bee cut it; but like an ass, as often I have been on such occasions, I followed the bee instead of gathering the remnant leaf, so that I can't draw the curve with certainty.[1]

19. Now each of my four volumes of Bingley has five or more plates in it. These plates are finished line engravings, with, in most cases, elaborate landscape backgrounds; reeds for the hippopotamus, trees for the monkeys, conical mountains for the chamois, and a magnificent den with plenty of straw for the lioness and cubs, in frontispiece.

Any one of these landscape backgrounds required the severe labour of the engraver's assistant for at least three

[1] [See the woodcut on p. 493; and the letter from a correspondent in Letter 69, § 21 (p. 708).]

days to produce it,—or say two months' hard work, for the whole twenty and odd plates. And all the result of two months' elaborate work put together, was not worth to me, nor would be to any man, woman, or child, worth—what an accurate outline of a leaf-cutting bee's segment of leaf would have been, drawn with truth and precision. And ten minutes would have been enough to draw it; and half-an-hour to cut it.

But not only I cannot find it in my old book, but I know it is not in the grand modern Cuvier,[1] and I don't believe it is findable anywhere. I won't go on with Agnes's lesson at guess, however, till I get some help from kind Dr. Gray, at the British Museum.[2] To-day, I must content myself with a closing word or two about zoological moralities.

20. After having, to my best ability, thus busied and informed little Agnes concerning her bees and their operations, am I farther to expatiate on the exemplary character of the bee? Is she to learn "How doth," etc.[3] (and indeed there never was a country in which more than in her own, it was desirable that shining hours should be taken advantage of when they come)? But above all, am I to tell her of the Goodness and Wisdom of God in making such amiable and useful insects?

Well, before I proceed to ask her to form her very important opinions upon the moral character of God, I shall ask her to observe that all insects are not equally moral, or useful.

It is possible she may have noticed—beforehand—some, of whose dispositions she may be doubtful; something, hereafter, I shall have to tell her[4] of locust and hornet, no

[1] [For this book, see Vol. XXVI. p. 317 *n.*]

[2] [John Edward Gray (1800–1875), F.R.S., Keeper of the Zoological Department, British Museum, 1840–1874. For another reference to him, see Letter 62, § 16 (p. 527).]

[3] [For the benefit of foreign readers, it may be noted that the reference is to No. XX. of the *Divine Songs* of Dr. Isaac Watts.]

[4] [This, however, was not done.]

less than of bee; and although in general I shall especially avoid putting disagreeable or ugly things before her eyes, or into her mind, I should certainly require her positively, once for all, to know the sort of life led by creatures of at least alloyed moral nature,—such, for instance, as the "Turner Savage"[1] which, indeed,

"lives in the haunts of men, whom it never willingly offends; but is the terror of all smaller insects. It inhabits holes in the earth on the side of hills and cliffs; and recesses that it forms for itself in the mud-walls of cottages and outhouses. The mud-wall of a cottage at Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, was observed to be frequented by these creatures, and on examination it was found to be wrought, by their operations, into the appearance of Honeycomb."[2]

21. The appearance only, alas! for although these creatures thus like to live in the neighbourhood of a Bishop, and though "there are none which display more affection for their offspring,"[3]—they by no means live by collection of treasures of sweet dew:—

"They are excessively fierce, and, without hesitation, attack insects much larger than themselves. Their strength is very great, their jaws are hard and sharp, and their stings are armed with poison, which suddenly proves fatal to most of the creatures with which they engage. The 'Sphex' (generic name of the family) seizes, with the greatest boldness, on the creature it attacks, giving a stroke with amazing force, then falling off, to rest from the fatigue of the exertion, and to enjoy the victory. It keeps, however, a steady eye on the object it has struck, until it dies, and then drags it to its nest for the use of its young. The number of insects which this creature destroys, is almost beyond conception, fifty scarcely serving it for a meal. The mangled remains of its prey, scattered round the mouth of its retreat, sufficiently betray the sanguinary inhabitant. The eyes, the filament that serves as a brain, and a small part of the contents of the body, are all that the Sphex devours."[4]

22. I cannot, therefore, insist, for the present, upon either pointing a moral, or adorning a tale, for Agnes, with

[1] [Bingley's name for the *Sphex spirifex* (turner) of Linnæus.]
[2] [Bingley's *Animal Biography*, 1804, vol. iii. p. 359.]
[3] [*Ibid.*, p. 358.]
[4] [*Ibid.*, p. 358.]

entomological instances; but the name of the insect, at which the (insect) world might grow pale,[1] if it were capable of pallor,—might be made, at least, memorable, and not uninstructive, to the boys in the Latin class, by making them first understand the power of the preposition "ex," in the two pleasant senses of *examen*,[2] and the one unpleasant sense of "examiner"—and then observe (carefully first distinguishing between play with letters and real derivation) that if you put R for Right, before ex, you have "Rex"; if you put L, for Love, before ex, you have "lex"; if you put G, for George, and R, for Rural, before ex, you have "grex"; and then if you put S, for Speculation, P, for Peculation, and H, the immortal possessor of Pie,[3] before ex, you have "Sphex"; pleasing and accurate type of the modern carnivorous Economist,[4] who especially devours of his British public, "the eyes, and small filament that serves as a brain."

[1] [See Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 220.]

[2] [*Exigo* means "to weigh," *ago* originally meant "to push," and ἄγω means "to weigh." πόσον ἄγει—"how much does it weigh?"—is literally "how much does it push down?" Hence *examen* (a swarm of bees) means what is pushed out of the hive. The other "pleasant sense of examen" is the tongue of a balance; and from the meaning of "weighing" comes "the unpleasant sense of 'examiner.'"]

[3] [Foreign readers may need to be told that "the immortal possessor of Pie," is the "Little Jack Horner," of the nursery rhyme, who "sat in the corner, eating a Christmas pie." For the ancient sources of this rhyme, see J. O. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 1846, p. 19. Below, on p. 353, Ruskin refers to another familiar nursery rhyme—"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, She had so many children she didn't know what to do" (Halliwell, p. 88); and on p. 619, to a third —"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross"; for the many variations of this, see Halliwell, pp. 104, 107. For other Nursery Rhymes, see pp. 261, 411. In the next volume (p. 153) Ruskin refers to the familiar "Humpty Dumpty sate on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall, All the King's horses and all the King's men," etc. (for the original form of which, see Halliwell, p. 77); and (p. 392) to "Where are you going to, my pretty maid? . . . My face is my fortune, sir, she said."]

[4] [See Letter 42, § 14 (p. 102).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

"The Parsonage, Werrington, Peterborough,
"*March* 4, 1875.

23. "My dear Sir,—I have no doubt you know better than I do what Gospel is the more widely preached, for while you have been wandering, freer than a bee, from place to place, and from church to church, I have been 'entangled' from day to day in stuffy rooms among ignorant and immoral people, in crowded parishes in London and elsewhere; and on Sundays have listened chiefly to the gathered voices of the same ignorant people, led by my own.

"But, not to move from the ground of ascertained fact, I have a right to say that I *know* that the morality of the parishes best known to me has been made better, and not worse, by the shepherding of the Pastors.

"I have heard and read a good deal, in clerical circles, and clerical books, of doctrines of 'substitution' and 'vicarious righteousness,' such as you rightly condemn as immoral; but if all the sermons preached in the English Church on any given Sunday were fully and fairly reported, I question if a dozen would contain the least trace of these doctrines.

"Amidst all the isms and dogmas by which Clerics are entangled, I find the deep and general conviction getting clearer and clearer utterance, that the one supremely lovely, admirable and adorable thing,—the one thing to redeem and regenerate human life, the one true Gospel for mankind,—is the Spirit and Life of Jesus Christ.

"As to your terrible charge against the Pastors, that they preach for hire, I need only quote your own opinion in this month's *Fors*, that all honest minstrels and authors, manifestly possessing talent for their business, should be allowed to claim 'for their actual toil, in performance of their arts, modest reward, and daily bread.'[1]

"Surely the labourer who spends his life in *speaking* salutary truth is not less worthy of his hire than he who sings or writes it?

"The reward offered to most Pastors is 'modest' enough.

"I am very faithfully yours,
"Edward Z. Lyttel.

"John Ruskin, Esq."

24. I willingly insert my correspondent's second letter,[2] but will not at present answer it, except privately. I wonder, in the meantime, whether he will think the effect of the ministry of Felix Neff[3] on the mind

[1] [See above, p. 276.]

[2] [For Mr. Lyttel's first letter, see Letter 51, § 20 (p. 287).]

[3] [Ruskin promises (in Letter 55, § 4, p. 366) some remarks about Felix Neff, but gives only a passing reference (see p. 374). Neff (1798–1829), a native of Geneva, was a sergeant of artillery, who in 1819 forsook the army in order to devote himself to evangelistic work. The name of "Pays de Neff" still attaches to the valleys in Dauphiné in which he laboured. He not only put new life into the Protestant communities, but also established schools, and taught agriculture. There are many lives of him, the earliest (in English) being *A Memoir of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps; and of his labours among the French Protestants of Dauphiné*, by W. S. Gilly, 1832.]

of the sweet English lady whose letter next follows, moral, or immoral? A portion of whose letter, I should have said; its opening touches on household matters little to her mind, to which her first exclamation refers.

"How sorrowful it all is! Yet, I don't feel so naughty about it as I did on Saturday, because yesterday I read the life of Felix Neff, who went to live by his own wish at that dismal Dormilleuse in the high Alps, amongst the wretched people who were like very unclean animals, and for whom he felt such sublime pity that he sacrificed himself to improve them: and as I read of that terrible Alpine desert, with eight months' hopeless dreariness, and of the wretched food and filthy hovels in which the miserable people lived, I looked up at my good fire and clean room, with dear white Lily lying so soft on my lap, and the snowdrops outside the window, and I really did feel ashamed of having felt so grumbly and discontented as I did on Saturday. So good Felix Neff's good work is not done yet, and he will doubtless help others as long as the world lasts."

25. The following letter is an interesting and somewhat pathetic example of religious madness; not a little, however, connected with mismanagement of money. The writer has passed great part of his life in a conscientious endeavour to teach what my correspondent Mr. Lyttel would, I think, consider "salutary truth"; but his intense egotism and absence of imaginative power hindered him from perceiving that many other people were doing the same, and meeting with the same disappointments. Gradually he himself occupied the entire centre of his horizon; and he appoints himself to "judge the United States in particular, and the world in general."

The introductory clause of the letter refers somewhat indignantly to a representation I had irreverently made to him that a prophet should rather manifest his divine mission by providing himself miraculously with meat and drink, than by lodging in widows' houses without in anywise multiplying their meal for them;[1] and then leaving other people to pay his bill.

"So long as you deliberately refuse to help in any way a man who (you have every reason to know) possesses more of the righteousness of God than yourself (when you have ample means to do so), how can you be said *to 'do* the will of your Father which is in Heaven'? or how can you expect to receive understanding to 'know of the doctrine' of the Saviour (or of my doctrine), 'whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself'? If you possessed a *genuine* 'faith,' you would exercise humanity towards such a man as myself, and leave the result with God; and not presumptuously decide that it was 'wrong' to relieve 'a righteous man' in distress, lest you should encourage him in delusions which you choose to suppose him to be labouring under.

"People seem to suppose that it is the Saviour who will judge the world, if any one does. He distinctly declares that He will not. 'If any one hear my words, and believe not, *I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.* He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, *hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.*' John xii. 47, 48. I represent that 'WORD' which the Saviour spoke, and I have already judged, and condemned, this country, and the United States, in particular; and

[1] [See 1 Kings xvii. 9–16.]

Christendom, and the World in general. I have for twenty years been a preacher of 'the Righteousness of God' to this generation (as Noah was for a hundred years to his generation), and *I have proved* by actual experiment that none among the men of this generation can be induced to 'enter the kingdom of heaven' until the predicted 'time of trouble, such as was not since there was a nation,' comes suddenly, and compels those who are ready to enter the kingdom of God, to do so at once; and I know not how soon after I leave this country the 'trouble' will come; perhaps immediately, perhaps in about a year's time; but come it must; and the sooner it comes, the sooner it will be over, I suppose.

"Yours faithfully."

The following specimen of the kind of letters which the "judge of the United States in particular, and the World in general," leaves the people favoured by his judgment to send to his friends, may as well supplement his own letter:—

"Mr. (J. of U. S. in p. and the W. in g.)'s name will, I trust, excuse me to you for writing; but my house entirely failed me, and I, with my child, are now really in great want. I write trusting that, after your former kindness to me, you will feel disposed to send me a little assistance.

"I would not have written, but I am seriously in need.

"Please address to me," etc.

26. Whether, however, the judge of the world in general errs most in expecting me to pay the necessary twopences to his hosts, or the world in general itself, in expecting me to pay necessary twopences to its old servants when it has no more need of them, may be perhaps questionable. Here is a paragraph cut out of an application for an hospital vote, which I received the other day:—

"Mr. A., aged seventy-one, has been a subscriber to the Pension Fund forty-five years, the Almshouse Fund eighteen years, and the Orphan Fund four years. He is now, in consequence of his advanced age, and the infirmities attendant on a dislocated shoulder, asthma, and failing sight, incapable of earning sufficient for a subsistence for himself and wife, who is afflicted with chronic rheumatic gout. He was apprenticed to Mr. B., and has worked for Mr. C. D. forty years, and his earnings at present are very small."

27. Next, here is a piece of a letter disclosing another curious form of modern distress, in which the masters and mistresses become dependent for timely aid on their servants. This is at least as old, however, as Miss Edgeworth's time; I think the custom is referred to at the toilette of Miss Georgiana Falconer in *Patronage*.[1]

"Every day makes me bitterly believe more and more what you say about the wickedness of working by fire and steam, and the harm and insidious sapping of true life that comes from large mills and all that is connected with them. One of my servants told my sister to-day (with an apology) that her mother had told her

[1] [Ch. xxvii.; vol. iii. p. 67 (1815 edition): "'I remember you had a lavender satin, that I do not see here, Georgiana,' said Mrs. Falconer. 'The color did not become me, Ma'am, and I sold it to Lydia.'—*Sold! gave*, perhaps some innocent

in her letter to ask me if I would sell her my children's old clothes, etc.—that indeed many ladies did—her mother had often bought things. Oh! it made me feel horrible. We try to buy strong clothes, and mend them to the last, and then sometimes *give* them away; but *selling* clothes to poor people seems to me dreadful. I never thought ladies and gentlemen would sell their clothes even to shops—till we came to live here, and happened to know of its being done. It surely must be wrong and bad, or I should not feel something in me speaking so strongly against it, as mean and unholy."

28. A piece of country gossip on bees and birds, with a humiliating passage about my own Coniston country, may refresh us a little after dwelling on these serious topics:—

"A humble cow[1] is I fancy more properly a humbled cow—it is so called in Durham—a cow whose horn is no longer set up on high. A humble or bumble bee is there called a 'bumbler.' To bumble in Durham means to go buzzing about: a fussy man would be called a great bumbler. But don't believe it has no sting; it can sting worse than a honey bee, and all but as badly as a wasp. They used to tell us as children that 'bumblers' did not sting, but I know from experience that they do. We used as children to feel that we knew that the little yellow mason bee (?) did not sting, but I have no true knowledge on that point. Do you care to have the common village names of birds? I am afraid I can only remember one or two, but they are universally used in the north.

"The wren which makes the hanging nest lined with feathers is called the feather poke; yellow-hammer, yellow-yowley; golden-crested wren, Christian wren; white-throat, Nanny white-throat; hedge-sparrow, Dickey Diky. I could find more if you cared for them. To wind up, I will send you an anecdote I find among father's writings, and which refers to *your* country. He is speaking of some time early in 1800. 'Cock-fighting was then in all its glory. When I was in the neighbourhood of Ulverston, in 18—,* I was told that about the time of which I am writing, a grave ecclesiastical question had been settled by an appeal to a battle with cocks. The chapelry of Pennington was vacant, but there was a dispute who should present a clerk to the vacant benefice,—the vicar of Ulverston, the mother-church, the church-wardens, the four-and-twenty, or the parishioners at large,—and recourse was had to a Welsh Main.'"[2]

29. Finally, the following letter is worth preserving. It succinctly states the impression on the minds of the majority of booksellers that they ought to be able to oblige their customers at my expense. Perhaps in time, the customers may oblige the booksellers by paying them something for

* He does not give the date.

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reader may suspect that the young lady meant to say.—No: this buying and selling finery now goes on frequently between a certain class of fashionable maids and mistresses.—And some young ladies are not now ashamed to become old clothes women."]

[1] [See Letter 51, § 14 (p. 281).]

[2] ["The Welsh-main consists, we will suppose, of sixteen pairs of cocks; of these the sixteen conquerors are pitted a second time; the eight conquerors of these are pitted a third time; the four conquerors a fourth time; and, lastly, the two conquerors are pitted a fifth time" (S. Pegge in *Archæologia*, 1775, vol. i. p. 149).]

their trouble, openly, instead of insisting on not paying them anything unless they don't know how much it is.

"MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

"SIR,—We will thank you to send us Ruskin's

Aratra Pentelici	£0	19	0
The Eagle's Nest	0	9	6
Relations between Angelo and Tintoret	0	1	0
	£1	9	6
And continue Account next year Fors Clavigera . . .	0	7	0
Cheque enclosed.	£1	16	6

"It cannot be too frequently referred to by the trade,—the unjustifiable mode Ruskin has adopted in the sale of his books. It may be profitable to you (as we hope it is), but to the general trade it is nothing but a swindle. Our customer, for instance (whom we cannot afford to disoblige), pays us for this order just £1 16s. 6d.; and we must come back on him for expense of remitting, else we shall lose by the transaction.

"Your obedient Servant."

LETTER 53

THESE BE YOUR GODS[1]

BRANTWOOD, *Good Friday*, 1875.

1. I AM ashamed to go on with my own history to-day; for though, as already seen, I was not wholly unacquainted with the practice of fasting, at times of the year when it was not customary with Papists, our Lent became to us a kind of moonlight Christmas, and season of reflected and soft festivity. For our strictly Protestant habits of mind rendering us independent of absolution, on Shrove Tuesday we were chiefly occupied in the preparation of pancakes,—my nurse being dominant on that day over the cook in all things, her especially nutritive art of browning, and fine legerdemain in turning, pancakes, being recognized as inimitable. The interest of Ash-Wednesday was mainly—whether the bits of egg should be large or small in the egg-sauce;—nor do I recollect having any ideas connected with the day's name, until I was puzzled by the French of it when I fell in love with a Roman Catholic French girl, as hereafter to be related:[2]—only, by the way, let me note, as I chance now to remember, two others of my main occupations of an exciting character in Hunter Street: watching, namely, the dustmen clear out the ash-hole, and the coalmen fill the coal-cellar through the hole in the pavement, which soon became to me, when surrounded by

[1] [Exodus xxxii. 4: see below, § 6. "Thy name in all the Earth" (Psalms viii. 1: see below, § 9) was a rejected title for this Letter.]

[2] [See *Præterita*, vol. i. ch. x.: the story, however, was not reached in the autobiographical passages of *Fors*, nor was § 1 of this Letter used in *Præterita*.]

its cone of débris, a sublime representation of the crater of a volcanic mountain. Of these imaginative delights I have no room to speak in this *Fors;* nor of the debates which used to be held for the two or three days preceding Good Friday, whether the hot-cross-buns should be plain, or have carraway seeds in them. For, my nurse not being here to provide any such dainties for me, and the black-plague wind which has now darkened the spring for five years,* veiling all the hills with sullen cloud, I am neither in a cheerful nor a religious state of mind; and am too much in the temper of the disciples who forsook Him, and fled,[1] to be able to do justice to the childish innocence of belief, which, in my mother, was too constant to need resuscitation, or take new colour, from fast or festival.

2. Yet it is only by her help, to-day, that I am able to do a piece of work required of me by the letter printed in the second article of this month's correspondence.[2] It is from a man of great worth, conscientiousness, and kindliness;[3] but is yet so perfectly expressive of the irreverence, and incapacity of admiration, which maintain and, in great part, constitute, the modern liberal temper, that it makes me feel, more than anything I ever yet met with in human words, how much I owe to my mother for having so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make me grasp them in what my correspondent would call their "concrete

* See my first notice of it in the beginning of the *Fors* of August 1871;[4] and further account of it in appendix to my Lecture on Glaciers, given at the London Institution this year.[5]

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[1] [Matthew xxvi. 56.]

[2] [That is, § 19: see below, p. 335.]

[3] [See further, § 7. Ruskin in his copy identifies the correspondent as Peter Bayne; for whom, see Vol. XVIII. pp. xli., 195, 537.]

[4] [Letter 8, §§ 1, 2 (Vol. XXVII. p. 132).]

[5] [It thus appears that Ruskin at this time intended to publish his lecture on Glaciers, as given at the London Institution on March 11, 1875. The lecture was ultimately embodied in *Deucalion* (see Vol. XXVI. p. 89). The intended appendix was not issued, but ultimately became the subject of two lectures in 1884, which were published in that year under the title *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century.*]

whole"; and above all, taught me to reverence them, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.[1]

This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority; but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly, for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; *that* she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day; if a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation,—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience,—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed,—none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs,—and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known; and, with the chapters above enumerated (Letter 42[2]), I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse; and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound.

[1] ["My mother and the Bible: compare Letter 54, § 6" (p. 345).—*Author's MS. note in his copy.* § 2, from this point onward, and the first few lines of § 3, were used by Ruskin when writing *Præterita*, where they appear, slightly revised as § 46 of vol. i. ch. ii. His autobiographical notes are resumed in Letter 54, § 3 (p. 343).]

[2] [See § 12 (p. 101).]

3. It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the Law of God: "Oh, how love I Thy law! it is my meditation all the day; I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep Thy word";[1]—as opposed to the ever-echoing words of the modern money-loving fool: "Oh, how hate I Thy law! it is my abomination all the day; my feet are swift in running to mischief, and I have done all the things I ought not to have done, and left undone all I ought to have done; have mercy upon me, miserable sinner,—and grant that I, worthily lamenting my sins and acknowledging my wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness,[2]—and give me my long purse here and my eternal Paradise there, all together, for Christ's sake, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory," etc.[3] And the letter of my liberal correspondent,[4] pointing out, in the defence of usury (of which he imagines himself acquainted with the history!) how the Son of David hit his father in the exactly weak place, puts it in my mind at once to state some principles respecting the use of the Bible as a code of law, which are vital to the action of the St. George's Company in obedience to it.

4. All the teaching of God, and of the nature He formed round Man, is not only mysterious, but, if received with any warp of mind, deceptive, and intentionally deceptive. The distinct and repeated assertions of this in the conduct and words of Christ are the most wonderful things, it seems to me, and the most terrible, in all the recorded

[1] [Psalms cxix. 97, 101.]
[2] [Compare Collect for Ash-Wednesday.]
[3] ["I read my prayer of the monied man in *Fors* to him" (Carlyle), writes Ruskin in his diary (April 1875), "at which he laughed with sparkling eyes, adding, 'Yes, Christ and the Holy Ghost are very sure to ratify that arrangement, if it is properly brought before them.'"]
[4] [See below, § 19.]

action of the wisdom of Heaven. "To *you*" (His disciples) "it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom,—but to others, in parables, that, hearing, they might *not* understand."[1] Now this is written not for the twelve only, but for all disciples of Christ in all ages,—of whom the sign is one and unmistakable: "They have forsaken *all* that they have"; while those who "say they are Jews and are not, but do lie," or who say they are Christians and are not, but do lie, try to compromise with Christ,—to give Him a part, and keep back a part;—this being the Lie of lies, the Ananias lie, visited always with spiritual death.*

5. There is a curious chapter on almsgiving, by Miss Yonge, in one of the late numbers of the *Monthly Packet* (a good magazine, though, on the whole, and full of nice writing), which announces to *her* disciples, that "at least the tenth of their income is God's part."[2] Now, in the name of the Devil, and of Baal to back him,—are nine parts, then, of all we have—our own? or theirs? The tithe may, indeed, be set aside for some special purpose—for the maintenance of a priesthood—or as by the St. George's Company, for distant labour, or any other purpose out of their own immediate range of action. But to the Charity or Alms of men—to Love, and to the God of Love, *all* their substance is due—and all their strength—and all their time. That is the first commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy strength and soul.[3] Yea, says the false disciple—but not with all my money. And of these it is written, after that thirty-third verse of Luke xiv.: "Salt is good; but if the salt have lost his savour, it is

* Isaiah xxviii. 17 and 18.

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[1] [Mark iv. 11, 12. The other Bible references in § 4 (in addition to that noted by Ruskin) are Revelation ii. 9, and Acts v. 1.]

[2] ["Womankind. Ch. XII.—Charity" in the *Monthly Packet* for December 1874, N.S., vol. 18, p. 594: "It seems to be clear that almsgiving, up to the tithe of the means, is a duty. A tithe of the allowance is God's part." Ruskin himself had once been a contributor to the magazine: see in a later volume the letter of October 20, 1862, containing "Proverbs on Right Dress."]

[3] [See Matthew xxii. 37, 38.]

neither fit for the land nor the dunghill. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

6. Now in Holbein's great sermon against wealth, the engraving, in the Dance of Death, of the miser and beggar, he chose for his text the verse: "He that stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, and shall not be heard."[1] And he shows that the ear is thus deafened by being filled with a murmuring of its own: and how the ear thus becomes only as a twisted shell, with the sound of the far-away ocean of Hell in it for ever, he teaches us, in the figure of the fiend which I engraved for you[2] in the sixth of these letters,* abortive, fingerless, contemptible, mechanical, incapable;—blowing the winds of death out of its small machine: Behold, *this* is your God, you modern Israel, which has brought you up out of the land of Egypt[3] in which your fathers toiled for bread with their not abortive hands; and set your feet in the large room, of Usury, and in the broad road to Death!

7. Now the moment that the Mammon devil gets his bellows put in men's ears,—however innocent they may be, however free from actual stain of avarice, they become literally deaf to the teaching of true and noble men. My correspondent imagines himself to have read Shakespeare and Goethe;[4]—he cannot understand a sentence of them, or he would have known the meaning of the Merchant of Venice,† and of the vision of Plutus and speech of Mephistopheles on the Emperor's paper-money[5] in the second part

* The whole woodcut is given in facsimile in the fifth part of *Ariadne Florentina*. [Vol. XXII. p. 416.]

† See *Munera Pulveris*, § 100; and *Ariadne Florentina*, Lecture VI.[6]

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[1] [Proverbs xxi. 13.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 112.]

[3] [See Exodus xxxii. 4, from which verse the title to this Letter is taken.]

[4] [For the correspondent (Peter Bayne), see above, p. 317; and for his reference to Shakespeare and Goethe, below, p. 336.]

[5] [For the vision of Plutus, see Second Part of *Faust*, Act i. sc. 3; and for the Emperor's paper-money, Act i. sc. 4. For another reference to the vision of Plutus, see Vol. XVII. p. 210.]

[6] [Vol. XVII. p. 223, and Vol. XXII. p. 439.]

of *Faust*,* and of the continual under-current of similar teaching in it, from its opening in the mountain sunrise, presently commented on by the Astrologer, under the prompting of Mephistopheles,—"the Sun itself is pure Gold,"[1]—to the ditch-and-grave-digging scene of its close. He cannot read Xenophon, nor Lucian,—nor Plato, nor Horace, nor Pope,—nor Homer, nor Chaucer—nor Moses, nor David. All these are mere voices of the Night to him; the bought bellows-blower of the *Times* is the only piper who is in tune to his ear.

And the woe of it is that all the curse comes on him merely as one of the unhappy modern mob, infected by the rest; for he is himself thoroughly honest, simple-hearted, and upright: only mischance made him take up literature as a means of life; and so brought him necessarily into all the elements of modern insolent thought: and now, though

* "Narr. Fünftausend Kronen wären mir zu Handen.
Meph. *Zweibeiniger Schlauch*, bist wieder auferstanden?
Narr. Da seht nur her, ist das wohl Geldes werth?
Meph. Du hast dafür was Schlund und Bauch begehrt?
Narr. Und kaufen kann ich Acker, Haus und Vieh?
Meph. Versteht sich! biete nur, das fehlt dir nie!
Narr. Und Schloss mit Wald und Jagd, und Fischbach?
Meph. Traun!
Ich möchte dich gestrengen Herrn wohl schaun.
Narr. Heute Abend wieg' ich mich im Grundbesitz. (*ab.*)
Meph. (*solus*). *Wer zweifelt noch an unsres Narren Witz.*"[2]

[1] [See Act i. sc. 2. For the final scene, see Act v. sc. 4; in it is the incident of the roses, referred to above, p. 183.]

[2] [Thus translated by Sir Theodore Martin:—

Fool. Five thousand crowns! and all for me?
Meph. How then!
Thou paunch upon two legs, got up again?
Fool. Not for the first time, but ne'er such luck I've met.
Meph. So great your joy, it puts you in a sweat.
Fool. Look here! And is this money's worth?
Meph. Yes, knave!
You'll get for it what throat and belly crave.
Fool. Can I buy farm, house, cattle, then with this?
Meph. Of course! Just bid! 'Twill never come amiss.
Fool. What! castle, forest-chace, and fish-stream?
Meph. Good!
I'd like to see you a great lord, I would!
Fool. This night I'll sleep within my own domain! [*Exit.*
Meph. (*solus*). Who still can doubt, our fool doth bear a brain?]

David and Solomon, Noah, Daniel, and Job, altogether say one thing, and the correspondent of the *Times* another, it is David, Solomon, and Daniel who are Narrs to him.[1]

8. Now the Parables of the New Testament are so constructed that to men in this insolent temper, they are *necessarily* misleading.[2] It is very awful that it should be so; but that is the fact. Why prayer should be taught by the story of the unjust judge; use of present opportunity by that of the unjust steward; and use of the gifts of God by that of the hard man who reaped where he had not sown,[3]—there is no human creature wise enough to know;—but there are the traps set; and every slack judge, cheating servant, and gnawing usurer may, if he will, approve himself in these.

"Thou knewest that I was a hard man."[4] Yes—and if God were also a hard God, and reaped where *He* had not sown—the conclusion would be true that earthly usury was right. But which of God's gifts to us are *not* His own?

The meaning of the parable, heard with ears unbesotted, is this:—"*You*, among hard and unjust men, yet suffer their claim to the return of what they never gave; you suffer *them* to reap, where they have not strawed.—But to me, the Just Lord of your life—whose is the breath in your nostrils,[5] whose the fire in your blood, who gave you light and thought, and the fruit of earth and the dew of heaven,[6] —to me, of all this gift, will you return no fruit but only the dust of your bodies, and the wreck of your souls?"

9. Nevertheless, the Parables have still their living use, as well as their danger; but the Psalter has become practically dead; and the form of repeating it in the daily service only deadens the phrases of it by familiarity. I have occasion to-day, before going on with any work for

[1] [For a later reference to this passage, see Letter 94, § 2 (Vol. XXIX. p. 480).]
[2] [See above, p. 99.]
[3] [Luke xviii. 2; xvi. 1; xix. 12.]
[4] [Luke xix. 22. For another passage in which Ruskin replies to the use made of this text in defence of usury, see (in a later volume of this edition) *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder*, § 7.]
[5] [Genesis ii. 7.]
[6] [See Genesis xxvii. 39.]

Agnes,[1] to dwell on another piece of this writing of the father of Christ,—which, read in its full meaning, will be as new to us as the first-heard song of a foreign land.

I will print it first in the Latin, and in the letters and form in which it was read by our Christian sires.[2]

The Eighth Psalm. Thirteenth-Century Text *

Domine dominus noster q̄m
admirabile est nomen tuum
in universa terra. Quoniam ele
vata est magnificentia tua super
celos. Ex ore infantium t̄ lacten
cium p̄fecisti laudem p̄pter ini
micos tuos ut destruas inimicū
t̄ ultorem. Quoniam videbo celos
tuos opera digitor. tuor. lunam t̄
stellas que tu fundasti Quid est h̄
quod memor es ejus, aū filius h̄ois
quia visitas eum. Minuisti eum
paulominus ab angelis, gloria t̄ ho
nore coronasti eum t̄ ɔstituisti eum
super opera manuum tuar. Om̄ia
subjecisti sub pedibs ejus, oves t̄ bo
ves univ̄sas, insuper t̄ pecora cam
pi. Volucres celi t̄ pisces maris q̄
p̄ambulant semitas maris. Domi
ne dominus noster quam admi
rabile est nomen tuum in univ̄sa
terra.

* I have written it out from a perfect English psalter of early thirteenth-century work, with St. Edward, and St. Edmund, and St. Cuthbert in its calendar; it probably having belonged to the cathedral of York. The writing is very full, but quick; meant for service more than beauty; illuminated sparingly, but with extreme care. Its contractions are curiously

[1] [See Letter 50, § 4 (p. 256).]

[2] [The editors are unable to identify the particular Psalter here used by Ruskin. The print in the text is that given by him, and followed in all editions of *Fors Clavigera* hitherto. It does not, however, at all closely resemble "the letters and form" of a thirteenth-century MS. The "t̄" for the common "&" and the "aū" for "aut" may perhaps be examples of the "curiously varied and capricious

quam fecit

Conuertatur dolor eius in caput eius: & in uertice
ipsius iniquitas eius descendet

Confitebor dño secundũ iustitiã eius: & psallã
nomini dñi altissimi

Omine dñe noster: quã admirabile
est nomen tuũ in uniuersa terra

Qui eleuata est magnificentia tua: sup celos

Ex ore infantiũ & lactentiũ perfecisti laudẽ ppter
inimicos tuos: ut destruas inimicũ & ultorem.

Qui uidebo celos tuos opa digitorũ tuorum:
lunã & stellas quas tu fundasti

Quid est homo quod memor es eius: aut filius
hominis quoniã uisitas eum

Minuisti eũ paulo minus ab angelis: gloria & honore
coronasti eũ & constituisti eũ sup opa manuũ tuarũ.

Omnia subiecisti sub pedibus eius: oues & boues uni-
uersas insup & pecora campi.

Volucres celi: & pisces maris qui perambulant
semitas maris

Domine dñe noster: quã admirabile est
nomen tuũ in uniuersa terra

Confitebor tibi dñe in toto corde meo:

I translate literally; the Septuagint confirming the Vulgate in the differences from our common rendering, several of which are important.

"1. Oh Lord, our *own* Lord, how admirable is thy Name in all the earth!
2. Because thy magnificence is set above the heavens.
3. Out of the mouth of children and sucklings thou hast perfected praise, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest scatter the enemy and avenger.
4. Since I see thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast founded.
5. What is man that thou rememberest him, or the son of man, that thou lookest on him?
6. Thou hast lessened him a little from the angels; thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, and hast set him over all the works of thy hands.
7. Thou hast put all things under his feet; sheep, and all oxen—and the flocks of the plain.
8. The birds of the heaven and the fish of the sea, and all that walk in the paths of the sea.
9. Oh Lord, our *own* Lord, how admirable is thy Name in all the earth!"

10. Note in Verses 1 and 9.—Domine, Dominus noster; our *own* Lord;[1] Κύριε, ὁ Κύριος ἡμῶν; claiming thus the

varied and capricious: thus, here in the fifth verse, c in constituisti stands for "con" merely by being turned the wrong way. I prefer its text, nevertheless, to that of more elaborate MSS., for when very great attention is paid to the writing, there are apt to be mistakes in the words. In the best thirteenth-century service-book I have,[2] "tuos" in the third verse is written "meos."

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contractions" of which Ruskin speaks, but a reversed "c" for "con" is not uncommon. The letters of the text were, no doubt, the best the printers could do with the type at their disposal in the way of following Ruskin's transcript of the MS. The text has hitherto had (in line 13) "paulominu;" this is here corrected to "paulominus," as the terminal "s" had clearly been misread as a semicolon. "Ejus" is unusual for "eius," and the Vulgate (which is the text followed by the scribes) has, in line 12, *quoniam* ("quṁ"), not *quia*. In this edition, in order that the reader may in fact have before him "the letters and form" of the psalm as it appears on an actual page of thirteenth-century MS., a plate is here inserted, giving by photographic process the passage in question from a MS. in the British Museum. The plate is made from f. 19 of the Royal MSS. 1 D x; the Psalter has in the Kalendar Edward, March 18, Edmund, November 20, and Cuthbert, March 20—as have nearly all English books (written generally for private individuals, and not for churches or cathedrals), whatever their *provenance*. With the analysis of the Psalm here given, Letter 75, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 58), should be compared, where Ruskin contrasts the Eighth with the Nineteenth Psalm.]

[1] [In italicising the word in his own copy of *Fors*, Ruskin notes "Compare Le Beau Dieu d'Amiens" (*Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 3).]

[2] [The editors are unable to identify the thirteenth-century service-book, referred to by Ruskin.]

Fatherhood. The "Lord our Governor" of the Prayer-Book entirely loses the meaning. How *admirable* is Thy Name! θαυμαστόν, "wonderful," as in Isaiah, "His name shall be called Wonderful, the Counsellor."[1] Again our translation "excellent" loses the meaning.

Verse 2.—Thy magnificence. Literally, "thy greatness in working" (Gk. μεγαλοπρέπεια—splendour in aspect), distinguished from mere "glory" or greatness in fame.

Verse 3.—Sidney has it:—

> "From sucklings hath thy honour sprung,
> Thy force hath flowed from babies' tongue."[2]

The meaning of this difficult verse is given by implication in Matt. xxi. 16.[3] And again, that verse, like all the other great teachings of Christ, is open to a terrific misinterpretation;[4]—namely, the popular evangelical one, that children should be teachers and preachers,—("cheering mother, cheering father, from the Bible true"[5]). The lovely meaning of the words of Christ, which this vile error hides, is that children, *remaining children*, and uttering, out of their own hearts, such things as their Maker puts there, are pure in sight, and perfect in praise.*

Verse 4.—The moon and the stars which thou hast founded—"fundasti"—ἐθεμελίωσας. It is much more than "ordained": the idea of stable placing in space being the main one in David's mind. And it remains to this day the wonder of wonders in all wise men's minds. The earth

* Compare the *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 47 [Vol. XVIII. p. 428].

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[1] [Isaiah ix. 6.]
[2] [See *Rock Honeycomb* for Ruskin's notes on Sidney's version.]
[3] ["And said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"]
[4] [See above, pp. 99, 323; and below, p. 667.]
[5] [See Letter 50, § 8 (p. 260).]

swings round the sun,—yes, but what holds the sun? The sun swings round something else. Be it so,—then, what else?

Sidney:—

> "When I upon the heavens do look,
> Which all from thee their essence took,
> When moon and stars my *thought* beholdeth,
> Whose life no life but of thee holdeth."

Verse 5.—That thou lookest on him; ἐπισκέπτῃ αὐτόν, "art a bishop to him." The Greek word is the same in the verse "I was sick and ye *visited* me."[1]

Verse 6.—Thou hast lessened him;—perhaps better, thou hast made him, but by a little, less than the angels: ἠλάττωσας αὐτὸν βραχύ τι. The inferiority is not of present position merely, but of scale in being.

Verse 7.—Sheep, and all oxen, and the *flocks of the plain:* κτήνη τοῦ πεδίου. Beasts for service in the plain traversing great spaces,—camel and horse. "Pecora," in Vulgate, includes all "pecunia," or property in animals.[2]

Verse 8.—In the Greek, "that walk the paths of the seas"[3] is only an added description of fish, but the meaning of it is without doubt to give an expanded sense—a generalization of fish, so as to include the whale, seal, tortoise, and their like. Neither whales nor seals, however, from what I hear of modern fishing, are likely to walk the paths of the sea much longer; and Sidney's verse becomes mere satire:—

> "The bird, free burgesse of the aire,
> The fish, of sea the native heire,
> And what things els of waters traceth
> The unworn pathes, his rule embraceth.
> Oh Lord, that rul'st our mortal lyne,
> How through the world thy name doth shine!"

[1] [Matthew xxv. 36.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XIX. p. 323.]
[3] [τὰ διαπορευόμενα τρίβους θαλασσῶν. In the Vulgate, "pisces maris qui perambulant semitas maris." In the version on p. 325 Ruskin substitutes "in" for the "through" in the English version.]

11. These being, as far as I can trace them, the literal meanings of each verse, the entire purport of the psalm is that the Name, or *knowledge*, of God was admirable to David, and the power and kingship of God recognizable to him, through the power and kingship of man, His vicegerent on the earth, as the angels are in heavenly places.[1] And that final purport of the psalm is evermore infallibly true,—namely, that when men rule the earth rightly, and feel the power of their own souls over it, and its creatures, as a beneficent and authoritative one, they recognize the power of higher spirits also; and the Name of God becomes "hallowed" to them, admirable and wonderful; but if they abuse the earth and its creatures, and become mere contentious brutes upon it, instead of order-commanding kings, the Name of God ceases to be admirable to them, and His power to be felt; and gradually, license and ignorance prevailing together, even what memories of law or Deity remain to them become intolerable; and in the exact contrary to David's—"My soul thirsteth for God, for the Living God; when shall I come and appear before God?"[2] —you have the consummated desire and conclusive utterance of the modern republican:—

"S'il y avait un Dieu, il faudrait le fusiller."[3]

12. Now, whatever chemical or anatomical facts may appear, to our present scientific intelligences, inconsistent with the Life of God, the historical fact is that no happiness nor power has ever been attained by human creatures unless in that thirst for the presence of a Divine King; and that nothing but weakness, misery, and death have ever resulted from the desire to destroy their King, and to have thieves and murderers released to them instead.[4] Also this fact is historically certain,—that the Life of God is

[1] [See Letter 75, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 57), where Ruskin refers to this summary of the Eighth Psalm and relates it to the Nineteenth.]

[2] [Psalms xlii. 2.]

[3] [An adaptation of the well-known saying of Voltaire (*Epîtres*, 96): "Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer." Compare, below, pp. 735–736.]

[4] [Matthew xxvii.]

not to be discovered by reasoning, but by obeying;[1] that on doing what is plainly ordered, the wisdom and presence of the Orderer become manifest; that only so His way can be known on earth, and His saving health among all nations;[2] and that on disobedience always follows darkness, the forerunner of death.

13. And now for corollary on the eighth Psalm, read the first and second of Hebrews, and to the twelfth verse of the third, slowly; fitting the verse of the psalm—"lunam et stellas quæ tu fundasti," with "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth";[3] and then noting how the subjection which is merely of the lower creature, in the psalm, becomes the subjection of all things, and at last of death itself, in the victory foretold to those who are faithful to their Captain, made perfect through sufferings; their Faith, observe, consisting primarily in closer and more constant obedience than the Mosaic law required,—"For if the word spoken by angels was stedfast, and every transgression and disobedience received its just recompense of reward, how shall *we* escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" The full argument is: "Moses, with but a little salvation, saved you from earthly bondage, and brought you to an earthly land of life; Christ, with a great salvation, saves you from soul bondage, and brings you to an eternal land of life; but, if he who despised the little salvation, and its lax law (left lax because of the hardness of your hearts), died without mercy, how shall we escape, if now, with hearts of flesh, we despise so great salvation, refuse the Eternal Land of Promise, and break the stricter and relaxless law of Christian desert-pilgrimage?" And if these threatenings and promises still remain obscure to us, it is only because we have resolutely refused to obey the orders which were not obscure, and quenched the Spirit which was already given. How far the world

[1] [See "Readings in *Modern Painters*," § 77 (Vol. XXII. pp. 535–536). Compare also pp. 156, 343.]

[2] [Psalms lxvii. 2.]

[3] [Hebrews i. 10; later references in § 13 are to *ibid.*, ii. 10, 2, 3.]

around us may be yet beyond our control, only because a curse has been brought upon it by our sloth and infidelity, none of us can tell; still less may we dare either to praise or accuse our Master, for the state of the creation over which He appointed us kings, and in which we have chosen to live as swine. One thing we know, or may know, if we will,—that the heart and conscience of man are divine; that in his perception of evil, in his recognition of good, he is himself a God manifest in the flesh; that his joy in love, his agony in anger, his indignation at injustice, his glory in self-sacrifice, are all eternal, indisputable proofs of his unity with a great Spiritual Head; that in these, and not merely in his more availing form, or manifold instinct, he is king over the lower animate world;[1] that, so far as he denies or forfeits these, he dishonours the Name of his Father, and makes it unholy and unadmirable in the earth; that so far as he confesses, and rules by, these, he hallows and makes admirable the Name of his Father, and receives, in his sonship, fulness of power with Him, whose are the kingdom, the power, and the glory, world without end.[2]

14. And now we may go back to our bees' nests, and to our school-benches, in peace;[3] able to assure our little Agnes, and the like of her, that, whatever hornets and locusts and serpents may have been made for, this at least is true,—that we may set, and are commanded to set, an eternal difference between ourselves and them, by neither carrying daggers at our sides, nor poison in our mouths: and that the choice for us is stern, between being kings over all these creatures, by innocence to which they cannot be exalted, or more weak, miserable and detestable than they, in resolute guilt to which they cannot fall.

15. Of their instincts, I believe we have rather held too high than too low estimate, because we have not enough

[1] [Compare Ruskin's explanation of an inscription on the mosaics of St. Mark's, Vol. XXIV. pp. 302–304.]
[2] [Matthew vi. 13, and Ephesians iii. 21.]
[3] [See above, p. 308.]

recognized or respected our own. We do not differ from the lower creatures by not possessing instinct, but by possessing will and conscience, to order our innate impulses to the best ends. The great lines of Pope on this matter, however often quoted fragmentarily, are I think scarcely ever understood in their conclusion.* Let us, for once, read them to their end:—

> "See him, from Nature rising slow to Art!
> To copy instinct then was reason's part:
> Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake:
> 'Go,—from the creatures thy instructions take,
> Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield,
> Learn from the beasts the physic of the field,
> Thy arts of building from the bee receive,
> Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave.
> Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
> Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
> Here too all forms of social union find,
> And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind.
> Here subterranean works and cities see,
> There, towns aerial on the waving tree;
> Learn each small people's genius, policies,
> The ants' republic, and the realm of bees:
> How those in common all their wealth bestow,
> And anarchy without confusion know;
> And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
> Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
> Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state—
> Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate;
> In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
> Entangle justice in her net of law,
> And right, too rigid, harden into wrong—
> Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
> Yet go, and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
> Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
> And for those arts mere instinct could afford
> Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.'" [1]

There is a trace, in this last couplet, of the irony, and chastising enforcement of humiliation, which generally

* I am sensitive for other writers in this point, my own readers being in the almost universal practice of choosing any bits they may happen to fancy in what I say, without ever considering what it was said for.

[1] [*Essay on Man*, iii. 169–197.]

characterize the *Essay on Man;* but, though it takes this colour, the command thus supposed to be uttered by the voice of Nature, is intended to be wholly earnest. "In the arts of which I set you example in the unassisted instinct of lower animals, I assist *you* by the added gifts of will and reason; be therefore, knowingly, in the deeds of Justice, kings under the Lord of Justice, while in the works of your hands, you remain happy labourers under His guidance

> Who taught the nations of the field and wood
> To shun their poison, and to choose their food,
> Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
> Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand."[1]

16. Nor has ever any great work been accomplished by human creatures, in which instinct was not the principal mental agent, or in which the methods of design could be defined by rule, or apprehended by reason. It is therefore that agency through mechanism destroys the powers of art, and sentiments of religion, together.

And it will be found ultimately by all nations, as it was found long ago by those who have been leaders in human force and intellect, that the initial virtue of the race consists in the acknowledgment of their own lowly nature and submission to the laws of higher being. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,"[2] is the first truth we have to learn of ourselves; and to till the earth out of which we were taken, our first duty: in that labour, and in the relations which it establishes between us and the lower animals, are founded the conditions of our highest faculties and felicities: and without that labour, neither reason, art, nor peace, are possible to man.

But in that labour, accepting bodily death, appointed to us in common with the lower creatures, in noble humility; and kindling day by day the spiritual life, granted to us beyond that of the lower creatures, in noble pride, all

[1] [*Essay on Man,* iii. 99–102.]
[2] [Genesis iii. 19.]

wisdom, peace, and unselfish hope and love, may be reached, on earth, as in heaven, and our lives indeed be but a little lessened from those of the angels.

17. As I am finishing this *Fors*, I note in the journals accounts of new insect-plague on the vine;[1] and the sunshine on my own hills this morning (7th April), still impure, is yet the first which I have seen spread from the daybreak upon them through all the spring; so dark it has been with blight of storm,—so redolent of disease and distress; of which, and its possible causes, my friends seek as the only wise judgment, that of the journals aforesaid. Here, on the other hand, are a few verses * of the traditional wisdom of that king whose political institutions were so total a failure (according to my supremely sagacious correspondent[2]), which nevertheless appear to me to reach the roots of these, and of many other hitherto hidden things.

"His heart is ashes, his hope is more vile than earth, and his life of less value than clay.

Forasmuch as he knew not his Maker, and him that inspired into him an active soul, and breathed in him a living spirit.

But they counted our life a pastime, and our time here a market for gain; for, say they, we must be getting every way, though it be by evil means.†

Yea, they worshipped those beasts also that are most hateful (for being compared together, some are worse than others,‡ neither are they

* Collated out of Sapientia xv. and xvi.[3]

† Compare Jeremiah ix. 6; in the Septuagint, τόκος ἐπὶ τόκῳ, καὶ δόλος ἐπὶ δόλῳ: "usury on usury, and trick upon trick."

‡ The instinct for the study of parasites, modes of disease, the lower forms of undeveloped creatures, and the instinctive processes of digestion and generation, rather than the varied and noble habit of life,—which shows itself so grotesquely in modern science, is the precise counterpart of the forms of idolatry (as of beetle and serpent, rather than of clean or innocent creatures), which were in great part the cause of final corruption in ancient mythology and morals.

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[1] [See, *e.g.*, a paragraph in the *Times* of April 3, 1875 (p. 10), on the "Phylloxera Vastatrix."]

[2] [See below, § 19.]

[3] [xv. 10–12, 18, 19; xvi. 1, 8, 10, 13, 16, 20, 21, 24–28.]

beautiful[1] in respect of beasts); but they went without the praise of God, and his blessing.

Therefore by the like were they punished worthily, and by the multitude of beasts tormented.

And in this thou madest thine enemies confess, that it is thou who deliverest them from all evil.

But thy sons not the very teeth of venomous dragons overcame: for thy mercy was ever by them, and healed them.

For thou hast power of life and death: thou leadest to the gates of hell, and bringest up again.

For the ungodly, that denied to know thee, were scourged by the strength of thine arm: with strange rains, hails, and showers, were they persecuted, that they could not avoid, for through fire were they consumed.

Instead whereof thou feddest thine own people with angels' food, and didst send them, from heaven, bread prepared without their labour, able to content every man's delight, and agreeing to every taste.

For thy sustenance declared thy sweetness unto thy children, and serving to the appetite of the eater, tempered itself to every man's liking.

For the creature that serveth thee, who art the Maker, increaseth his strength against the unrighteous for their punishment, and abateth his strength for the benefit of such as put their trust in thee.

Therefore even then was it altered into all fashions, and was obedient to thy grace, that nourisheth all things, according to the desire of them that had need:

That thy children, O Lord, whom thou lovest, might know that it is not the growing of fruits that nourisheth man: but that it is thy word, which preserveth them that put their trust in thee.

For that which was not destroyed of the fire, being warmed with a little sunbeam, soon melted away:

That it might be known, that we must prevent the sun to give thee thanks, and at the dayspring pray unto thee."

[1] [Here Ruskin omits the words "so much as to be desired."]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

"The Parsonage, Werrington, Peterborough,
"*April* 7, 1875.

18. "My dear Sir,—Your lady correspondent[1] brings out in her own experience that sound Christian truth, of which the condemnable doctrines of 'substitution' and 'vicarious righteousness' are but the perversions. Her experience shows how true it is that one man may so live and suffer that others shall be morally the better for his life and suffering.

"Such a man's righteousness is 'imputed' because really *imparted** to those who have faith in him.

"Of Felix Neff I know less than I ought, but if his ministry tended to bring more sweetness and light into your correspondent's life, surely his influence in her mind is moral and healthful.

"I am very faithfully yours,
"Edward Z. Lyttel.

"John Ruskin, Esq."

19. I transgress the laws of courtesy, in printing, without asking the writer's permission, part of a letter which follows: but my correspondent is not, as far as I know him, a man who shrinks from publicity, or who would write in a private letter anything on general subjects which he would be unwilling openly to maintain; while the letter itself is so monumental as a type of the condition to which the modern average literary mind has been reduced, in its reading of authoritative classical authors, and touches so precisely on points which it happens to be my immediate business to set at rest in the minds of many of my readers, that I cannot but attribute to the Third Fors the direct inspiration of the epistle—and must leave on her hands what blame may be attached to its publication. I had been expressing some surprise to my correspondent (an acquaintance of long standing) at his usually bright and complacent temper; and making some inquiry about his views respecting modern usury, knowing him to have read, at least for literary purposes, large portions of the Old Testament. He replies:—

"I am sure I would not be wiser if I were 'more uncomfortable' in my mind; I am perfectly sure, if I can ever do good to any mortal, it will be by calm working, patient thinking, not by running, or raging, or weeping, or wailing. But

* If my good correspondent will try practically the difference in the effect on the minds of the next two beggars he meets, between imputing a penny to the one, and imparting it to the other, he will receive a profitable lesson both in religion and English.

Of Felix Neff's influence, past and present, I will take other occasion to speak.[2]

[1] [See Letter 52, § 24 (p. 312).]
[2] [But see above, p. 311 *n.*]

for this humour, which I fancy I caught from Shakespeare and Goethe, the sorrow of the world would drive me mad.

"You ask what I think 'the Psalmist' means by 'usury.' I find from Cruden that usury is mentioned only in the fifteenth Psalm. That is a notable and most beautiful lyric, quite sufficient to demonstrate the superiority, in spirituality and morality, of the Hebrew religion to anything Greek. But the bit about usury is pure nonsense—the only bit of nonsense in the piece. Nonsense, because the singer has no notion whatever of the employment of money for the *common* benefit of lender and borrower. As the Hebrew monarchy was politically a total and disastrous failure, I should not expect any opinion worth listening to from a psalmist, touching directly or indirectly on the organisation of industry. Jesus Christ and Matthew the publican lived in a time of extended intercourse and some commerce; accordingly, in Matthew xxv., verse 27, you have a perfect statement of the truth about usury: 'Thou oughtest to have put my money to the exchangers, and at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.' Ricardo, with all Lombard Street to help him, could not improve upon that. A legitimate, useful, profitable use of money is to accommodate strangers who come with money that will not circulate in the country. The exchanger gives them current money; they pay a consideration for the convenience; and out of this comes the legitimate profit to be divided between lender and borrower. The rule which applies to one fruitful use of money will apply to a thousand, and, between wise lending and honest borrowing, swamp and forest become field and garden, and mountains wave with corn. Some professor or other had written what seemed outrageous rubbish; you confuted or thrust aside, in an early *Fors*, that rubbish;[1] but against legitimate interest, usury, call it what you like, I have never heard any argument. Mr. Sillar's tracts I have never seen,—he does not advertise, and I have not the second sight.

"My view of the grievous abuses in the publishing and bookselling trades has not altered. But, since writing you first on the subject, I have had careful conversations with publishers, and have constantly pondered the matter; and though I do not see my way to any complete reform, I cannot entertain hope from your methods.

"I am tired, being still very weak. It would only bother you if I went on. Nothing you have ever written has, I think, enabled me to get so near comprehending you as your picture of yourself learning to read and write in last *Fors*. You can see an individual concrete fact better than any man of the generation; but an invisible fact, an abstraction, an *average*, you have, I fancy, been as incapable of seeing as of seeing through a stone wall. Political Economy is the science of social averages.

"Ever affectionately and faithfully yours.

"*P.S.* (Sunday morning).—Some fancy has been haunting me in the night of its being presumptuous, or your thinking it presumptuous, in me to say that David, or whoever wrote the fifteenth Psalm, spoke, on the subject of interest, pure nonsense. After carefully going over the matter again, I believe that I am accurately correct. Not knowing what lending and borrowing, as a normal industrial transaction, or trading transaction, was, the Psalmist spoke in vague ethical terms, meaning 'you should be friendly to your neighbour'; just as a lady economist of to-day might shriek against the pawnshop, which, with all its defects, had, in capacity of Poor Man's Bank, saved many a child, or woman, or man, from sheer starvation. Not understanding the matter, the Psalmist could not distinguish between use and abuse, and so talked nonsense. It is exquisitely interesting to me to observe that Christ hits the Psalmist exactly on the point where he goes wrong. Τὸ ἀργύριον αὐτοῦ οὐκ ἔδωκεν ἐπὶ τόκῳ, says the Psalmist; Πονηρὲ δοῦλε . . . ἔδει οὖν σε βαλεῖν τὸ ἀργύριόν μου τοῖς τραπεζίταις, καὶ ἐλθὼν ἐγὼ ἐκομισάμην ἂν τὸ ἐμὸν

[1] [The reference is presumably to the analysis of Fawcett's doctrine of Interest in Letter 18 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 316 *seq.*).]

σὺν τόκῳ, says Christ.[1] The use of the *same word* in the Septuagint (the only Old Testament circulating in Palestine in Christ's time) and in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, to denote in the one case what no good man would take, in the other, what it was a flagrant dereliction of duty *not* to secure, is most precious as illustrating the simple common-sense with which Christ used the old Scriptures, and the infinite falsity of the modern doctrine of infallibility, whether of church, book, or man. One of those transcendencies of rightness which I find in *Fors* (amid things about Marmontel and Drury Lane, and Darwin and Huxley, worthy only of a Psalmist or pretty economist of fifteen) was your idea of policemen-bishops.[2] I always agree also with what you say about the entirely obsolete and useless bishops at £5000 a-year. . . . But what I was going to say is, that you ought to ask your bishop, or the whole bench of them, to find a place, in their cart-loads of sermons, for one on 'usury,'* as condemned by the Psalmist and enjoined by Christ. Compare Luke xix., ver. 23. The only sound basis of banking is the fruitful, industrial use of money. I by no means maintain that the present banking system of Europe is safe and sound."

20. I submitted the proof of this *Fors* to my correspondent, and think it due to him and to my readers to print, with the above letter, also the following portions of that which he sent in gentle reply. So far as I have misconceived or misrepresented him, he knows me to be sorry. For the rest, our misconceptions of each other are of no moment: the misconception, by either, of the nature of profit by the loan of money, or tools, is of moment to every one over whom we have influence; we neither of us have any business to be wrong in that matter; and there are few on which it is more immediately every man's business to be right.

"Remonstrance were absurd, where misconception is so total as yours. My infidelity is simply that I worship Christ, thanking every one who gives me any glimpse that enables me to get nearer Christ's meaning. In this light, what you say of a hidden sense or drift in the parables interests me profoundly; but the more I think of the question of interest, the more I feel persuaded that Christ distinguished the use from the abuse. Tradition, almost certainly authentic, imputes to Him the saying γίνεσθε τραπεζῖται δόκιμοι (see M. Arnold's article in March *Contemporary*[3]), and I don't see how there can be honourable bankers,—men living honourably by banking,—if *all* taking of interest is wrong. You speak of my 'supreme confidence' in my own opinions. I absolutely have confidence only in the resolution to keep my eyes open for light and, if I can help it, not to be to-day exactly where I was yesterday. I have not only read, but lived in (as a very atmosphere), the works of men whom you say I went to because somebody said it was fine to do so. They have taught me some comprehensiveness, some tolerance, some moderation in judging even the mob. They have taught me to consume my own smoke, and it is this consumption of my own smoke which you seem to have mistaken for confidence in my opinions. Which prophet, from Moses to Carlyle, would not *you* confess to have been sometimes in the wrong? I said that I worship Christ. In Him I realise, so far as I can realise, God. Therefore I speak not of Him. But the very key-stone of any arch of notions in my mind is

* See the note below, § 25 [p. 340].

[1] [Psalms xv. 5; Matthew xxv. 27.]

[2] [See above, pp. 242–243.]

[3] ["Review of Objections to *Literature and Dogma*" (IV.), in the *Contemporary Review*, March 1875, vol. 25, p. 522 (reprinted in *God and the Bible*, 1875, p. 216): "The saying of Christ, *Be ye approved bankers*, quoted in the pseudo-Clementine Homilies and the Apostolical Constitutions, quoted by the Church historians Eusebius and Socrates, by Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Ambrose, and Jerome."]

that inspiration is one of the mightiest and most blessed of forces, one of the most real of facts, but that infallibility is the error of errors. From no prophet, from no book, do I take what I please and leave what I please; but, applying all the lights I have, I learn from each as wisely as, with my powers and my lights, is possible for me.

"Affectionately yours."

21. I have received, "with the respects of the author," a pamphlet on the Crystal Palace;[1] which tells me, in its first sentence, that the Crystal Palace is a subject which every cultivated Englishman has at heart; in its second, that the Crystal Palace is a household word, and is the loftiest moral triumph of the world; and in its third, that the Palace is declining, it is said,—verging towards decay. I have not heard anything for a long time which has more pleased me; and beg to assure the author of the pamphlet in question that I never get up at Herne Hill after a windy night without looking anxiously towards Norwood in the hope that "the loftiest moral triumph of the world" may have been blown away.

22. I find the following lovely little scene translated into French from the Dutch (M. J. Rigeveld, Amsterdam, C. L. Brinkman, 1875), in a valuable little periodical for ladies, *L'Espérance* of Geneva,[2] in which the entirely good purpose of the editor will, I doubt not, do wide service, in spite of her adoption of the popular error of the desirability of feminine independence.

"A PROPOS D'UNE PAIRE DE GANTS

"'Qu'y a-t-il, Elise?' dit Madame, en se tournant du côté d'une fenêtre ouverte, où elle entend quelque bruit. 'Oh! moins que rien, maman!' répond sa fille aînée, en train de faire la toilette des cadets, pour la promenade et le concert. 'Ce que c'est, maman?' crie un des petits garçons, 'c'est que Lolotte ne veut pas mettre des gants.' 'Elle dit qu'elle a assez chaud sans cela,' reprend un autre, 'et qu'elle ne trouve pas même joli d'avoir des gants.' Et chacun de rire. Un des rapporteurs continue: 'Elise veut qu'elle le fasse par convenance; mais Lolotte prétend que la peau humaine est plus convenable qu'une peau de rat.' Cette boutade excite de nouveau l'hilarité de la compagnie. 'Quelle idée, Lolotte,' dit son père d'un ton enjoué: 'montre-toi donc!'

"Apparemment Lolotte n'est pas d'humeur à obéir; mais les garçons ne lui laissent pas le choix et la poussent en avant. La voilà donc, notre héroïne. C'est une fillette d'environ quatorze ans, dont les yeux pétillent d'esprit et de vie; on voit qu'elle aime à user largement de la liberté que lui laisse encore son âge, pour dire son opinion sur tout ce qui lui passe par la tête sans conséquence aucune. Mais bien qu'elle soit forte dans son opinion *anti-gantière,* l'enfant est tant soit peu confuse, et ne paraît pas portée à défendre sa cause en présence d'un étranger. 'Quoi donc,' lui dit son père, en la prenant par la taille, 'tu ne veux pas porter des gants, parce qu'ils sont faits de peaux de rats! Je ne te croyais pas si folle. Le rat est mort et oublié depuis longtemps, et sa peau est glacée.'—'Non, papa, ce n'est pas çà.'—'Qu'est-ce donc, mon enfant? Tu es trop grande fille pour ces manières sans façon. Ne veux-tu pas être une demoiselle comme il faut?' 'Et

[1] [A "restoration" or "reconstruction" of the Palace was at this time being much discussed. The particular pamphlet here referred to by Ruskin is not identifiable with certainty; his description applies in substance, though not in phrases, to *The Past, Present, and Future of the Crystal Palace,* by A. G. E. Heine (Effingham Wilson, 1874. For Ruskin's views on the Palace, see (among other places) Vol. XII. p. 418; Vol. XVIII. p. 243; and Vol. XIX. p. 217.]

[2] [To this paper, the monthly organ of the "Association des Femmes," Ruskin had addressed a letter in 1873 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).]

ces petites mains qui touchent si bien du piano,' reprend le visiteur, désireux de faire oublier la gêne que cause sa présence, par un mot gracieux. 'Ne veux-tu pas plutôt renoncer à la musique, et devenir sarcleuse?' lui demande son père.—'Non, papa, point du tout. Je ne puis pas dire au juste ma pensée . . . .' Et elle se dégagea doucement de ses bras; et en se sauvant, grommela: 'Mort aux gants, et vive la civilisation!' On rit encore un peu de l'enfant bizarre; puis on parle d'autres choses, et l'on se prépare pour la promenade. Lolotte a mis les gants en question, 'pour plaire à maman,' et personne ne s'en occupe plus.

"Mais l'étranger avait saisi au passage sa dernière phrase, qui sans cesse lui revenait à l'esprit. Se reprochait-il devant cette enfant naïve sa complicité à l'interprétation futile que son hôte avait donnée de *la civilisation?* Tant est, que pendant le cours de la soirée, se trouvant un moment en tête-à-tête avec Lolotte, il revint à l'histoire des gants. Il tâcha de réparer sa gaucherie et fit si bien, qu'il gagna la confiance de la petite. 'Sans doute j'en conviens,' dit-il, 'it faut plus pour être civilisé que de porter des gants, mais il faut se soumettre à certaines convenances que les gens comme il faut. . . .' 'C'est ça, Monsieur,' dit-elle, en lui coupant la parole, 'quelle est donc la chance des gens qui voudraient se civiliser, mais qui n'ont pas d'argent pour acheter des gants?' C'était-là sa peine. 'Chère enfant!' dit-il tout bas. Et l'homme, si éloquent d'ordinaire, pressa la petite main sous le gant obligatoire, parce que pour le moment les paroles lui manquaient pour répondre. . . . Est-ce étonnant que malgré lui, plus tard en s'occupant de la question sociale, il pensa souvent à cette jeune fille?

"Et vous, lecteurs, que pensez-vous d'elle et de sa question gantière? Vous paraît-elle un enfantillage, ou bien la considérez-vous tout bonnement comme une exagération? Vous attachez-vous à la surface, ou bien y cherchez-vous un sens plus profond, comme l'ami visiteur? Ne croyez-vous pas aussi que dans ce temps de 'besoins multipliés,' un des plus grands services que les classes supérieures puissent rendre au peuple, serait de faire distinction entre tous ces besoins et de prêcher d'exemple?"

23. This bit of letter must find room—bearing as it does on last *Fors* subject:[1]—

"I was asking a girl this morning if she still took her long walks; and she said she was as fond of them as ever, but that they could only walk in the town now—the field or country walks were not safe for ladies alone. Indeed, I fancy the girls lose all care for, or knowledge of the spring or summer—except as they bring new fashions into the shop windows, not fresh flowers any more here into the fields. It is pitiable to live in a place like this—even worse than in ————. For here the process of spoiling country is going on under one's eyes;—in ———— it was done long ago. And just now, when the feeling of spring is upon one, it is hard to have the sky darkened, and the air poisoned. But I am wasting time in useless grumbling. Only listen to this:—after all our sacrifices, and with all our money and civilization——I can't tell you now; it must wait."—[Very well; but don't keep it waiting longer than you need.]

24. I have had some good help about bees' tongues from a young correspondent at Merrow Grange, Guildford, and a very clear drawing, to which the subjoined piece of his last letter refers; but I must not lose myself in microscopic questions just now:—

"The author of *The Microscope*[2] keeps to the old idea of bees sucking honey and not 'licking it up,'[3] for he says, 'The proboscis, being cylindrical, extracts the

[1] [See above, p. 302.]

[2] [The "young correspondent's" reference cannot be traced, but had he consulted the standard work on *The Microscope* (by W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S.) he would have found the true idea in this matter: see pp. 668–669 of the 1858 edition.]

[3] [Compare Letter 51, § 12 (p. 279).]

juice of the flower in a somewhat similar way to that of the butterfly.' And of the tongue he says, 'If a bee is attentively observed as it settles upon a flower, the activity and promptitude with which it uses the apparatus is truly surprising; it lengthens the tongue, applies it to the bottom of the petals, then shortens it, bending and turning it in all directions, for the purpose of exploring the interior and removing the pollen, which it packs in the pockets in its hind legs (by, he supposes, the two shorter feelers), and forms the chief food for the working-bees.' He says that when the waxen walls of the cells are completed, they are strengthened by a varnish collected from the buds of the poplar and other trees, which they smear over the cells by the aid of the wonderful apparatus. That part of the proboscis that looks something like a human head, he says, 'can be considerably enlarged . . . and thus made to contain a larger quantity of the collected juice of the flowers; at the same time it is in this cavity that the nectar is transformed into pure honey by some peculiar chemical process.'"

25. * Note on § 19.—My correspondent need not be at a loss for sermons on usury. When the Christian Church was living, there was no lack of such. Here are two specimens of their tenor, furnished me by one of Mr. Sillar's pamphlets:[1]—

EXTRACT FROM THE EXPOSITION UPON THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS, CH. IV. VER. 6. BY BISHOP JEWEL.

"Usury is a kind of lending of money, or corn, or oil, or wine, or of any other thing, wherein, upon covenant and bargain, *we receive again the whole principal* which we delivered, *and somewhat more* for the use and occupying of the same: as, if I lend one hundred pounds, and for it covenant to receive one hundred and five pounds, or any other sum greater than was the sum which I did lend. This is that that we call usury; such a kind of bargaining as no good man, or godly man, ever used; such a kind of bargaining as all men that ever feared God's judgment have always abhorred and condemned. *It is filthy gains, and a work of darkness: it is a monster in nature; the overthrow of mighty kingdoms; the destruction of flourishing states; the decay of wealthy cities; the plagues of the world, and the misery of the people. It is theft; it is the murdering of our brethren; it is the curse of God, and the curse of the people.* This is usury: by these signs and tokens you may know it: for wheresoever it reigneth, all those mischiefs ensue. But how, and how many ways, it may be wrought, I will not declare: it were horrible to hear; and I come now to reprove usury, and not to teach it.

"Tell me, thou wretched wight of the world, thou unkind creature, which art past all sense and feeling of God; which knowest the will of God, and doest the

[1] [The extract from Bishop Jewel (1522–1571) is contained in the following pamphlet: *Interest: Wherein it differs from Usury. Including an Extract from the Exposition upon the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, Chap. IV. Ver. 6, by Bishop Jewell* (sic). By W. C. Sillar. London: Printed for the author, 1871. See for Ruskin's quotations pp. 9, 28 (the italics are Ruskin's). The quotation from Jones is not given in the above edition of the pamphlet. Ruskin cites the sermon more at length in *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder*, § 26. The passage will be found at pp. 34–35 of *A Farewel-Sermon preached to the United Parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch-Haw in Lombard-Street.* By David Jones, Student of Christ-Church, Oxon: 1692. Extracts from this sermon were published by Mr. Sillar in a separate pamphlet: "at Alfred Southey's, 146 Fenchurch Street. Price One Penny." The sermon by Jones called forth the following reply: *A Discourse upon Usury: or, Lending Money for Increase. (Occasioned by Mr. David Jones's late Farewel-Sermon.) Proving, by undeniable Arguments, the Lawfulness thereof, and Answering the Plausible Objections from Scripture, Councils, and Fathers against it. Published at the Request of Several Judicious and Sober Christians:* 1692.]

contrary: how darest thou come into the church? It is the church of that God which hath said, 'Thou shalt take no usury'; and thou knowest He hath so said. How darest thou read or hear the word of God? It is the word of that God which condemneth usury; and thou knowest He doth condemn it. How darest thou come into the company of thy brethren? Usury is the plague, and destruction, and undoing of thy brethren; and this thou knowest. How darest thou look upon thy children? thou makest the wrath of God fall down from heaven upon them; thy iniquity shall be punished in them to the third and fourth generation: this thou knowest. How darest thou look up into heaven? thou hast no dwelling there; thou shalt have no place in the tabernacle of the Highest: this thou knowest. Because thou robbest the poor, deceivest the simple, and eatest up the widows' houses: therefore shall thy children be naked, and beg their bread; therefore shalt thou and thy riches perish together."

EXTRACT FROM THE FAREWELL SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, LOMBARD STREET, BY THE REV. DAVID JONES, WHEN THE PRESENT SYSTEM WAS IN ITS INFANCY.

"And the Pharisees also, who were covetous, heard all these things, and they derided Him."—LUKE xvi. 14.

"I do openly declare that every minister and every churchwarden throughout all England are actually perjured and foresworn by the 109th canon of our church,[1] if they suffer any usurer to come to the sacrament till he be reformed, and there is no reformation without restitution.

. . . . . .

"And that you may know what usury is forbid by the word of God, turn to Ezekiel xviii. 8, 13, and you will find that, whoever giveth upon usury or taketh any increase,—*Mark it*,—he that taketh *any* increase above the principal,—not six in the hundred, but let it be never so little, and never so moderate,—he that taketh *any* increase, is a usurer, and such a one as shall surely die for his usury, and his blood shall be upon his own head. This is that word of God by which you shall all be saved or damned at the last day, and all those trifling and shuffling distinctions that covetous usurers ever invented shall never be able to excuse your damnation.

"Heretofore all usurious clergymen were degraded from Holy Orders, and all usurious laymen were excommunicated in their lifetime, and hindered Christian burial after death, till their heirs had made restitution for all they had gotten by usury."

26. As this sheet is going to press, I receive a very interesting letter from "a poor mother." That no wholesome occupation is at present offered in England to youths of the temper she describes, is precisely the calamity which urged my endeavour to found the St. George's Company. But if she will kindly tell me the boy's age, and whether the want of perseverance she regrets in him has ever been tested by giving him sufficient motive for consistent exertion, I will answer what I can, in next *Fors*.[2]

[1] [The canon touching "Notorious Crimes and Scandals." "If any offend their brethren, either by adultery . . . or by usury, and any other uncleanness and wickedness of life, the Churchwardens or Questmen, and Sidemen, in their next presentments to their ordinaries, shall faithfully present all and every of the said offenders, to the intent that they, and every of them, may be punished by the severity of the laws according to their deserts; and such notorious offenders shall not be admitted to Holy Communion till they be reformed."]

[2] [Not answered in *next Fors*, but in Letter 55, § 10 (p. 382).]

LETTER 54

PLATTED THORNS[1]

1. BEFORE going on with my own story to-day, I must fasten down a main principle about doing good work, not yet enough made clear.

It has been a prevalent notion in the minds of well-disposed persons, that if they acted according to their own conscience, they must, therefore, be doing right.

But they assume, in feeling or asserting this, either that there is no Law of God, or that it cannot be known; but only felt, or conjectured.

"I must do what *I* think right." How often is this sentence uttered and acted on—bravely—nobly—innocently; but always—because of its egotism—erringly. You must not do what YOU think right, but, whether you or anybody think, or don't think it, what *is* right.

"I must act according to the dictates of my conscience."

By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you are quite sure that yours is not the conscience of an ass.[2]

"I am doing my best—what can man do more?"

You might be doing much less, and yet much better:—perhaps you are doing your best in producing, or doing, an eternally bad thing.

All these three sayings, and the convictions they express, are wise only in the mouths and minds of wise men; they are deadly, and all the deadlier because bearing an image and superscription[3] of virtue, in the mouths and minds of fools.[4]

[1] [Matthew xxvii. 29: "When they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head." See below, § 25.]

[2] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 26 (Vol. XVIII. p. 78). The sharp distinction which Ruskin draws in these places and many others between opinion and exact thought is one of the points in which he closely follows the Platonic philosophy: see, for instance, *Republic*, vi. 506 ("Do you not know that opinions are bad all, and the best of them blind?"), and compare the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. (pp. lix., lxxiii.).]

[3] [See Mark xii. 16.]

[4] [Compare Vol. XVIII. p. 204.]

2. "But there is every gradation, surely, between wisdom and folly?"

No. The fool, whatever his wit, is the man who doesn't know his master—who has said in his heart—there is no God—no Law.[1]

The wise man knows his master.[2] Less or more wise, he perceives lower or higher masters; but always some creature larger than himself—some law holier than his own. A law to be sought—learned, loved—obeyed; but in order to its discovery, the obedience must be begun first, to the best one knows. Obey *something;* and you will have a chance some day of finding out what is best to obey. But if you begin by obeying nothing, you will end by obeying Beelzebub and all his seven invited friends.[3]

Which being premised, I venture to continue the history of my own early submissions to external Force.

3. The Bible readings,[4] described in my last letter, took place always in the front parlour of the house, which, when I was about five[5] years old, my father found himself able to buy the lease of, at Herne Hill. The piece of road between the Fox tavern and the Herne Hill station, remains, in all essential points of character, unchanged to this day: certain Gothic splendours, lately indulged in by our wealthier neighbours, being the only serious innovations; and these are so graciously concealed by the fine trees of their grounds, that the passing viator remains unappalled by them; and I can still walk up and down the piece of road aforesaid, imagining myself seven[6] years old.

4. Our house was the fourth part of a group which stand accurately on the top or dome of the hill, where the ground is for a small space level, as the snows are (I

[1] [See Psalms xiv. 1.]

[2] [Compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 82: "The first duty of every man in the world is to find his true master," etc. (Vol. XIX. p. 129).]

[3] [See Matthew xii. 45.]

[4] [§§ 3–11 of this letter were used by Ruskin when writing *Præterita*, where they appear, slightly revised, as §§ 36–45 of vol. i. ch. ii. For the continuation of the autobiographical notes, see below, § 13.]

[5] [Corrected to "four" in *Præterita*.]

[6] [Again corrected to "four" in *Præterita*.]

understand) on the dome of Mont Blanc; presently falling, however, in what may be, in the London clay formation, considered a precipitous slope, to our valley of Chamouni (or of Dulwich) on the east; and with a softer descent into Cold Arbour[1] (nautically aspirated into Harbour)-lane on the west: on the south, no less beautifully declining to the dale of the Effra (doubtless shortened from Effrena, signifying the "Unbridled" river; recently, I regret to say, bricked over for the convenience of Mr. Biffin, the chemist, and others); while on the north, prolonged indeed with slight depression some half mile or so, and receiving, in the parish of Lambeth, the chivalric title of "Champion Hill," it plunges down at last to efface itself in the plains of Peckham, and the rustic solitudes of Goose Green.

5. The group, of which our house was the quarter, consisted of two precisely similar partner-couples of houses,—gardens and all to match; still the two highest blocks of buildings seen from Norwood on the crest of the ridge; which, even within the time I remember, rose with no stinted beauty of wood and lawn above the Dulwich fields.

The house itself, three-storied, with garrets above, commanded, in those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its upper windows, of the Norwood hills on one side, and the winter sunrise over them; and of the valley of the Thames, with Windsor in the distance, on the other, and the summer sunset over these. It had front and back garden in sufficient proportion to its size; the front, richly set with old evergreens, and well grown lilac and laburnum; the back, seventy yards long by twenty wide, renowned over all the hill for its pears and apples, which had been chosen with extreme care by our predecessor (shame on me to forget the name of a man to whom I owe so much!)—and possessing also a strong old mulberry tree, a tall white-heart cherry tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season (for the

[1] [See the author's note on the name in *Præterita*.]

ground was wholly beneficent), with magical splendour of abundant fruit: fresh green, soft amber, and rough-bristled crimson bending the spinous branches; clustered pearl and pendent ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine.

6. The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden, and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were, that, in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden; and there were no companionable beasts: in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me to pass most of my life in it. My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learnt, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and in general, even when Latin Grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour before dinner at half-past one, and for the rest of the afternoon. My mother, herself finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me,—at least if I chose to stay beside *her*. I never thought of doing anything behind her back which I would not have done before her face; and her presence was therefore no restraint to me; but, also, no particular pleasure; for, from having always been left so much alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see after; and on the whole, by the time I was seven years old, was already getting too independent, mentally, even of my father and mother; and having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life,[1] in the central point which it appeared to me (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals), that I occupied in the universe.

7. This was partly the fault of my father's modesty; and

[1] [Compare Letter 90 (Vol. XXIX. p. 426).]

partly of his pride. He had so much more confidence in my mother's judgment as to such matters than in his own, that he never ventured even to help, much less to cross her, in the conduct of my education; on the other hand, in the fixed purpose of making an ecclesiastical gentleman of me, with the superfinest of manners, and access to the highest circles of fleshly and spiritual society, the visits to Croydon, where I entirely loved my aunt, and young baker-cousins, became rarer and more rare: the society of our neighbours on the hill could not be had without breaking up our regular and sweetly selfish manner of living; and on the whole, I had nothing animate to care for, in a childish way, but myself, some nests of ants, which the gardener would never leave undisturbed for me, and a sociable bird or two; though I never had the sense or perseverance to make one really tame. But that was partly because, if ever I managed to bring one to be the least trustful of me, the cats got it.

Under these favourable circumstances, what powers of imagination I possessed, either fastened themselves on inanimate things—the sky, the leaves, and pebbles, observable within the walls of Eden, or caught at any opportunity of flight into regions of romance, compatible with the objective realities of existence in the nineteenth century, within a mile and a quarter of Camberwell Green.

8. Herein my father, happily, though with no definite intention other than of pleasing me, when he found he could do so without infringing any of my mother's rules, became my guide. I was particularly fond of watching him shave; and was always allowed to come into his room in the morning (under the one in which I am now writing), to be the motionless witness of that operation. Over his dressing-table hung one of his own water-colour drawings, made under the teaching of the elder Nasmyth. (I believe, at the High School of Edinburgh.) It was done in the early manner of tinting, which, just about the time when my father was at the High School, Dr. Munro was

teaching Turner; namely, in grey under-tints of Prussian blue and British ink, washed with warm colour afterwards on the lights. It represented Conway Castle, with its Frith, and, in the foreground, a cottage, a fisherman, and a boat at the water's edge.

9. When my father had finished shaving, he always told me a story about this picture. The custom began without any initial purpose of his, in consequence of my troublesome curiosity whether the fisherman lived in the cottage, and where he was going to in the boat. It being settled, for peace' sake, that he *did* live in the cottage, and was going in the boat to fish near the castle, the plot of the drama afterwards gradually thickened; and became, I believe, involved with that of the tragedy of "Douglas," and of the "Castle Spectre," in both of which pieces my father had performed in private theatricals, before my mother, and a select Edinburgh audience, when he was a boy of sixteen, and she, at grave twenty, a model housekeeper, and very scornful and religiously suspicious of theatricals. But she was never weary of telling me, in later years, how beautiful my father looked in his Highland dress, with the high black feathers.

I remember nothing of the story he used to tell me, now; but I have the picture still, and hope to leave it finally in the Oxford schools, where, if I can complete my series of illustrative work for general reference, it will be of some little use as an example of an old-fashioned method of water-colour drawing not without its advantages; and, at the same time, of the dangers incidental in it to young students, of making their castles too yellow, and their fishermen too blue.[1]

10. In the afternoons, when my father returned (always punctually) from his business, he dined, at half-past four,

[1] [This sentence—"I remember nothing . . . too blue"—was omitted from *Præterita*. The drawing was No. "1. R." in Ruskin's Exhibition of 1878: see Vol. XIII. p. 489. He did not place it in the Oxford schools. The picture always hung over the mantel in Ruskin's bedroom at Brantwood, among his Turners, and it is still there.]

in the front parlour, my mother sitting beside him to hear the events of the day, and give counsel and encouragement with respect to the same;—chiefly the last, for my father was apt to be vexed if orders for sherry fell the least short of their due standard, even for a day or two. I was never present at this time, however, and only avouch what I relate by hearsay and probable conjecture; for between four and six it would have been a grave misdemeanour in me if I so much as approached the parlour door. After that, in summer time, we were all in the garden as long as the day lasted; tea under the white-heart cherry tree; or in winter and rough weather,[1] at six o'clock in the drawing-room,—I having my cup of milk, and slice of bread-and-butter, in a little recess, with a table in front of it, wholly sacred to me; and in which I remained in the evenings as an Idol in a niche, while my mother knitted, and my father read to her,—and to me, so far as I chose to listen.

11. The series of the Waverley novels, then drawing towards its close, was still the chief source of delight in all households caring for literature; and I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible; but I have still a vivid remembrance of my father's intense expression of sorrow mixed with scorn, as he threw down *Count Robert of Paris*, after reading three or four pages; and knew that the life of Scott was ended: the scorn being a very complex and bitter feeling in him,—partly, indeed, of the book itself, but chiefly of the wretches who were tormenting and selling the wrecked intellect, and not a little, deep down, of the subtle dishonesty which had essentially caused the ruin. My father never could forgive Scott his concealment of the Ballantyne partnership.

12. I permit myself, without check, to enlarge on these trivial circumstances of my early days, partly because I know that there are one or two people in the world who will like to hear of them; but chiefly because I can better assure the general reader of some results of education on

[1] [*As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 5 (song).]

after life, by one example in which I know all my facts, than by many, in which every here and there a link might be wanting.

13.[1] And it is perhaps already time to mark what advantage and mischief, by the changes of life up to seven years old, had been irrevocably determined for me.

I will first count my blessings (as a not unwise friend once recommended me to do, continually; whereas I have a bad trick of always numbering the thorns in my fingers, and not the bones in them).

And for best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had been taught the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word.

I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended, glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded, nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time.[2] I had no conception of such a feeling as anxiety; my father's occasional vexation in the afternoons, when he had only got an order for twelve butts after expecting one for fifteen, as I have just stated, was never manifested to *me;* and itself related only to the question whether his name would be a step higher or lower in the year's list of sherry exporters; for he never spent more than half his income, and therefore found himself little incommoded by occasional variations in the total of it. I had never done any wrong that I knew of—beyond occasionally delaying the commitment to heart of some improving sentence, that I might watch a wasp on the window-pane,

[1] [§§ 13–17, part of § 18, and the whole of § 19 of this letter were used by Ruskin when writing *Præterita*, where they appear, without variation, as the latter part of § 48, and §§ 49–54 of vol. i. ch. ii. The part of § 18 not used in *Præterita* is the sentence "My present courses of life" to "Fairy Paribanou." The autobiographical notes are resumed in Letter 56, § 3 (p. 385).]

[2] [Compare the account of the quietude of Scott's house in Letter 33, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 612.)]

or a bird in the cherry tree; and I had never seen any grief.

14. Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, simply as a ship her helm; not only without idea of resistance, but receiving the direction as a part of my own life and force, and helpful law, as necessary to me in every moral action as the law of gravity in leaping. And my practice in Faith was soon complete: nothing was ever promised me that was not given; nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true.

Peace, obedience, faith; these three for chief good; next to these, the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind—on which I will not farther enlarge at this moment, this being the main practical faculty of my life, causing Mazzini to say of me, in conversation authentically reported, a year or two before his death, that I had "the most analytic mind in Europe." An opinion in which, so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur.[1]

Lastly, an extreme perfection in palate and all other bodily senses, given by the utter prohibition of cake, wine, comfits, or, except in carefullest restriction, fruit; and by fine preparation of what food was given me. Such I esteem the main blessings of my childhood;—next, let me count the equally dominant calamities.

15. First, that I had nothing to love.

My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon: only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out (how much, now, when both are darkened!); —still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with

[1] ["Quite seriously said, yet perfectly feeling the joke also to the full. Give as perfect example of the style of *Fors*."—*MS. note by Author in his copy.* For Mazzini, see also Letter 76, § 14 (Vol. XXIX. p. 96). He died in 1872.]

Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was ever allowed to do anything for me, but what it was their duty to do; and why should I have been grateful to the cook for cooking, or the gardener for gardening,—when the one dared not give me a baked potato without asking leave, and the other would not let my ants' nests alone, because they made the walks untidy! The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might perhaps have been expected, that I grew up selfish or unaffectionate; but that, when affection *did* come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage.

16. For (second of chief calamities) I had nothing to endure. Danger or pain of any kind I knew not: my strength was never exercised, my patience never tried, and my courage never fortified. Not that I was ever afraid of anything,—either ghosts, thunder, or beasts; and one of the nearest approaches to insubordination which I was ever tempted into as a child, was in passionate effort to get leave to play with the lion's cubs in Wombwell's menagerie.

17. Thirdly. I was taught no precision nor etiquette of manners; it was enough if, in the little society we saw, I remained unobtrusive, and replied to a question without shyness: but the shyness came later, and increased as I grew conscious of the rudeness arising from the want of social discipline, and found it impossible to acquire, in advanced life, dexterity in any bodily exercise, skill in any pleasing accomplishment, or ease and tact in ordinary behaviour.

18. Lastly, and chief of evils. My judgment of right and wrong, and powers of independent action,* were left

* *Action,* observe, I say here; in *thought* I was too independent, as I said above.

entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me. Children should have their times of being off duty, like soldiers; and when once the obedience, if required, is certain, the little creature should be very early put for periods of practice in complete command of itself; set on the barebacked horse of its own will, and left to break it by its own strength. But the ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its elements. My present courses of life are indeed not altogether of that compliant nature; but are, perhaps, more unaccommodating than they need be, in the insolence of reaction; and the result upon me, of the elements and the courses together, is, in sum, that at my present age of fifty-six, while I have indeed the sincerest admiration for the characters of Phocion,[1] Cincinnatus, and Caractacus, and am minded, so far as I may, to follow the example of those worthy personages, my own private little fancy, in which, for never having indulged me, I am always quarrelling with my Fortune, is still, as it always was, to find Prince Ahmed's arrow, and marry the Fairy Paribanou.[2]

19. My present verdict, therefore, on the general tenor of my education at that time, must be, that it was at once too formal and too luxurious; leaving my character, at the most important moment for its construction, cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous. My mother saw this herself, and but too clearly, in later years; and whenever I did anything wrong, stupid, or hard-hearted,—(and I have done many things that were all three),—always said, "It is because you were too much indulged."

20. So strongly do I feel this, as I sip my coffee this

[1] [With this reference to Phocion, compare Vol. XX. p. 357 and *n.*; and for similar references to Cincinnatus, see Vol. XVIII. p. 508, and *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iii. § 21.]

[2] [*Arabian Nights* ("History of Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Pari-Banou"). This sentence—"My present . . . Fairy Paribanou"—was omitted from the *Præterita* version.]

morning (May 24th), after being made profoundly miserable last night, because I did not think it likely I should be accepted if I made an offer to any one of three beautiful young ladies who were crushing and rending my heart into a mere shamrock leaf, the whole afternoon;[1] nor had any power to do, what I should have liked better still,[2] send Giafar (without Zobeide's knowing anything about it) to superintend the immediate transport to my palace of all three;[3]—that I am afraid, if it were left to me at present to institute, without help from kinder counsellors, the education of the younger children on St. George's estate, the methods of the old woman who lived in a shoe[4] would be the first that occurred to me as likely to conduce most directly to their future worth and felicity.

21. And I chanced, as Fors would have it, to fall, but last week, as I was arranging some books bought two years ago, and forgotten ever since,—on an instance of the use of extreme severity in education, which cannot but commend itself to the acceptance of every well-informed English gentlewoman. For all well-informed English gentlewomen and gentle-maidens, have faithful respect for the memory of Lady Jane Grey.

But I never myself, until the minute when I opened that book, could at all understand Lady Jane Grey. I have seen a great deal, thank Heaven, of good, and prudent, and clever girls; but not among the very best and wisest of them did I ever find the slightest inclination to stop indoors to read Plato, when all their people were in the Park. On the contrary, if any approach to such disposition manifested itself, I found it was always, either because the scholastic young person thought that somebody might possibly call, suppose—myself, the Roger Ascham of her

[1] [The three daughters of his friend, Alfred Tylor, with whom Ruskin was staying at Carshalton; for a later reference to them, see Letter 80, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 176).]

[2] [Compare Letter 91, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 445).]

[3] [*Arabian Nights* ("History of the Porter, the three Royal Calenders, and three Ladies of Bagdad").]

[4] [Foreign readers may here be referred to the note on p. 310.]

time,—or suppose somebody else who would prevent her, that day, from reading "piu avanti,"[1] or because the author who engaged her attention, so far from being Plato himself, was, in many essential particulars, anti-Platonic. And the more I thought of Lady Jane Grey, the more she puzzled me.

22. Wherefore, opening, among my unexamined books, Roger Ascham's *Scholemaster*, printed by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate, An. 1571, just at the page where he gives the original account of the thing as it happened, I stopped in my unpacking to decipher the black letter of it

> And one example, whether loue or feare doth worke more in a childe, for vertue and learning, I will gladly report: which may bee heard with some pleasure, & followed with more profite. Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leaue of that noble Lady Iane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parentes, the Duke and the Dutchesse, with all the household, Gentlemen and Gentlewemen, were hunting in the Parke: I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis in Greeke, & that with as much delite, as some gentleman would read a mery tale in Boccase. After salutation, and dutie done, with some other talke, I asked her, why shee would leese such pastime in the Parke: Smiling shee answered mee: I wisse, all their sport in the Parke, is but a shadow to that pleasure, ỳ I finde in Plato: Alas good folke, they neuer felt, what true pleasure ment.

with attention; which, by your leave, good reader, you shall also take the trouble to do yourself, from this, as far as I can manage to give it you, accurate facsimile of the old page.[2] And trust me that I have a reason for practising you in these old letters, though I have no time to tell it you just now.[3]

[1] [Dante, *Inferno*, v. 138:—

"In its leaves that day
We read no more" (Cary's translation).

The passage is quoted also in Vol. IV. p. 252 and Vol. VI. p. 453.]

[2] [The "old page" has hitherto been represented, not very accurately, by modern type. The actual page (11) in the British Museum's copy of the first edition is here facsimiled by photo-zincography.]

[3] [See below, Letters 61, § 9, and 64, § 16 (pp. 494, 573); 94, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 486).]

23. Thus far, except in the trouble of reading black letters, I have given you nothing new, or even freshly old. All this we have heard of the young lady a hundred times over. But next to this, comes something which I fancy will be unexpected by most of my readers. For the fashion of all literary students, catering for the public, has hitherto been to pick out of their author whatever bits they thought likely to be acceptable to Demos, and to keep everything of suspicious taste out of his dish of hashed hare. Nay, "he pares his apple that will cleanly eat," says honest George Herbert.[1] I am not wholly sure, however, even of that; if the apple itself be clean off the bough, and the teeth of little Eve and Adam, what teeth should be, it is quite questionable whether the good old fashion of alternate bite be not the method of finest enjoyment of flavour. But the modern frugivorous public will soon have a steam-machine in Covent Garden, to pick the straw out of their strawberries.

In accordance with which popular principle of natural selection, the historians of Lady Jane's life, finding this first opening of the scene at Brodegate so entirely charming and graceful, and virtuous, and moral, and ducal, and large-landed-estate-ish—without there being the slightest suggestion in it of any principle, to which anybody could possibly object,—pounce upon it as a flawless gem; and clearing from it all the objectional matrix, with delicate skill, set it forth—changed about from one to another of the finest cases of velvet eloquence to be got up for money—in the corner shop—London and Ryder's,[2] of the Bond Street of Vanity Fair.

24. But I, as an old mineralogist, like to see my gems in the rock; and always bring away the biggest piece I can break with the heaviest hammer I can carry. Accordingly,

[1] [*The Temple* ("The Church Porch," stanza xi.): "He pares his apple that will cleanly *feed*."]

[2] [For another reference to this well-known jeweller's shop, see *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 173.]

I venture to beg of you also, good reader, to decipher farther this piece of kindly Ascham's following narration:[1]—

> And how came you Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, & what did chefly allure you vnto it, seing not many women, but very fewe men haue attayned therevnto. I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will maruel at. One of the greatest benefites that euer God gaue me, is, that he sent me so sharpe and seuere parentes, and so gentle a schoolemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be mery, or sad, bee sowing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing els, I must doe it, as it were, in such weight, measure, & number, euen so perfectly, as God made the world, or ells I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatned, yea presently sometimes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other wayes, which I will not name, for the honor I beare the, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till time come, that I must goe to M. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such faire allurem&etilde;tes to learning, that I thinke all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called fro him, I fall on weeping, because, whatsoeuer I doe els, but learning, is full of greefe, trouble, feare, and whole misliking vnto me: And thus my booke, hath been so much my pleasure, & bringeth daily to me more pleasure & more, y in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles & troubles vnto me. I remember this talke gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, & because also it was the last talke that euer I had, and the last time, that euer I saw that noble & worthy Lady.

25. Now, for the clear understanding of this passage,—I adjure you, gentle reader (if you are such, and therefore capable of receiving adjuration)—in the name of St. George and all saints,—of Edward III. and all knights,—of Alice of

[1] [From pp. 11–12 of the first edition (1571) of *The Schole Master*, by Roger Ascham. This passage also (hitherto printed in modern type) is here given in facsimile by photographic process from the copy in the British Museum. Ruskin separated the last three lines ("I remember . . . worthy Lady") from the rest, by inserting the explanatory words: "Lady Jane ceases, Ascham speaks:"]

Salisbury and all stainless wives,[1] and of Jeanne of France and all stainless maids, that you put at once out of your mind, under penalty of sharpest Honte ban,[2] all such thought as would first suggest itself to the modern novel writer, and novel reader, concerning this matter,—namely, that the young girl is in love with her tutor. She loves him rightly, as all good and noble boys and girls necessarily love good masters,—and no otherwise;—is grateful to him rightly, and no otherwise;—happy with him and her book—rightly, and no otherwise.

And that her father and mother, with whatever leaven of human selfishness, or impetuous disgrace in the manner and violence of their dealing with her, did, nevertheless, compel their child to do all things that she did,—rightly, and no otherwise, was, verily, though at that age she knew it but in part,—the literally crowning and guiding Mercy of her life,—the platted thorn[3] upon the brow, and rooted thorn around the feet, which are the tribute of Earth to the Princesses of Heaven.

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 570-571 and *n.*]

[2] [The reference is, in connexion with Edward III. and Alice of Salisbury, to the motto of the Garter: under ban of "Honte" to him "qui mal y pense."]

[3] [The title to this Letter.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

26. The minds of many of the friends of Mr. Septimus Hansard appear to have been greatly exercised by my insertion of, and comments on, the newspaper paragraph respecting that gentleman's ministrations to the poor of London.[1]

I thought it unnecessary to take notice of the first communication which I received on the subject, from a fashionable lady, informing me, with much indignation, that Mr. Hansard had caught his fever in the West-End, not in the East; and had been sick in the best society. The following letter is of more importance, and its writer having accepted what he calls "my kind offer" to print it, I have no alternative, though he mistook, or rather misplaced, the real kindness of my private note, which lay in its recommendation to him,* *not* to accept the offer it made.

"135, Waterlow Buildings, Wilmott Street,
"Bethnal Green, E., *May* 14, 1875.

"Sir,—In your 49th Letter you say that we clergy are not priests, and cannot sacrifice. You also say that we are *wholly* responsible for, and the efficient causes of, horrible outrages on women. In your 51st Letter you speak of my friend and chief, Mr. Hansard, as being courageous, impulsive, and generous, but complacent, and living a life 'all aglow in vain'; and you compare him, in Bethnal Green, to a moth in candle-grease.

"I know that I, as a priest, am responsible for much wrong-doing; but I must claim you, and all who have failed to be *perfect* stewards of their material and spiritual property, as responsible with me and the rest of the clergy for the ignorance and crime of our fellow-countrymen.

"But I would ask you whether Mr. Hansard's life, even as you know it (and you don't know half the St. George-like work he has done and is doing), is not a proof that we *priests can and do sacrifice*;—that we can offer ourselves, our souls and bodies?

"Of course I agree with you and Mr. Lyttel that the preaching of 'Christ's life *instead* of our lives' is false and damnatory; but I am sorry that, instead of backing those who teach the true and salutary Gospel, you condemn us all alike, wholesale. I think you will find that you will want even our help to get the true Gospel taught.

"Allow me also to protest pretty strongly against my friends and neighbours here being compared to candle-grease. I fancy that on consideration, you would like to withdraw that parable; perhaps, even, you would like to make some kind

* At least, I think the terms of my letter might have been easily construed into such recommendation; I fear they were not as clear as they might have been.

[1] [See Letter 51, § 24 (p. 292).]

of reparation, by helping us, candle-grease-like Bethnal-greeners, to be better and happier.

"I am one of those clergymen spoken of in Letter 49, and 'honestly believe myself impelled to say and do'[1] many things by the Holy Ghost; and for that very reason I am bound to remember that you and other men are inspired also by the same Holy Ghost; and therefore to look out for and take any help which you and others choose to give me.

"It is because I have already received so much help from you that I write this letter.

"I am, yours faithfully,
"STEWART D. HEADLAM,
"Curate of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green.[2]

"To JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ., LL.D."

I at first intended to make no comments on this letter, but, as I re-read, find it so modestly fast in its temper, and so perilously loose in its divinity, as to make it my duty, while I congratulate the well-meaning—and, I doubt not, well-doing—writer, on his agreement with Mr. Lyttel that the preaching of "Christ's life, instead of our lives," is false and damnatory; also to observe to him that the sacrifice of our own bodies, instead of Christ's body, is an equally heretical, and I can assure him, no less dangerous, reformation of the Doctrine of the Mass. I beg him also to believe that I meant no disrespect to his friends and neighbours in comparing them to candle-grease. He is unaccustomed to my simple English, and would surely not have been offended if I had said, instead, "oil for the light"? If our chandlers, nowadays, never give us any so honest tallow as might fittingly be made the symbol of a Christian Congregation, is that my fault?

27. I feel, however, that I do indeed owe some apology to Mr. Hansard himself, to his many good and well-won friends, and especially to my correspondent, Mr. Lyttel, for reprinting the following article from a Birmingham paper—very imperfectly, I am sure, exemplifying the lustre produced by ecclesiastical labour in polishing what, perhaps, I shall again be held disrespectful, in likening to the Pewter, instead of the Grease, and Candlestick instead of Candle, of sacredly inflammable Religious Society.

"PROFESSOR RUSKIN ON THE CLERGY

"Not many years ago one might throw almost any calumny against the Church or her clergy without fear of contradiction or exposure. Happily, for the cause of truth and justice, those days are gone—unhappily, however, for the unfortunate individuals born too late for the safe indulgence of their spleen. Amongst these, we fear, must be reckoned Mr. Ruskin, the Oxford Professor of Fine Art. He issues monthly a pamphlet, entitled *Fors Clavigera*, being ostensibly 'Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain,' but the contents of which do not appear likely to edify that class, even if the price (tenpence) were not prohibitory. In the forty-ninth of these letters a furious and wholly unjustifiable attack is made upon the Church. No abuse is deemed too unjust or too coarse to bestow upon the clergy, and they are assailed in a tone of vituperation worthy of the last century.

[1] [See above, p. 238.]

[2] [And afterwards of other London parishes; for many years a member of the London School Board; a founder of the Church and Stage Guild.]

The Professor says that,* 'in general, any man's becoming a clergyman in these days implies that, at best, his sentiment has overpowered his intellect, and that, whatever the feebleness of the latter, the victory of his impertinent piety has been probably owing to its alliance with his conceit, and its promise to him of the gratification of being regarded as an oracle, without the trouble of becoming wise, or the grief of being so.' Much more there is in the same insolent strain, as if the Professor's head had been turned by the height of critical infallibility to which he has elevated himself, and from which he looks down with self-complacent scorn and arrogance upon all fallible humanity, clerical or lay. He concludes by appending 'a specimen of the conduct of the Saints to whom our English clergymen have delivered the Faith.' This specimen is afforded, according to Mr. Ruskin, in two cases of revolting and almost incredible barbarism, tried recently at Liverpool Assizes, in one of which an unoffending man was kicked to death by a gang of street ruffians, in the presence of an admiring crowd; and in the other case, a drunken female tramp, drenched with the rain, was taken into a field and outraged by half-a-dozen youths, after which they left her, and she was found there next day dead. We need not enter into the details of these cases, which were given fully enough at the time; suffice it to say that in the records of no age or nation will any tales be found surpassing these two in savagery of mind and body, and in foulness of heart and soul. And what is Mr. Ruskin's reason for resuscitating the memory of these horrors? What is the explanation that he has to give of them? What is the judgment that he has to pass upon them? Let our readers behold it for themselves in his own words:—'The clergy may vainly exclaim against being made responsible for this state of things. They, and chiefly their Bishops, are wholly responsible for it; nay, are efficiently the causes of it, preaching a false gospel for hire.' These words have the one merit of being perfectly plain. Mr. Ruskin does not insinuate his vile charge by any indirect hints or roundabout verbiage, but expresses his infamous meaning as unambiguously as possible. The clergy, he says, are 'wholly responsible' for the murders and rapes which horrify us, which, indeed, they 'efficiently cause'; and the chiefs of these incarnate fiends are the Bishops.

"This very intemperate attack elicited a few temperate remarks from one of the maligned class. The Rev. E. Z. Lyttel, of Werrington, near Peterborough, wrote to Mr. Ruskin thus:—'I have been reading your words to my conscience, but is it my unconscious hypocrisy, my self-conceit, or my sentiment overpowering intellect which hinders me from hearing the word *Guilty?* The Gospel I endeavour with all my might to preach and embody is this—Believe on, be persuaded by, the Lord Jesus Christ; let His life rule your lives, and you shall be safe and sound now and everlastingly. Is this a false Gospel preached for hire? If not, what other Gospel do you refer to?' Mr. Lyttel seems to have thought that the charge brought against himself and his clerical brethren of causing murders and rapes was too gross for notice, or too intoxicated to merit denial. He contented himself with the foregoing very mild reply, which, however, proved adequate to the occasion which called it forth. Mr. Lyttel was recently curate of St. Barnabas, in this town, and has also held a curacy in London. His personal experience gives him a claim to be heard when he assures the Professor that he *knows* that the morality of the parishes with which he is best acquainted has been made better, and not worse, by the self-sacrificing efforts of the clergy. It is also pointed out that while Mr. Ruskin has been freely travelling about in the enjoyment of beautiful scenery and fresh air, Mr. Lyttel and other clergymen have been occupied from day to day in stuffy rooms, in crowded parishes, amongst ignorant and immoral people. And whilst this censorious Oxford luminary makes a great fuss about getting paid

* I permit the waste of type, and, it may well be, of my reader's patience, involved in reprinting (instead of merely referring to) the quoted passages and letter, lest it should be thought that I wished to evade the points, or, by interruption, deaden the eloquence, of the Birmingham article.

for *Fors Clavigera* and his other writings, Mr. Lyttel hints that surely the clergy should be paid for their teachings too, being quite equally worthy of their hire.

"Our ex-townsman has so effectually disposed of the Professor's charges, that there is no need to endeavour to answer them further. We have only noticed them so far in order to show our readers the extent to which hatred of the Church becomes a craze with some persons, otherwise estimable no doubt, whose judgment is for the time swept away by passion. That there is no pleasing such persons is the more apparent from Mr. Ruskin's curious comments upon the well-known story of the Rev. Septimus Hansard, the rector of Bethnal Green, who has caught the small-pox, the typhus fever, and the scarlet fever, on three several occasions* in the discharge of his pastoral duties among the sick poor. When he fell down in his pulpit with the small-pox, he at once said he would go to an hospital, but refused to enter the cab which his friends called, lest he should infect it; and, a hearse happening to pass, he went in it—a fine instance of courage and self-devotion. Mr. Hansard's stipend is five hundred a year, out of which he has to pay two curates. And what has Mr. Ruskin to say to this? Surely this must command his fullest sympathy, admiration, and approval? Far from it. His snarling comment is as follows:—'I am very sure that while he was saving one poor soul in Bethnal he was leaving ten rich souls to be damned at Tyburn, each of which would damn a thousand or two more by their example or neglect.' This peculiar mode of argument has the merit of being available under all circumstances; for, of course, if Mr. Hansard's parish had happened to be Tyburn instead of Bethnal, Mr. Ruskin would have been equally ready with the glib remark that while the rector was saving one rich soul to Tyburn, he was leaving ten poor souls to destruction in Bethnal. Are we to understand that Mr. Ruskin thinks Mr. Hansard ought to be able to be in two places at once, or are we to shrug our shoulders and say that some persons are hard to please? The heroism of self-sacrifice Mr. Ruskin considers to be a waste and a mistake. Mr. Hansard's life has all, says the Professor, 'been but one fit of scarlet fever—and all aglow in vain.' That noble-minded men should devote themselves to the noblest work of the Church for the love of Christ, and of those for whom He died, is apparently beyond Mr. Ruskin's conception. Love of sensation, he says, is the cause of it all. 'Sensation *must* be got out of death, or darkness, or frightfulness. . . . And the culmination of the black business is that the visible misery drags and beguiles to its help all the enthusiastic simplicity of the religious young, and the honest strength of the really noble type of English clergymen, and swallows them, as Charybdis would life-boats. Courageous and impulsive men, with just sense enough to make them soundly practical, and therefore complacent, in immediate business, but not enough to enable them to see what the whole business comes to when done, are sure to throw themselves desperately into the dirty work, and die like lively moths in candle-grease.' We have read philosophy something like the above extract elsewhere before, and we think the philosopher's name was Harold Skimpole. What the gospel is with which Mr. Ruskin proposes to supplant Christianity and to regenerate the world, we do not know. A gospel of this tone, however, published in tenpenny instalments, is not likely ever to reach the hands of the workmen and labourers of Great Britain, much less their hearts."

With this interesting ebullition, shall we call it, of Holy Water, or beautiful explosion,—perhaps, more accurately,—of Holy Steam, in one of our great manufacturing centres, a very furnace, it would appear, of

* Birmingham accepts, with the child-like confidence due by one able Editor to another, the report of Brighton.[1] But all Mr. Hansard's friends are furious with me for "spreading it"; and I beg at once, on their authority, to contradict it in all essential particulars; and to apologize to Mr. Hansard for ever having suspected him of such things.

[1] [See above, p. 292.]

heart-felt zeal for the Church, I wish I could at once compare a description of the effects of similar zeal for the—Chapel, given me in a letter just received from Wakefield, for which I sincerely thank my correspondent, and will assume, unless I hear further from him, his permission to print a great part of said letter in next *Fors*.[1]

28. My more practical readers may perhaps be growing desperate, at the continued non-announcement of advance in my main scheme. But the transference to the St. George's Company of the few acres of land hitherto offered us, cannot be effected without the establishment of the society on a legal basis, which I find the most practised counsel slow in reducing to terms such as the design could be carried out upon. The form proposed shall, however, without fail, be submitted to the existing members of the Company in my next letter.[2]

[1] [See Letters 55, § 9, and 57, § 10 (pp. 380, 409).]
[2] [See Letter 55, § 7 (p. 376).]

LETTER 55

THE WOODS OF MURI[1]

1. No more letters, at present, reaching me, from clergymen, I use the breathing-time permitted me, to express more clearly the meaning of my charge,—left in its brevity obscure,—that, as a body, they "teach a false gospel for hire."[2]

It is obscure, because associating two charges quite distinct. The first, that, whether for hire or not, they preach a false gospel. The second, that, whether they preach truth or falsehood, they preach as hirelings.

It will be observed that the three clergymen who have successively corresponded with me—Mr. Tipple, Mr. Lyttel, and Mr. Headlam[3]—have every one, for their own part, eagerly repudiated the doctrine of the Eleventh Article of the Church of England.[4] Nevertheless, the substance of that article assuredly defines the method of salvation commonly announced at this day from British pulpits; and the effect of this supremely pleasant and supremely false gospel, on the British mind, may be best illustrated by the reply, made only the other day, by a dishonest, but sincerely religious, commercial gentleman, to an acquaintance of mine, who had expressed surprise that he should come to church after doing the things he was well known to do: "Ah, my friend, my standard is just the publican's."[5]

[1] [See below, § 5.]
[2] [See Letter 49, § 20 (p. 252).]
[3] [See Notes and Correspondence, Letters 51, 52, 53, 54 (pp. 287, 311, 335, 358).]
[4] [The Article is quoted below, Letter 56, § 22 (p. 398).]
[5] [See Luke xviii. 13.]

In the second place, while it is unquestionably true that many clergymen are doing what Mr. Headlam complacently points out their ability to do,—sacrificing, to wit, themselves, their souls, and bodies (not that I clearly understand what a clergyman means by sacrificing his soul), without any thought of temporal reward; this preaching of Christ has, nevertheless, become an acknowledged Profession, and means of livelihood for gentlemen: and the Simony of to-day differs only from that of apostolic times, in that, while the elder Simon thought the gift of the Holy Ghost worth a considerable offer in ready money,[1] the modern Simon would on the whole refuse to accept the same gift of the Third Person of the Trinity, without a nice little attached income, a pretty church, with a steeple restored by Mr. Scott,[2] and an eligible neighbourhood.[3]

2. These are the two main branches of the charge I meant to gather into my short sentence; and to these I now further add, that in defence of this Profession, with its pride, privilege, and more or less roseate repose of domestic felicity,[4] extremely beautiful and enviable in country parishes, the clergy, as a body, have, with what energy and power was in them, repelled the advance both of science and scholarship, so far as either interfered with what they had been accustomed to teach; and connived at every abuse in public and private conduct, with which they felt it would be considered uncivil, and feared it might ultimately prove unsafe, to interfere.

And that, therefore, seeing that they were put in charge to preach the Gospel of Christ, and have preached a false gospel instead of it; and seeing that they were put in charge to enforce the Law of Christ, and have permitted license instead of it, they are answerable, as no other men

[1] [Acts viii. 18, 19.]
[2] [For Gilbert Scott, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 190, 290.]
[3] [For other references to Simony, see *Letters to Faunthorpe*, vol. ii. pp. 48–51 (reprinted in a later volume).]
[4] [For a passage in illustration of this phrase, see Letter 57, §§ 11, 12 (pp. 414–416).]

are answerable, for the existing "state of things"[1] in this British nation,—a state now recorded in its courts of justice as productive of crimes respecting which the Birmingham Defender of the Faith himself declares that "in the records of no age or nation will any tales be found surpassing these in savagery of mind and body, and in foulness of heart and soul."[2]

3. Answerable, as no other men are, I repeat; and entirely disdain my correspondent Mr. Headlam's attempt to involve me, or any other layman, in his responsibility. He has taken on himself the office of teacher. Mine is a painter's; and I am plagued to death by having to teach *instead* of him, and his brethren,—silent, they, for fear of their congregations! Which of them, from least to greatest, dares, for instance, so much as to tell the truth to women about their dress? Which of them has forbidden his feminine audience to wear fine bonnets in church? Do they think the dainty garlands are wreathed round the studiously dressed hair, because a woman "should have power on her head because of the angels"?[3] Which of them understands that text?—which of them enforces it? Dares the boldest ritualist order his women-congregation to come all with white napkins over their heads, rich and poor alike, and have done with their bonnets? What! "You cannot order"? You could say you wouldn't preach if you saw one bonnet in the church, couldn't you? "But everybody would say you were mad." Of course they would—and that the devil was in you. "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of His household?" but now that "all men speak well of you,"[4] think you the Son of Man will speak the same?

And you, and especially your wives (as is likely!) are very angry with me, I hear, on all hands;—and think me

[1] [See above, p. 252.]
[2] [See Letter 54, § 27 (p. 360).]
[3] [1 Corinthians xi. 10.]
[4] [Matthew x. 25; Luke vi. 26.]

hostile to you. As well might a carter asleep on his shafts accuse me of being his enemy for trying to wake him; or his master's enemy, because I would fain not see the cart in the ditch. Nay, this notable paragraph[1] which has given Mr. Hansard's friends so much offence, was credited and printed by me, because I thought it one of the noblest instances I had ever heard of energy and unselfishness; and though, of all the sects of ecclesiastics, for my own share, I most dislike and distrust the so-called Evangelical,[2] I took the picture of Swiss life, which was meant to stand for a perfect and true one, from the lips of an honest vicar of that persuasion.

4. Which story, seeing that it has both been too long interrupted, and that its entire lesson bears on what I have to say respecting the ministrations of Felix Neff,[3] I will interrupt my too garrulous personal reminiscences by concluding, in this letter, from that of March, 1874.[4]

The old cart went again as well as ever; and "he could never have believed," said Hansli, "that a cart could have taken itself up so, and become so extremely changed for the better. That might be an example to many living creatures."

More than one young girl, however, in her own secret heart reproached Hansli for his choice—saying to herself that she would have done for him quite as well. "If she had thought he had been in such a hurry, she could have gone well enough, too, to put herself on his road, and prevented him from looking at that rubbishy rag of a girl. She never could have thought Hansli was such a goose,—he, who might easily have married quite differently, if he had had the sense to choose. As sure as the carnival was coming, he would repent before he got to it. All the worse for *him*—it's his own fault: as one makes one's bed, one lies in it."

But Hansli had not been a goose at all, and never found anything to repent of. He had a little wife who was just the very thing he wanted, —a little, modest, busy wife, who made him as happy as if he had married Heaven itself in person.

It is true that she didn't long help Hansli to pull the cart: he soon found himself obliged to go in the shafts alone again; but, aussi,[5] once he

[1] [Letter 49, § 20: see above, § 1.]

[2] [Compare Letter 30, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 546), and the other passages there noted.]

[3] [See below, p. 374; and compare, above, Letter 52, § 24 (p. 311).]

[4] [Letter 39, § 9 (p. 60). The original of the present passage is in Gotthelf's *Gesammette Werke*, 1856, vol. ix. pp. 363–374 (the end of the story).]

[5] ["*Aussi* untranslatable": see Letter 30, § 5 *n.* (Vol. XXVII. p. 550).]

saw he had a mustard,* he consoled himself. "What a fellow!" said he, examining him. "In a wink, he'll be big enough to help me himself." And, thereupon, away he went with his cart, all alone, without finding any difference.

It is true that in a very little while his wife wanted to come again to help him. "If only we make a little haste to get back," said she, "the little one can wait well enough—besides that the grandmother can give him something to drink while we are away." But the mustard himself was not of their mind, and soon made them walk in his own fashion. They made all the haste they could to get home—but before they were within half a league of their door, the wife cried out, "Mercy! what's that?" "That" was a shrill crying like a little pig's when it is being killed. "Mercy on us, what is it,—what's the matter!" cried she; and left the cart, and ran off at full speed: and there, sure enough, was the grandmother, whom the little thing's cries had put into a dreadful fright lest it should have convulsions, and who could think of nothing better than to bring it to meet mamma. The heavy boy, the fright, and the run, had put the old woman so out of breath that it was really high time for somebody to take the child. She was almost beside herself; and it was ever so long before she could say, "No—I won't have him alone any more: in my life I never saw such a little wretch: I had rather come and draw the cart."

These worthy people thus learned what it is to have a tyrant in one's house, little one though he be. But all that didn't interrupt their household ways. The little wife found plenty to do staying at home; gardening, and helping to make the brooms. Without ever hurrying anything, she worked without ceasing, and was never tired,—so easily things ran under her hand. Hansli was all surprise to find he got along so well with a wife; and to find his purse growing fatter so fast. He leased a little field; and the grandmother saw a goat in it; presently two. He would not hear of a donkey, but arranged with the miller, when he went to the town, to carry some of his brooms for him; which, it is true, skimmed off a little of the profit, and that vexed Hansli, who could not bear the smallest kreutzer to escape him. But his life soon became quite simple and continuous. The days followed each other like the waves of a river, without much difference between one and another. Every year grew new twigs to make brooms with. Every year, also, without putting herself much about, his wife gave him a new baby. She brought it, and planted it there. Every day it cried a little,—every day it grew a little; and, in a turn of the hand, it was of use for something. The grandmother said that, old as she was, she had never seen anything like it. It was, for all the world, she said, like the little cats, which at six weeks old, catch mice. And all these children were really like so many blessings—the more there came, the more money one made. Very soon—only think of it—the grandmother saw a cow arrive. If she had not with her own eyes seen Hansli pay for it, it would have been almost impossible to make her believe that he had not stolen it. If the poor old woman had lived two

* Moutard—not -arde; but I can't give better than this English for it.[1]

[1] [In the German, "Aber als einmal ein Bube da war, tröstete er sich."]

years more,* she would even have seen Hansli become himself the owner of the little cottage in which she had lived so long, with forest right which gave him more wood than he wanted; and ground enough to keep a cow and two sheep, which are convenient things enough, when one has children who wear worsted stockings.

(Upon all that,† Hansli certainly owed a good deal, but it was well-placed money, and no one would ask him for it, as long as he paid the interest to the day; for the rest, "if God lent him life, these debts did not trouble him," said he.) He might then learn that the first kreutzers are the most difficult to save. There's always a hole they are running out at, or a mouth to swallow them. But when once one has got to the point of having no more debts, and is completely set on one's legs, then things begin to go!—the very ground seems to grow under your feet,—everything profits more and more,—the rivulet becomes a river, and the gains become always easier and larger: on one condition, nevertheless, that one shall change nothing in one's way of life. For it is just then that new needs spring out of the ground like mushrooms on a dunghill, if not for the husband, at least for the wife,—if not for the parents, at least for the children. A thousand things seem to become necessary of which we had never thought; and we are ashamed of ever so many others, which till then had not given us the smallest concern; and we exaggerate the value of what we have, because once we had nothing; and our own value, because we attribute our success to ourselves,—and,—one changes one's way of life, and expenses increase, and labour lessens, and the haughty spirit goes before the fall.

It was not so with Hansli. He continued to live and work just the same; and hardly ever spent anything at the inn; aussi, he rejoiced all the more to find something hot ready for him when he came home; and did honour to it. Nothing was changed in him, unless that his strength for work became always greater, little by little; and his wife had the difficult art of making the children serve themselves, each, according to its age,—not with many words neither; and she herself scarcely knew how.

A pedagogue would never have been able to get the least explanation of it from her. Those children took care of each other, helped their father to make his brooms, and their mother in her work about the house; none of them had the least idea of the pleasures of doing nothing, nor of dreaming or lounging about; and yet not one was overworked, or neglected. They shot up like willows by a brookside, full of vigour and gaiety. The parents had no time for idling with them, but the children none the less knew their love, and saw how pleased they were when their little ones did their work well. Their parents prayed with them: on Sundays the

* Fate, and the good novelist, thus dismiss poor grandmamma in a passing sentence,—just when we wanted her so much to live a little longer, too! But that is Fors's way, and Gotthelf knows it. A bad novelist would have made her live to exactly the proper moment, and then die in a most instructive manner, and with pathetic incidents and speeches which would have filled a chapter.

† This paragraph implies, of course, the existence of all modern abuses,—the story dealing only with the world as it is.

father read them a chapter which he explained afterwards as well as he could, and on account of that also the children were full of respect for him, considering him as the father of the family who talks with God Himself (and who will tell Him when children disobey *). The degree of respect felt by children for their parents depends always on the manner in which the parents bear themselves to God. Why do not all parents reflect more on this ? †

Nor was our Hansli held in small esteem by other people, any more than by his children. He was so decided and so sure; words full of good sense were plenty with him; honourable in everything, he never set himself up for rich, nor complained of being poor; so that many a pretty lady would come expressly into the kitchen, when she heard that the broom-merchant was there, to inform herself how things went in the country, and how such and such a matter was turning out. Nay, in many of the houses he was trusted to lay in their winter provisions, a business which brought him many a bright batz. The Syndic's wife at Thun, herself, often had a chat with him; it had become, so to speak, really a pressing need with her to see him at Thun every Saturday; and when she was talking to him, it had happened, not once nor twice, that M. the Syndic himself had been obliged to wait for an answer to something he had asked his wife. After all, a Syndic's wife may surely give herself leave to talk a little according to her own fancy, once a week.

One fine day, however, it was the Saturday at Thun, and there was not in all the town a shadow of the broom-merchant. Thence, aussi, great emotion, and grave faces. More than one maid was on the door-steps, with her arms akimbo, leaving quietly upstairs in the kitchen the soup and the meat to agree with each other as best they might.

"You haven't seen him then?—have you heard nothing of him?"—asked they, one of the other. More than one lady ran into her kitchen, prepared to dress ‡ her servant well, from head to foot, because she hadn't been told when the broom-merchant was there. But she found no servant there, and only the broth boiling over. Madame the Syndic herself got disturbed; and interrogated, first her husband, and then the gendarme. And as they knew nothing, neither the one nor the other, down she went into the low town herself, in person, to inquire after her broom-merchant. She was quite out of brooms—and the year's house-cleaning was to be done next week—and now no broom-merchant—je vous demande! § And truly enough, no broom-merchant appeared; and during all the week there was a feeling of want in the town, and an enormous disquietude the next

* A minute Evangelical fragment—dubitable enough.

† Primarily, because it is untrue. The respect of a child for its parent depends on the parent's own personal character; and not at all, irrespective of that, on his religious behaviour. Which the practical good sense of the reverend novelist presently admits.

‡ We keep the metaphor in the phrase, to "give a dressing," but the short verb is better.[1]

§ Untranslatable.[2]

[1] [In the German, "wollte der Köchin abputzen."]
[2] [In the German, "man solle denken."]

Saturday. Will he come? Won't he come? He came, in effect; and if he had tried to answer all the questions put to him, would not have got away again till the next week. He contented himself with saying to everybody that "he had been obliged to go to the funeral."

"Whose funeral?" asked Madame the Syndic, from whom he could not escape so easily.

"My sister's," answered the broom-merchant.

"Who was she? and when did they bury her?" Madame continued to ask.

The broom-merchant answered briefly, but frankly: aussi Madame the Syndic cried out all at once—

"Mercy on us!—are you the brother of that servant-girl there's been such a noise about, who turned out at her master's death to have been his wife,—and had all his fortune left to her, and died herself soon afterwards?"

"It is precisely so," answered Hansli, dryly.*

"But—goodness of Heaven!" cried Madame the Syndic, "you inherit fifty thousand crowns at least,—and behold you still running over the country with your brooms!"

"Why not?" said Hansli; "I haven't got that money, yet; and I'm not going to let go my sparrow in the hand for a pigeon on the tiles."

"Pigeon on the tiles, indeed!" said Madame,—"why, we were speaking of it only this morning—I and M. the Syndic; and he said the thing was perfectly sure, and the money came all to the brother."

"Ah, well, my faith, so much the better," said Hansli; "but about what I called to ask,—must you have the brooms in eight days, or fifteen?"

"Ah, bah—you and your brooms!" cried Madame the Syndic; "come in, will you?—I want to see how wide Monsieur will open his eyes!"

"But, Madame, I am a little hurried to-day; it's a long way home from here, and the days are short."

"Long or short, come in, always," said Madame imperatively,—and Hansli had nothing for it but to obey.

She did not take him into the kitchen, but into the dining-room; sent her maid to tell Monsieur that Hansli was there,—ordered up a bottle of wine,—and forced Hansli to sit down, in spite of his continued protesting that he had no time, and that the days were short. But in a wink the Monsieur was there, sat down at the table also, and drank to Hansli's health and happiness; requiring him at the same time to explain how that had all happened.

"Ah, well, I'll tell you in two words,—it is not long. As soon as she had been confirmed, my sister went into the world to look for work. She got on from place to place, and was much valued, it seems. As for us at home, she occupied herself little about us: only came to see us twice, in all the time; and, since my mother died, not at all. I have met her at

* It was unworthy of Gotthelf to spoil his story by this vulgar theatrical catastrophe; and his object (namely, to exhibit the character of Hansli in riches as well as poverty) does not justify him; for, to be an example to those in his own position, Hansli should have remained in it. We will, however, take what good we can get; several of the points for the sake of which I have translated the whole story, are in this part of it.

Berne, it is true; but she never asked me to come and see where she lived,—only bid me salute the wife and children, and said she would soon come, but she never did. It is true she was not long at Berne, but was much out at service in the neighbouring chateaux, and in French Switzerland, from what I hear. She had busy blood, and a fanciful head, which never could stay long in the same place: but, with that, well-conducted and proof-faithful;* and one might trust her fearlessly with anything. At last there came a report that she had married a rich old gentleman, who did that to punish his relations, with whom he was very angry; but I didn't much believe it, nor much think about it. And then, all of a sudden, I got word that I must go directly to my sister if I wanted to see her alive, and that she lived in the country by Morat. So I set out, and got there in time to see her die; but was not able to say much to her. As soon as she was buried, I came back as fast as I could. I was in a hurry to get home, for since I first set up house I had never lost so much time about the world."

"What's that?—lost so much time, indeed!" cried Madame the Syndic. "Ah, nonsense;—with your fifty thousand crowns, are you going to keep carrying brooms about the country?"

"But very certainly, Madame the Syndic," said Hansli, "I only half trust the thing; it seems to me impossible I should have so much. After all, they say it can't fail; but be it as it will, I shall go on living my own life: so that if there comes any hitch in the business, people shan't be able to say of me, 'Ah, he thought himself already a gentleman, did he? Now he's glad to go back to his cart!' But if the money really comes to me, I shall leave my brooms, though not without regret; but it would all the same, then, make the world talk and laugh if I went on; and I would not have that."

"But that fortune is in safe hands,—it runs no danger?" asked M. the Syndic.

"I think so," said Hansli. "I promised some money to the man, if the heritage really came to me; then he got angry, and said, 'If it's yours, you'll have it; and if it isn't, money won't get it: for the expenses and taxes, you'll have the account in proper time and place.' Then I saw the thing was well placed; and I can wait well enough, till the time's up."

"But, in truth," said Madame the Syndic, "I can't understand such a sangfroid! One has never seen the like of that in Israel. That would make me leap out of my skin, if I was your wife."

"You had better not," said Hansli, "at least until you have found somebody able to put you into it again."

This sangfroid, and his carrying on his business, reconciled many people to Hansli; who were not the less very envious of him: some indeed thought him a fool, and wanted to buy the succession of him, declaring he would get nothing out of it but lawsuits.

"What would you have?" said Hansli. "In this world, one is sure of nothing. It will be time to think of it if the affair gets into a mess."

* "Fidèle à toute épreuve."[1]

[1] [In the German, "besunderbar treu und fromm."]

But the affair got into nothing of the sort. Legal time expired, he got invitation to Berne, when all difficulties were cleared away.

When his wife saw him come back so rich, she began, first, to cry; and then, to scream.

So that Hansli had to ask her, again and again, what was the matter with her, and whether anything had gone wrong.

"Ah, now," said his wife, at last,—(for she cried so seldom, that she had all the more trouble to stop, when once she began),—"Ah, now, you will despise me, because you are so rich, and think that you would like to have another sort of wife than me. I've done what I could, to this day; but now I'm nothing but an old rag.* If only I was already six feet under ground!"

Thereupon Hansli sat himself down in his arm-chair, and said:

"Wife, listen. Here are now nearly thirty years that we have kept house; and thou knowest, what one would have, the other would have, too. I've never once beaten thee, and the bad words we may have said to each other would be easily counted. Well, wife, I tell thee, do not begin to be ill-tempered now, or do anything else than you have always done. Everything must remain between us as in the past. This inheritance does not come from me; nor from thee: but from the good God, for us two, and for our children. And now, I advise thee, and hold it for as sure a thing as if it were written in the Bible, if you speak again of this to me but once, be it with crying, or without, I will give thee a beating with a new rope, such as that they may hear thee cry from here to the Lake of Constance. Behold what is said: now do as thou wilt."

It was resolute speaking; much more resolute than the diplomatic notes between Prussia and Austria. The wife knew where she was, and did not recommence her song. Things remained between them as they had been. Before abandoning his brooms, Hansli gave a turn of his hand to them, and made a present of a dozen to all his customers, carrying them to each in his own person. He has repeated many a time since, and nearly always with tears in his eyes, that it was a day he could never forget, and that he never would have believed people loved him so.

Farming his own land, he kept his activity and simplicity, prayed and worked as he had always done; but he knew the difference between a farmer and a broom-seller, and did honour to his new position as he had to his old one. He knew well, already, what was befitting in a farmer's house, and did now for others as he had been thankful to have had done for himself.

The good God spared both of them to see their sons-in-law happy in their wives, and their daughters-in-law full of respect and tenderness for their husbands; and were they yet alive this day, they would see what deep roots their family had struck in their native land, because it has remained faithful to the vital germs of domestic life; the love of work; and religion: foundation that cannot be overthrown, unmoved by mocking chance, or wavering winds.

* "Patraque,"—machine out of repair, and useless.[1]

[1] [In the German, "Ein alter Kratten."]

5. I have no time, this month, to debate any of the debatable matters in this story, though I have translated it that we may together think of them as occasion serves.[1] In the meantime, note that the heads of question are these:—

(I.) (Already suggested in § 8 of my letter for March, 1874.[2]) What are the relative dignities and felicities of affection, in simple and gentle loves? How far do you think the regard existing between Hansli and his wife may be compared, for nobleness and delight, to Sir Philip Sidney's regard for—his neighbour's wife;[3] or the relations between Hansli and his sister, terminating in the brief "was not able to say much to her," comparable to those between Sidney and his sister, terminating in the completion of the brother's Psalter by the sister's indistinguishably perfect song?[4]

(II.) If there be any difference, and you think the gentle hearts have in anywise the better,—how far do you think this separation between gentle and simple inevitable? Suppose Sir Philip, for instance—among his many accomplishments—had been also taught the art of making brooms,—(as indeed I doubt not but his sister knew how to use them,)—and time had thus been left to the broom-makers of his day for the fashioning of sonnets? or the reading of more literature than a "chapitre" on the Sunday afternoons? Might such—not "division" but "collation"—of labour have bettered both their lives?

(III.) Or shall we rather be content with the apparent law of nature that there shall be divine Astrophels[5] in the intellectual heaven, and peaceful earthly glow-worms on the banks below; or even—on the Evangelical theory of human nature—worms without any glow? And shall we be content to see our broom-makers' children, at the best, growing

[1] [This, however, was not done.]
[2] [Letter 39: see p. 54.]
[3] [See Letter 35, §§ 4 and 7 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 651, 654).]
[4] [On this subject, see *Rock Honeycomb*.]
[5] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 654.]

up as willows by the brook[1]—or in the simplest and innumerablest crowd, as rushes in a marsh;—so long as they have wholesome pith and sufficing strength to be securely sat upon in rush-bottomed chairs; while their masters' and lords' children grow as roses on the mount of Sharon, and untoiling lilies in the vales of Lebanon?[2]

(IV.) And even if we admit that the lives at Penshurst,[3] and by the woods of Muri,[4] though thus to be kept separate, are yet, each in their manner, good, how far is the good of either of them dependent merely, as our reverend Novelist tells us, on "work" (with lance or willow wand) and "religion," or how far on the particular circumstances and landscape of Kent and Canton Berne,—while, in other parts of England and Switzerland, less favourably conditioned, the ministration of Mr. Septimus Hansard and Mr. Felix Neff[5] will be always required, for the mitigation of the deeper human misery,—meditation on which is to make our sweet English ladies comfortable in nursing their cats?

6. Leaving the first two of these questions to the reader's thoughts, I will answer the last two for him;—The extremities of human degradation are not owing to natural causes; but to the habitual preying upon the labour of the poor by the luxury of the rich; and they are only encouraged and increased by the local efforts of religious charity. The clergy can neither absolve the rich from their sins, for money—nor release them from their duties, for love. Their business is not to soothe, by their saintly and distant example, the soft moments of cat-nursing; but sternly to forbid cat-nursing, till no child is left unnursed. And if this true discipline of the Church were carried out, and the larger body of less saintly clerical gentlemen, and *In*felix Neffs, who now dine with the rich and preach to the poor, were accustomed, on the contrary, to dine with the poor

[1] [See Ezekiel xvii. 5.]
[2] [Canticles ii. 1; Matthew vi. 28.]
[3] [The home of Sir Philip Sidney and his sister.]
[4] [See Letter 39, § 8 (p. 54). The title to this letter.]
[5] [See above, for Mr. Hansard, pp. 292, 358; for Felix Neff, p. 311.]

and preach to the rich; though still the various passions and powers of the several orders would remain where the providence of Heaven placed them—and the useful reed and useless rose would still bind the wintry waters with their border, and brighten the May sunshine with their bloom,—for each, their happy being would be fulfilled in peace in the garden of the world; and the glow, if not of immortal, at least of sacredly bequeathed, life, and endlessly cherished, memory, abide even within its chambers of the tomb.

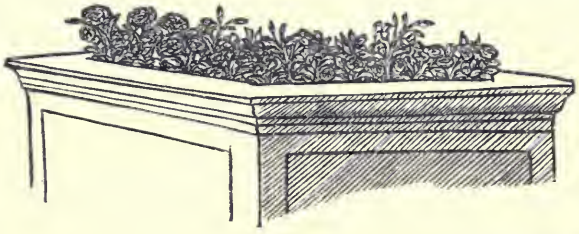

Fig. 4

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

7. (I.) I PUBLISH the following legal documents—the first articles for which I have to expend any of St. George's money,—intact: venturing not so much as the profanity of punctuation. The Memorandum is drawn up by one of our leading counsel, from my sketch of what I wanted. The points on which it may need some modification are referred to in my added notes; and I now invite farther criticism or suggestion from the subscribers to the Fund.

"2, BOND COURT, WALBROOK, LONDON, E.C.,
"*June 15th*, 1875.

"ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

"DEAR SIR,—According to the promise in our Mr. Tarrant's letter of the 11th, we now beg to send you what Mr. William Barber,[1] after reading your sketch, has approved of as the written fundamental laws of the Company,—though we shall be quite prepared to find that some alterations in it are still necessary to express your views correctly.

"We are,
"Dear Sir,
"Yours faithfully,
"TARRANT & MACKRELL.

"PROFESSOR RUSKIN, CORPUS CH. COLL., OXFORD."

MEMORANDUM AND STATUTES OF THE COMPANY OF ST. GEORGE[2]

The Company is constituted with the object of determining and instituting in practice the wholesome laws of agricultural life and economy and of instructing the agricultural labourer in the science art and literature of good husbandry. (*a*)

With this object it is proposed to acquire by gift purchase or otherwise plots or tracts of land in different parts of the country which will be brought into such state of cultivation or left uncultivated or turned into waste or common land and applied to such purposes as having regard to the nature of the soil and other surrounding circumstances may in each case be thought to be most generally useful.

The members of the Company shall be styled Companions of the Company of St. George (*b*) Any person may become a Companion by

[1] [Mr. William Barber, K.C., afterwards County Court Judge in Derbyshire, was perhaps the best known real property lawyer of his time.]

[2] [For the ultimate form of the "Memorandum," see Vol. XXX.]

subscribing not less than £ in money to the funds of the Company or by making a gift to the Company of land not less than £ in value (*c*) and by having his name entered on the Roll of Companions with due solemnity.

The name of every Companion shall be entered on the Roll of Companions either by himself in the presence of two witnesses of full age who shall attest such entry or if the Companion shall so desire by the Master of the Company with the same formalities The Roll of Companions shall be kept in safe custody within the Walls of the College of Corpus Christi in Oxford or at such other safe and commodious place as the Companions shall from time to time direct.

Each Companion shall by virtue of the entry of his name on the Roll be deemed to have bound himself by a solemn vow and promise as strict as if the same had been ratified by oath to be true and loyal to the Company and to the best of his power and might so far as in him lies to forward and advance the objects and interests thereof and faithfully to keep and obey the statutes and rules thereof yet so nevertheless that he shall not be bound in any way to harass annoy injure or inconvenience his neighbour.

Chief among the Companions of the Company shall be the Master thereof who so long as he shall hold office shall have full and absolute power at his will and pleasure to make and repeal laws and byelaws (*d*) and in all respects to rule regulate manage and direct the affairs of the Company and receive apply and administer funds and subscriptions in aid of its objects and to purchase acquire cultivate manage lease sell or otherwise dispose of the estates and properties of the Company and generally direct and control the operations thereof.

The Master shall be elected and may from time to time and at any time be deposed by the votes of a majority in number of the Companions in General Meeting assembled but except in the event of his resignation or deposition shall hold office for life The first Master of the Company shall be John Ruskin who shall however (subject to re-election) only hold office until the first General Meeting of the Companions.

The Master shall render to each Companion and shall be at liberty if he shall so think fit to print for public circulation a monthly report and account of the operations and financial position of the Company.

No Master or other Companion of the Company shall either directly or indirectly receive any pay profit emolument or advantage whatsoever from out of by or by means of his office or position as a member of the Company.

The practical supervision and management of the estates and properties of the Company shall subject to the direction and control of the Master be entrusted to and carried out by land agents tenants and labourers who shall be styled Retainers of the Company.

The name of each Retainer in the permanent employ of the Company shall be entered in a Register to be called the Roll of Retainers and to be kept at the same place as the Roll of Companions. Such entry shall be made either by the Retainer himself in the presence of one witness of full age who shall attest the entry or if the Retainer shall so desire by the Master with the same formalities.

No pecuniary liability shall attach to any Retainer of the Company by virtue of his position as such but each Retainer shall by virtue of the entry of his name on the Roll be deemed to have bound himself by a solemn vow and promise as strict as if the same had been ratified by oath to be true and loyal to the Company and faithfully to keep and obey the statutes and rules thereof and the orders and commands of the officers of the Company who from time to time may be set over him.

Each land agent and labourer being a Retainer of the Company shall receive and be paid a fixed salary in return for his services and shall not by perquisites commissions or any other means whatever either directly or indirectly receive or acquire any pay profit emolument or advantages whatever other than such fixed salary from out of or by means of his office or position as a Retainer of the Company.

The rents and profits to be derived from the estates and properties of the Company shall be applied in the first instance in the development of the land (*e*) and the physical intellectual moral social and religious improvement of the residents thereon in such manner as the Master shall from time to time direct or approve and the surplus rents and profits if any shall be applied in reduction of the amount paid by the tenants in proportion to their respective skill and industry either by a gradual remission of rent towards the close of the tenancy or in such other way as may be thought best but in no case shall the Companions personally derive any rents or profits from the property of the Company.

All land and hereditaments for the time being belonging to the Company shall be conveyed to and vested in any two or more of the Companions whom the Master may from time to time select for the office as Trustees of the Company and shall be dealt with by them according to the directions of the Master. (*f*)

The property of the Company shall belong to the Companions in the shares and proportions in which they shall have respectively contributed or by succession or accruer become entitled to the same.

Each Companion shall be entitled by writing under his hand during his lifetime or by will or codicil to appoint one person as his successor in the Company and such person shall on entry of his name on the Roll of Companions in compliance with the formalities hereinbefore prescribed become a Companion of the Company and become entitled to the share of his apponitor in the property of the Company. (*g*)

Each Companion shall at any time be entitled to resign his position by giving to the Master a Notice under his hand of his desire and intention so to do.

If any Companion shall resign his position or die without having appointed a successor or if the person so appointed shall for calendar months after the date when notice of such resignation shall have been received by the Master or after the date of such death as the case may be fail to have his name entered on the Roll of Companions in compliance with the formalities hereinbefore prescribed his share in the property of the Company shall forthwith become forfeited and shall accrue to the other Companions in the shares and proportions in which they shall *inter se* be for the time being entitled to the property of the Company. (*h*)

The Company may at any time be dissolved by the Votes of three-fourths of the Companions in General Meeting assembled and in the event of the Company being so dissolved or being dissolved by any other means not hereinbefore specially provided for the property of the Company shall subject to the debts liabilities and engagements thereof become divisible among the Companions for the time being in the shares and proportions in which they shall for the time being be entitled thereto yet so nevertheless that all leases agreements for leases and other tenancies for the time being subsisting on the property of the Company shall bind the persons among whom the property comprised therein shall so become divisible and shall continue as valid and effectual to all intents and purposes as if the Company had not been dissolved.

NOTES ON THE ABOVE MEMORANDUM

8. (*a*) This sentence must be changed into: "such science art and literature as are properly connected with husbandry."[1]

(*b*) In my sketch, I wrote Companions of St. George. But as the existence of St. George cannot be legally proved or assumed, the tautologically legal phrase must be permitted.

(*c*) This clause cannot stand. The admission into the Company must not be purchaseable; also many persons capable of giving enthusiastic and wise help as Companions, may be unable to subscribe money. Nothing can be required as a condition of entrance, except the consent of the Master and signature promising obedience to the laws.

(*d*) This clause needs much development. For though the Master must be entirely unrestrained in action within the limits of the Laws of the Company, he must not change or add to them without some manner of consultation with the Companions. Even in now founding the Society, I do not venture to write a constitution for it without inviting the help of its existing members; and when once its main laws are agreed upon, they must be inabrogable without the same concurrence of the members which would be necessary to dissolve the Society altogether.

(*e*) To the development, and enlargement, of the Society's operations, also.

(*f*) I do not think the Master should have the power of choosing the Trustees. I was obliged to do so, before any Society was in existence; but the Trustees have to verify the Master's accounts, and otherwise act as a check upon him. They must not, therefore, be chosen by him.

(*g*) A questionable clause, which I have not at present time to discuss.

(*h*) Partly the corollary of (*g*). The word "forfeited" is morally, if not legally, objectionable. No idea of forfeiture ought to attach to the resolved surrender of transferable claim; or to the accidental inability to discover a fitting successor.

Reserving, therefore, the above clauses for future modification, the rest of the Memorandum fully expresses what seems to me desirable for the first basis of our constitution; and I shall be glad to hear whether any of the present subscribers to St. George's Fund will join me on these conditions.

[1] [For a note by Ruskin on these terms, see Letter 59, § 9 (p. 448).]

9. (II.) I should willingly have printed the letter from which the following extracts are taken (with comments) as a *Fors* by itself; but having other matters pressing, must content myself to leave it in the smaller print. The more interesting half of it is still reserved for next month.[1]

"What long years have passed since my eyes first saw the calm sweet scene beyond Wakefield Bridge! I was but a small creature then, and had never been far from my mother's door. It was a memorable day for me when I toddled a full mile from the shady up-town street where we lived, past strange windows, over unfamiliar flags, to see the big weir and the chapel on the Bridge. Standing on tiptoe, I could just see over the parapet and look down-stream.

"That was my first peep into fair, green England, and destined never to be forgotten. The grey old chapel, the shining water below, the far-winding green banks spangled with buttercups, the grove-clad hills of Heath and Kirkthorpe,—all seemed to pass into my heart for ever.

"There was no railway then, only the Doncaster coach careering over the Bridge with a brave sound of horn; fields and farmsteads stood where the Kirkgate station is; where the twenty black throats of the foundry belch out flame and soot, there were only strawberry grounds and blossoming pear-orchards, among which the throstles and blackbirds were shouting for gladness.

"The chapel lay neglected in a nest of wild willows, and a peaceful cobbler dwelt in it. As I looked at it, Duke Richard and King Edward became living realities to me; the dry bones of Pinnock's Catechism[2] started suddenly into life. That was the real old chapel of the fifteenth century. Some years after, they ousted the cobbler, pulled down the old stones, restored it, and opened it for ritualistic worship; but the cheap stonework has crumbled away again, and it now looks as ancient as in days of yore. Only, as I remember it, it had a white hoariness: the foundry smoke has made it black at the present day.[3]

"Some of my companions had been farther out in the world than myself. They pointed out the dusky shape of Heath Hall, seen through the thinly-clad elm-trees, and told me how old Lady ——'s ghost still walked there on stormy nights.[4] Beyond was Kirkthorpe, where the forlorn shapes of the exiled Spanish nuns had been seen flitting about their graves in the churchyard.

"There on the right was the tree-crowned mound of Sandal Castle, which Cromwell had blown down; the dry ditch was full of primroses, they told me; those woods bounded Crofton, famous for its cowslip fields; and in Heath wood you would see the ground white with snowdrops in March.

"I do not think that it is the partiality of a native that makes me think you could hardly find a fairer inland pastoral scene than the one I beheld from Wakefield Bridge the first time I stood there. On the chapel side there was the soft green English landscape, with woods and spires and halls, and the brown sails of boats silently moving among the flowery banks; on the town side there were picturesque traffic and life; the thundering weir, the wide still water beyond, the

[1] [The remainder was, however, deferred: see below, p. 383.]

[2] [Pinnock's County Histories. *The History and Topography of Yorkshire*, 1822. For Wakefield, see pp. 81–82.]

[3] [See below, p. 533 and *n.*]

[4] [Heath Old Hall, about 2 miles south of Wakefield, is "a portion of a good Elizabethan house, with some fine elms round it. On a chimney-piece in the house are the arms of Witham Witham, who died in 1593, bewitched, as it was decided, by a certain Mary Pannall, who was executed at York accordingly. The ghost of a Lady Bolles, a 'baronettess,' so created by Charles I., and a solitary instance of such a creation, haunts the galleries" (Murray's *Handbook for Yorkshire*). Kirkthorpe, a hamlet in Warmfield Parish, on the Calder, 2 miles east of Wakefield.]

big dark-red granaries, with balconies and archways to the water, and the lofty white mills grinding out their cheering music.

"But there were no worse shapes than honest, dusty millers' men, and browned boatmen, decent people; no open vileness and foul language were rampant in our quiet clean town in those days. I can remember how clean the pavement used to look there, and at Doncaster. Both towns are incredibly dirty now. I cannot bear to look at the filthy beslavered causeway, in places where I remember to have never seen anything worse than the big round thunder-drops I used to watch with gleeful interest.

"In those days we were proud of the cleanness and sweet air and gentility of Wakefield. Leeds was then considered rather vulgar, as a factory town, and Bradford was obscure, rough and wild; but Wakefield prided itself in refined living on moderate means, and cultured people of small income were fond of settling there.

"Market day used to be a great event for us all.

"I wish that you could have seen the handsome farmers' wives ranged round the church walls, with their baskets of apricots and cream-cheese, before reform came, and they swept away my dear old school-house of the seventeenth century, to make an ugly barren desert of a market ground. You might have seen, too, the pretty cottagers' daughters, with their bunches of lavender and baskets of fruit, or heaps of cowslips and primroses for the wine and vinegar Wakefield housewives prided themselves upon. On certain days they stood to be hired as maid-servants, and were prized in the country round as neat, clean, modest-spoken girls.

"I do not know where they are gone to now,—I suppose to the factories. Anyhow, Wakefield ladies cry out that they must get servants from London, and Stafford, and Wales. So class gets parted from class.

"Things were different then. Well-to-do ladies prided themselves on doing their marketing in person, and kindly feeling and acquaintanceship sprang up between town and country folk. My Wakefield friends nowadays laugh at the idea of going to market. They order everything through the cook, and hardly know their own tradespeople by sight. We used to get delicious butter at tenpence a pound, and such curds and cream-cheese as I never taste now. 'Cook' brings in indifferent butter mostly, at near two shillings.

"As for the farmers' wives, they would not like to be seen with a butter-basket. They mostly send the dairy produce off by rail to people whom they never see, and thus class is more sundered from class every day, even by the very facilities that railways afford. I can remember that the townspeople had simple merry-makings and neighbourly ways that this generation would scorn. Many a pleasant walk we had to the farms and halls that belted the old town; and boating parties on the Calder, and tea-drinkings and dances—mostly extempore,—in the easy fashion of Vicar Primrose's days.

"But pleasure must be sought farther off now. Our young folks go to London or Paris for their recreation. People seem to have no leisure for being neighbourly, or to get settled in their houses. They seem to be all expecting to make a heap of money, and to be much grander presently, and finally to live in halls and villas, and look down on their early friends.

"But I am sorry for the young people. They run through everything so soon, and have nothing left to hope for or dream of in a few years. They are better dressed than we were, and have more accomplishments; but I cannot help thinking that we young folks were happier in the old times, though shillings were not half so plentiful, and we had only two frocks a year.

"Tradespeople were different, too, in old Wakefield.

"They expected to live with us all their lives; they had high notions of honour as tradesmen, and they and their customers respected each other.

"They prided themselves on the 'wear' of their goods. If they had passed upon the housewives a piece of sized calico or shoddy flannel, they would have heard of it for years after.

"Now the richer ladies go to Leeds or Manchester to make purchases; the town tradesmen are soured and jealous. They put up big plate-glass fronts, and send out flaming bills; but one does not know where to get a piece of sound calico or stout linen, well spun and well woven.

"Give me back our dingy old shops where everything was genuine, instead of these glass palaces where we often get pins without points, needles without eyes, and sewing thread sixty yards to the hundred—which I actually heard a young Quaker defend the other day as an allowable trade practice."[1]

10. (III.) I venture to print the following sentences from "a poor mother's" letter,[2] that my reply may be more generally intelligible. I wish I could say, useful; but the want of an art-grammar is every day becoming more felt:—

"I am rather ashamed to tell you how young he is (not quite eleven), fearing you will say I have troubled you idly; but I was sincerely anxious to know your views on the training of a boy for some definite sort of art-work, and I have always fancied such training ought to begin very early—[yes, assuredly]—also, there are reasons why we must decide early in what direction we shall look out for employment for him."

(I never would advise any parents to look for employment in art as a means of their children's support. It is only when the natural bias is quite uncontrollable, that future eminence, and comfort of material circumstances, can be looked for. And when it is uncontrollable, it ceases to be a question whether we should control it. We have only to guide it.)

"But I seem to dread the results of letting him run idle until he is fourteen or fifteen years old—[most wisely]—and a poor and busy mother like me has not time to superintend the employment of a boy as a richer one might. This makes me long to put him to work under a master early. As he does so little at book-learning, would the practical learning of stone-cutting under the village stonemason (a good man) be likely to lead to anything further?"

I do not know, but it would be of the greatest service to the boy meanwhile. Let him learn good joiners' work also, and to plough, with time allowed him for drawing. I feel more and more the need of a useful grammar of art for young people, and simple elementary teaching in public schools. I have always hoped to remedy this want, but have been hindered hitherto.[3]

[1] [For the continuation of this Letter from "E. L.," describing Wakefield Old and New, see Letter 57, § 10 (pp. 409–413). Parts of E. L.'s letter were reprinted (by permission) by Mr. R. Somervell (a "Companion" of St. George's Guild) in his *Protest against the Extension of Railways in the Lake District*, 1876, pp. 61–69. The letter and Ruskin's comments upon it were the subject of an interesting article, with many historical reminiscences, in the *Saturday Review* of March 4, 1876. This article ("Mr. Ruskin and Wakefield") was also reprinted by Mr. Somervell, pp. 71–78. For a Report on the condition of the Calder at Wakefield, see Letter 89 (Vol. XXIX. p. 417).]

[2] [See Letter 53, § 26 (p. 341).]

[3] [This intention was partly carried out in the *Laws of Fésole*, 1877 (Vol. XV.).]

LETTER 56

TIME-HONOURED LANCASTER[1]

1. I BELIEVE my readers will scarcely thank me for printing, this month, instead of the continuation of the letter from Wakefield, a theological essay by Mr. Lyttel. But it is my first business, in *Fors*, to be just,—and only my second or third to be entertaining; so that any person who conceives himself to have been misrepresented must always have my types at his command. On the other side, I must point out, before entering further into controversy of any kind, the constant habit in my antagonists of misrepresenting *me*. For instance; in an article forwarded to me from a local paper, urging what it can in defence of the arrangements noticed by me as offensive, at Kirkby Lonsdale and Clapham,[2] I find this sentence:—

> "The squire's house does not escape, though one can see no reason for the remark unless it be that Mr. Ruskin dislikes lords, squires, and clergymen."

Now I have good reason for supposing this article to have been written by a gentleman;—and even an amiable gentleman,—who, feeling himself hurt, and not at all wishing to hurt anybody, very naturally cries out: and thinks it monstrous in me to hurt *him;* or his own pet lord, or squire. But he never thinks what wrong there may be in printing his own momentary impression of the character of a man who has been thirty years before the public, without taking the smallest pains to ascertain whether his notion be true or false.

[1] [*King Richard II.*, Act i. sc. 1: see below, § 16. "Horses out!" (see § 10) was a discarded title for this letter.]

[2] [See Letter 52, §§ 6–14 (pp. 298–304).]

2. It happens, by Fors' appointment, that the piece of my early life which I have already written for this month's letter, sufficiently answers the imputation of my dislike to lords and squires. But I will preface it, in order to illustrate my dislike of clergymen, by a later bit of biography; which, at the rate of my present progress in giving account of myself, I should otherwise, as nearly as I can calculate, reach only about the year 1975.

Last summer, in Rome, I lodged at the Hôtel de Russie; and, in the archway of the courtyard of that mansion, waited usually, in the mornings, a Capuchin friar, begging for his monastery.

Now, though I greatly object to any clergyman's coming and taking me by the throat, and saying "Pay me that thou owest,"[1] I never pass a begging friar without giving him sixpence, or the equivalent fivepence of foreign coin; —extending the charity even occasionally as far as tenpence, if no fivepenny-bit chance to be in my purse. And this particular begging friar having a gentle face, and a long white beard, and a beautiful cloak, like a blanket; and being altogether the pleasantest sight, next to Sandro Botticelli's Zipporah,[2] I was like to see in Rome in the course of the day, I always gave him the extra fivepence for looking so nice; which generosity so worked on his mind, —(the more usual English religious sentiment in Rome expending itself rather in buying poetical pictures of monks than in filling their bellies)—that, after some six or seven doles of tenpences, he must needs take my hand one day, and try to kiss it. Which being only just able to prevent, I took him round the neck and kissed his lips instead: and this, it seems, was more to him than the tenpences, for, next day, he brought me a little reliquary, with a certificated fibre in it of St. Francis' cloak (the hair one, now

[1] [Matthew xviii. 28.]

[2] [In the fresco of "The Life of Moses"; for Ruskin's study of the figure of Zipporah, see in Vol. XXIII. the frontispiece, and pp. xxxvii.–xxxviii., and compare Vol. XXII. p. 427.]

preserved at Assisi);[1] and when afterwards I showed my friend Fra Antonio, the Assisi sacristan, what I had got, it was a pleasure to see him open his eyes, wider than Monsieur the Syndic at Hansli's fifty thousand crowns.[2] He thought I must have come by it dishonestly; but not I, a whit,—for I most carefully explained to the Capuchin, when he brought it me, that I was more a Turk than a Catholic;[3]—but he said I might keep the reliquary, for all that.

Contenting myself, for the moment, with this illustration of my present dislike of clergymen, I return to earlier days.

3.[4] But for the reader's better understanding of such further progress of my poor little life as I may trespass on his patience in describing, it is now needful that I give some account of my father's mercantile position in London.

The firm of which he was head partner may be yet remembered by some of the older city houses, as carrying on their business in a small counting-house on the first floor of narrow premises, in as narrow a thoroughfare of East London,—Billiter Street, the principal traverse from Leadenhall Street into Fenchurch Street.

The names of the three partners were given in full on their brass plate under the counting-house bell,—Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq.

4. Mr. Domecq's name should have been the first, by rights, for my father and Mr. Telford were only his agents. He was the sole proprietor of the estate which was the main capital of the firm,—the vineyard of Macharnudo, the most precious hillside, for growth of white wine, in the Spanish peninsula. The quality of the Macharnudo vintage essentially fixed the standard of Xeres "sack," or

[1] [See Vol. XXIII. p. xlvii. *n.*, and Vol. XXV. p. 125. Ruskin ultimately gave the reliquary through Miss Francesca Alexander to her peasant-friend Polissena: see *Christ's Folk in the Apennine.*]

[2] [See Letter 55, § 4 (p. 370).]

[3] [For "the under meaning" of this passage, see Letter 76, § 9 (Vol. XXIX. p. 90).]

[4] [§§ 3–9 of this Letter were used by Ruskin, when writing *Præterita*, where they appear, slightly revised, as §§ 24–30 of vol. i. ch. i. For the continuation of the autobiographical notes, see below, § 10.]

"dry"—secco—sherris, or sherry, from the days of Henry the Fifth to our own;[1]—the unalterable and unrivalled chalk-marl of it putting a strength into the grape which age can only enrich and darken,—never impair.

5. Mr. Peter Domecq was, I believe, Spanish born; and partly French, partly English bred: a man of strictest honour, and kindly disposition; how descended, I do not know; how he became possessor of his vineyard, I do not know; what position he held, when young, in the firm of Gordon, Murphy, and Company, I do not know; but in their house he watched their head-clerk, my father, during his nine years of duty, and when the house broke up, asked him to be his own agent in England. My father saw that he could fully trust Mr. Domecq's honour, and feeling;—but not so fully either his sense, or his industry: and insisted, though taking only his agent's commission, on being both nominally, and practically, the head-partner of the firm.

6. Mr. Domecq lived chiefly in Paris; rarely visiting his Spanish estate, but having perfect knowledge of the proper process of its cultivation, and authority over its labourers almost like a chief's over his clan. He kept the wines at the highest possible standard; and allowed my father to manage all matters concerning their sale, as he thought best. The second partner, Mr. Henry Telford, brought into the business what capital was necessary for its London branch. The premises in Billiter Street belonged to him; and he had a pleasant country home at Widmore, near Bromley; a quite far-away Kentish village in those days.

He was a perfect type of an English country gentleman of moderate fortune;—unmarried, living with three unmarried sisters—who, in the refinement of their highly educated, unpretending, benevolent, and felicitous lives, remain in my memory more like the figures in a beautiful

[1] ["Sherris sack:" *2 King Henry IV.*, Act iv. sc. 3.]

story than realities. Neither in story, nor in reality, have I ever again heard of, or seen, anything like Mr. Henry Telford;—so gentle, so humble, so affectionate, so clear in common sense, so fond of horses,—and so entirely incapable of doing, thinking, or saying, anything that had the slightest taint in it of the racecourse or the stable.

7. Yet I believe he never missed any great race; passed the greater part of his life on horseback; and hunted during the whole Leicestershire season;—but never made a bet, never had a serious fall, and never hurt a horse. Between him and my father there was absolute confidence, and the utmost friendship that could exist without community of pursuit. My father was greatly proud of Mr. Telford's standing among the country gentlemen; and Mr. Telford was affectionately respectful to my father's steady industry and infallible commercial instinct. Mr. Telford's actual part in the conduct of the business was limited to attendance in the counting-house during two months at Midsummer, when my father took his holiday, and sometimes for a month at the beginning of the year, when he travelled for orders. At these times Mr. Telford rode into London daily from Widmore, signed what letters and bills needed signature, read the papers, and rode home again: any matters needing deliberation were referred to my father, or awaited his return. All the family at Widmore would have been limitlessly kind to my mother and me, if they had been permitted any opportunity; but my mother always felt, in cultivated society,—and was too proud to feel with patience, —the defects of her own early education, and therefore (which was the true and fatal sign of such defect) never familiarly visited any one whom she did not feel to be, in some sort, her inferior.

Nevertheless, Mr. Telford had a singularly important influence in my education. By, I believe, his sister's advice, he gave me, as soon as it was published, the illustrated edition of Rogers's *Italy*. This book was the first means I had of looking carefully at Turner's work: and I might,

not without some appearance of reason, attribute to the gift the entire direction of my life's energies.[1] But it is the great error of thoughtless biographers to attribute to the accident which introduces some new phase of character, all the circumstances of character which gave the accident importance. The essential point to be noted, and accounted for, was that I could understand Turner's work when I saw it; not by what chance or in what year it was first seen.

Poor Mr. Telford, nevertheless, was always held by papa and mamma primarily responsible for my Turner insanities.

8. In a more direct, though less intended way, his help to me was important. For, before my father thought it right to hire a carriage for the above mentioned Midsummer holiday, Mr. Telford always lent us his own travelling chariot.

Now the old English chariot is the most luxurious of travelling carriages, for two persons, or even for two persons and so much of third personage as I possessed at three years old. The one in question was hung high, so that we could see well over stone dykes and average hedges out of it; such elevation being attained by the old-fashioned folding-steps, with a lovely padded cushion fitting into the recess of the door,—steps which it was one of my chief travelling delights to see the hostlers fold up and down; though my delight was painfully alloyed by envious ambition to be allowed to do it myself:—but I never was,—lest I should pinch my fingers.

9. The "dickey,"—(to think that I should never till this moment have asked myself the derivation of that word, and now be unable to get at it![2])—being, typically, that commanding seat in her Majesty's mail, occupied by the Guard; and classical, even in modern literature, as the scene of Mr. Bob Sawyer's arrangements with Sam,[3]—was

[1] [Compare the author's Introduction to *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 97.]

[2] ["Dicky.—The rumble behind a carriage; also a leather apron, a child's bib, and a false shirt or front. Dutch *dekken*, Ger. *decken*, Sax. *thecan*, Lat. *tego*, to cover."—Extract from Dr. Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. See *Dilecta*, Part II.]

[3] [*Pickwick*, ch. I.]

thrown far back in Mr. Telford's chariot, so as to give perfectly comfortable room for the legs (if one chose to travel outside on fine days), and to afford beneath it spacious area to the boot, a storehouse of rearward miscellaneous luggage. Over which—with all the rest of forward and superficial luggage—my nurse Anne presided, both as guard and packer; unrivalled, she, in the flatness and precision of her in-laying of dresses, as in turning of pancakes;[1] the fine precision, observe, meaning also the easy wit and invention of her art; for, no more in packing a trunk than commanding a campaign, is precision possible without foresight.

10. Posting, in those days, being universal, so that at the leading inns in every country town, the cry "Horses out!" down the yard, as one drove up, was answered, often instantly, always within five minutes, by the merry trot through the archway of the booted and bright-jacketed rider, with his caparisoned pair,—there was no driver's seat in front: and the four large, admirably fitting and sliding windows, admitting no drop of rain when they were up, and never sticking as they were let down, formed one large moving oriel, out of which one saw the country round, to the full half of the horizon. My own prospect was more extended still, for my seat was the little box containing my clothes, strongly made, with a cushion on one end of it; set upright in front (and well forward), between my father and mother. I was thus not the least in their way, and my horizon of sight the widest possible. When no object of particular interest presented itself, I trotted, keeping time with the postboy—on my trunk cushion for a saddle, and whipped my father's legs for horses; at first theoretically only, with dexterous motion of wrist; but ultimately in a quite practical and efficient manner, my father having presented me with a silver-mounted postillion's whip.[2]

[1] [See Letter 53, § 1 (p. 316).]

[2] [§§ 10–12 of this Letter were used by Ruskin, when writing *Præterita*, where they appear, slightly revised, as §§ 32–34 of vol. i. ch. i. The autobiographical notes are resumed in Letter 63, § 11 (p. 546).]

11. The Midsummer holiday, for better enjoyment of which Mr. Telford provided us with these luxuries, began usually on the fifteenth of May, or thereabouts;—my father's birthday was the tenth; on that day I was always allowed to gather the gooseberries for his first gooseberry pie of the year, from the tree between the buttresses on the north wall of the Herne Hill garden; so that we could not leave before that *festa*. The holiday itself consisted in a tour for orders through half the English counties; and a visit (if the counties lay northward) to my aunt in Scotland.

12. The mode of journeying was as fixed as that of our home life. We went from forty to fifty miles a day, starting always early enough in the morning to arrive comfortably to four-o'clock dinner. Generally, therefore, getting off at six o'clock, a stage or two were done before breakfast, with the dew on the grass, and first scent from the hawthorns: if in the course of the mid-day drive there were any gentleman's house to be seen,—or, better still, a lord's—or best of all, a duke's,—my father baited the horses, and took my mother and me reverently through the state-rooms; always speaking a little under our breath to the housekeeper, major-domo, or other authority in charge; and gleaning worshipfully what fragmentary illustrations of the history and domestic ways of the family might fall from their lips.

13. My father had a quite infallible natural judgment in painting; and though it had never been cultivated so as to enable him to understand the Italian schools, his sense of the power of the nobler masters in northern work was as true and passionate as the most accomplished artist's. He never, when I was old enough to care for what he himself delighted in, allowed me to look for an instant at a bad picture; and if there were a Reynolds, Velasquez, Vandyck, or Rembrandt in the rooms, he would pay the surliest housekeepers into patience until we had seen it to heart's content; if none of these, I was allowed to look at Guido,

Carlo Dolci—or the more skilful masters of the Dutch school—Cuyp, Teniers, Hobbima, Wouvermans; but never at any second-rate or doubtful examples.

I wonder how many of the lower middle class are now capable of going through a nobleman's house, with judgment of this kind; and yet with entirely unenvious and reverent delight in the splendour of the abode of the supreme and beneficent being who allows them thus to enter his paradise!

14. If there were no nobleman's house to be seen, there was certainly, in the course of the day's journey, some ruined castle or abbey; some celebrated village church, or stately cathedral. We had always unstinted time for these; and if I was at disadvantage because neither my father nor mother could tell me enough history to make the buildings authoritatively interesting, I had at least leisure and liberty to animate them with romance in my own fashion.

I am speaking, however, now, of matters relating to a more advanced age than that to which I have yet brought myself:—age in which all these sights were only a pleasant amazement to me, and panoramic apocalypse of a lovely world.

Up to that age, at least, I cannot but hope that my readers will agree with me in thinking the tenour of my life happy, and the modes of my education, on the whole, salutary.

15. Admitting them to have been so, I would now question farther; and, I imagine, such question cannot but occur to my readers' mind, also,—how far education, and felicities, of the same kind, may be attainable for young people in general.

Let us consider, then, how many conditions must meet; and how much labour must have been gone through, both by servile and noble persons, before this little jaunty figure, seated on its box of clothes, can trot through its peaceful day of mental development.

(I.) A certain number of labourers in Spain, living

on dry bread and onions, must have pruned and trodden grapes;—cask-makers, cellarmen, and other functionaries attending on them.

(II.) Rough sailors must have brought the wine into the London Docks.

(III.) My father and his clerks must have done a great deal of arithmetical and epistolary work, before my father could have profit enough from the wine to pay for our horses, and our dinner.

(IV.) The tailor must have given his life to the dull business of making clothes—the wheelwright and carriage-maker to their woodwork—the smith to his buckles and springs—the postillion to his riding—the horse-breeder and breaker to the cattle in his field and stable,—before I could make progress in this pleasant manner, even for a single stage.

(V.) Sundry English Kings and Barons must have passed their lives in military exercises, and gone to their deaths in military practices, to provide me with my forenoons' entertainments in ruined castles; or founded the great families whose servants were to be my hosts.

(VI.) Vandyck and Velasquez, and many a painter before them, must have spent their lives in learning and practising their laborious businesses.

(VII.) Various monks and abbots must have passed their lives in pain, with fasting and prayer; and a large company of stonemasons occupied themselves in their continual service, in order to provide me, in defect of castles and noblemen's seats, with amusement in the way of abbeys and cathedrals.

16. How far, then, it remains to be asked, supposing my education in any wise exemplary, can all these advantages be supplied by the modern school board, to every little boy born in the prosperous England of this day? And much more in that glorious England of the future; in which there will be no abbeys (all having been shaken down, as my own sweet Furness is fast being, by the

luggage trains[1]); no castles, except such as may have been spared to be turned into gaols, like that of "time-honoured Lancaster,"[2] also in my own neighbourhood; no parks, because Lord Derby's patent steam agriculture will have cut down all the trees;[3] no lords, nor dukes, because modern civilization won't be Lorded over, nor Led anywhere; no gentlemen's seats, except in the Kirkby Lonsdale style;[4] and no roads anywhere, except trams and rails?

17. Before, however, entering into debate as to the methods of education to be adopted in these coming times, let me examine a little, in next letter,[5] with help from my readers of aristocratic tendencies, what the real product of this olden method of education was intended to be; and whether it was worth the cost.

For the impression on the aristocratic mind of the day was always (especially supposing I had been a squire's or a lord's son, instead of a merchant's) that such little jaunty figure, trotting in its easy chariot, was, as it were, a living diamond, without which the watch of the world could not possibly go; or even, that the diminutive darling was a kind of Almighty Providence in its first breeches, by whose tiny hands and infant fiat the blessings of food and raiment were continually provided for God's Spanish labourers in His literal vineyard; for God's English sailors, seeing His wonders in the deep;[6] for God's tailors' men, sitting in attitude of Chinese Josh for ever; for the divinely appointed wheelwrights, carpenters, horses and riders, hostlers and Gaius-mine-hosts,[7] necessary to my triumphal progress; and for my nurse behind in the dickey. And it never once entered the head of any aristocratic person,—nor would ever

[1] [For other references to Furness Abbey (not far from Ruskin's home in the Lakes), see Letter 11, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 182); Vol. XXV. p. 130; and General Index.]
[2] [*King Richard II.*, Act i. sc. 1. The title to this Letter.]
[3] [See Letter 10, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 166).]
[4] [See Letter 52, § 8 (p. 300).]
[5] [See below, pp. 404 *seq.*]
[6] [Psalms cvii. 24.]
[7] [Romans xvi. 23.]

have entered mine, I suppose, unless I had "the most analytical mind in Europe,"[1]—that in verity it was not I who fed my nurse, but my nurse me; and that a great part of the world had been literally put behind me as a dickey,—and all the aforesaid inhabitants of it, somehow, appointed to be nothing but my nurses; the beautiful product intended, by papa and mamma, being—a Bishop,[2] who should graciously overlook these tribes of inferior beings, and instruct their ignorance in the way of their souls' salvation.

18. As the master of the St. George's Company, I request their permission to convey their thanks to Mr. Plimsoll, for his Christian, knightly, and valiant stand, made against the recreant English Commons, on Thursday, 22nd July, 1875.[3]

[1] [See Letter 54, § 14 (p. 350).]

[2] [See Letter 52, § 2 (pp. 296–297).]

[3] [On that day Mr. Disraeli, in making a statement on the course of public business, announced that the Merchant Shipping Bill would not be proceeded with. Mr. Plimsoll rose and "earnestly entreated the right hon. gentleman at the head of her Majesty's Government not to consign some thousands of living human beings to undeserved and miserable death." He went on to discuss the Bill in detail, whereupon he was called to order by the Speaker. He refused to resume his seat, and went on to denounce as "villains" certain shipowners in the House. He declined to withdraw the expression, and Mr. Disraeli moved and carried a motion that Mr. Plimsoll be reprimanded by Mr. Speaker for his violent and disorderly conduct. For a later allusion to Mr. Plimsoll's protest, see Letter 82, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 224).]

19. I HAVE thankfully received this month, from the first donor of land[1] to the St. George's Company, Mrs. Talbot, £11, 0s. 4d., rent of cottages on said land, at Barmouth, North Wales;[2] and I have become responsible, as the Master of the Company, for rent or purchase of a room at Sheffield, in which I propose to place some books and minerals, as the germ of a museum arranged first for workers in iron,[3] and extended into illustration of the natural history of the neighbourhood of Sheffield, and more especially of the geology and flora of Derbyshire.[4]

20. The following letter respecting the neighbouring town of Leeds will be found interesting in connection with this first opening of St. George's work:—

"LEEDS, *June 21st*, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—Being more or less intimately mixed up with the young of the working classes, in night schools and similar works, I am anxious to know what I can do to counteract two or three growths, which seem likely to be productive of very disastrous results, in the young men from seventeen to twenty-five, who are many of them earning from 20s. to 35s. per week,—the almost morbid craving for drink, and the excitement which is to be found in modern French dramas of very questionable morality, concert halls and singing rooms, where appeal is principally made to their animal passions and lusts—whose chief notion of enjoyment seems to be in getting drunk. Then the young men of similar ages, and earning from 14s. to 20s., who are in a chronic state of unrest, ever eager for novelty and sensationalism, though not quite so much given to drink as the men, yet treading a similar course. They have no pleasure in going to the country, to see flowers, birds, and fish, or to the seaside to see the sea; if there be no fireworks, no prize band, no dancing on the green, or something of the sort, they will not attempt to go. Now, where is all this to end? Nature has no charms for them; music little attraction, except in the form of *dance;* pictures nothing: what remains? And yet something should, and must be done, and that speedily,—otherwise what will become of the poor things?

"Then, in your *Elements of Drawing,* you lay down certain books to be studied, etc.[5]

"Now, suppose a woman or man has been brought up to have a kind of contempt for *Grimm's Goblins, Arabian Nights,* etc., as childish and frivolous,—and on account of the Calvinistic tendency of relatives, has been precluded from reading *books,*—how should a healthy tendency be brought about? For the mind is not a blank, to receive impressions like a child, but has all sorts of preconceived notions and prejudices in the way,—Shakespeare looked upon as immoral, or childish, and the rest treated in an equally cavalier manner by people who probably never looked inside the books."

I should like to answer the above letter at some length; but have,

[1] [But see below, p. 607.]
[2] [See above, p. 268.]
[3] [See below, p. 448.]
[4] [This purpose, however, was not carried out. On Ruskin's ideas with regard to Local Museums, see Vol. XVI. p. 144 and *n.*]
[5] [*Elements of Drawing,* §§ 258–259 (Vol. XV. pp. 226–228).]

to-day, no time. The sum of answer is—Nothing *can* be done, but what I am trying to form this St. George's Company to do.

21.[1] I am sorry to omit the "thoughts" to which my second correspondent refers, in the opening of this following letter, but she gave me no permission to publish them:—

"These thoughts made me settle in Leeds (being free from family obligations) in order to see for myself what I could do for these towns, and what their state really was. The Borough Surveyor of Leeds (who had been six months only in office, and was perhaps new to commercial life) said to me, 'There is nothing in Leeds but jobbery and trickery.' Almsgiving (for the law of supply and demand cannot do it), in the shape of decent houses, was the first thing to be done, I found.

"The late Canon Kingsley, in his tract on the 'Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture' (1851), confounds justice and almsgiving together. They are surely distinct,* but you cannot give alms till you have paid just debts.

"You say nothing in *Fors* of the custom which rules that rich capitalists and landowners† shall leave each of, say five or six daughters (I am eldest of six), a fortune large enough to enable her to live in idleness, and more or less luxury, for life. This custom is, I believe, at the root of much extortion and avarice on the part of fathers, and leads to marriages for money‡ on the part of younger men. I deny the claim of women to political power; but I think, with Lord Salisbury, that every girl (no matter what her rank) has a moral right to be educated for self-maintenance, and proper rational feminine self-reliance,—and not mainly for society, or, in other words, for marriage.

"Believing§ that, in the abstract, men are morally, mentally, and physically superior to women, I yet believe that the perfect relative independence and indifferent dignity of mental attitude which rightly trained and educated women should possess before matrimony (an attitude which is, to say the least, now often wanting) is essential to the proper influence women should exercise over men. It is essential to the vantage-ground on which unmarried women should stand, and from which they should draw men up to their standard, not bend themselves down to men's.

"An article (one of a series on 'French Home Life') in *Blackwood*, some years ago,[2] says (nearly in these words)—'Supply will follow demand; if men prefer a virtuous type of womanhood, good and well; if otherwise, young ladies and their mothers will recognize the demand and will meet it'!!! That an old-established magazine, much read by the aristocracy, should give utterance to a sentiment like this (whether or not it be true) strikes me as a sign of the times, as bad as most you have quoted in *Fors*. [Assuredly.]

"Apart from the *élite* of the women of the genuine aristocracy, who, with long inherited noble instincts of all kinds, are always charming, and full of noble influence over those who come within its sphere,—there is the vast mass of

* Very surely.

† Because I entirely ignore rich capitalists and landowners—or look on them only as the claws of my Dragon.

‡ Every unmarried woman should have enough left her by her father to keep herself, and a pet dog—but not, also, an idle man.

§ On what grounds? I don't understand a word of this paragraph; least of all why either men or women should be considered "in the abstract"; and, in the concrete, I can't make out why men are the higher, at the beginning of the sentence, and women at the end of it.

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[1] [§ 21 was omitted after the first edition.]

[2] [See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vols. 110 and 111, 1871–1872.]

English middle-class women who make up the nation, women whose inherited instincts are perhaps ignoble, or at best indefinite. The right education of these is surely an important point in social reform, and yet is still a practically unsolved problem. I have done parish work for thirteen years and more, and know the existing relations between rich and poor experimentally. The root of the matter seems to be this. Modern Christianity professes and attempts to practise the moral code of the New Testament*—mercy, while ignoring, or trampling under foot, the moral code of the Old—justice, which must come. It is thus that so much Christianity, in all sects, is (unconsciously often) sham Christianity. I agree with what you say of the clergy in many things; they do not know if Christianity in our days means peace, or the sword. Saying to their rich parishioners 'Thou art the man' would often be an ending to the peace and comfort of their own lives: subscriptions would be stopped, on which they rely for almsgiving, and by means of which almsgiving they try to draw the poor to church, and so to heaven.

"Again, who in this day has quite clean hands with regard to money? I know a clergyman who worked for many years in a parish, and improved the morality of the people by his work. Among other things, he caused (by persuasion, and substitution of a reading-room) a public-house to be shut up—the squire co-operating with him. This self-same squire wants to sell the property; is told it will sell better with a public-house. He rebuilds one in the village before he sells it!

"Broadly speaking, the creed of young men of the richer classes is self-indulgence, that of young women, self-sacrifice (shown in mistaken ways, no doubt). To thinking and well-disposed women of all classes, church or chapel going is a necessity. The life of most of them is only made endurable by the hope of another world than this.

"For the last six years I have been wandering about more or less, investigating, and experiencing personally, to some extent, and at the cost of much suffering, the various forms of distress in the various classes. I look back on my years of parish work as on one long monotonous day—so hopeless is such work, unless regarded, from the ecclesiastical point of view, as a self-preparation for Heaven. Seeing, as I did, and do, how entirely preventible half of the misery is, which is coolly accepted by religious and charitable people as the ordained Will of God, I stopped short (among other reasons), and gave my mind and my time to investigate and analyse the causes of the miseries, and how far it was practicable to cut at the roots of them—not snip off the blossoms, merely. Will you bear with a word as to the position of women? I agree with you: it is a futile discussion, that of equality or inequality. But as unhappily I have had to think, see, and judge for myself, in a way that, in a right order of things, ought not to be required of a woman, I wish to disclaim all sympathy with the women of the women's rights party. They are well-intentioned, but mistaken. It is dread of being identified with their views that prevents the best and most influential women of the aristocracy from doing what they might do. I trust you will secure the co-operation of such women for your St. George's Company."

I wish I could! It will be a curious point in the story of the founding of the St. George's Company that, at any rate during five years, only one woman of the upper classes gave me any help.[1]

I hope, however, that the fact (perhaps less universally true than formerly) that "to thoughtful and well-disposed women of all classes,

* My dear lady, it attempts nothing of the sort. It supposes the New Testament to be an announcement of universal pardon and speedy promotion to rascals.

[1] [That is, Mrs. Talbot: see above, § 19 (p. 395).]

church-going is a necessity," may be accounted for otherwise than by the misery of their earthly lives.

22. For the sake of my female, and theological, readers, I print the next following letter:—

"THE PARSONAGE, WERRINGTON, PETERBOROUGH,
"*July* 7, 1875.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In your comment on a former letter of mine you acknowledged (*a*) that the Gospel which I endeavour to preach—Be persuaded by the Lord Jesus Christ; let His life rule your lives—is externally true and salutary,[1] but, because I have joined with you in condemning a doctrine opposed to this, you have rather hastily assumed (*b*) that I have 'eagerly repudiated the doctrine of the Eleventh Article of the Church of England,'[2] to which Article I have given, and not withdrawn, my public assent.

"You have of course taken for granted (*c*) that the Eleventh Article teaches the 'pleasant and supremely false gospel'—Let His life be instead of your lives; you may be saved by faith without righteousness. But does it?

"The Article says:

"'*We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by Faith, and not for our own works or deservings: Wherefore, that we are justified by Faith only is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the Homily of Justification.*'

"This teaches, in simple English enough, that there is but one righteousness in God's sight—the righteousness of Christ, and that this righteousness becomes ours by faith: so that faith alone sets us right with God.

"Before the court of public opinion (*d*) men may be accounted righteous for 'works and deservings' of their own, like those which were so eminently satisfactory to the Pharisee who went up to the Temple to pray; but before God, whose judgments are true, the only merit for which any man is accounted righteous is the merit of Jesus Christ. The Publican 'went down to his house justified' because of that faith in God which led him to hunger and thirst after a righteousness higher than his own, and in due time to be filled with it.

"A man is 'justified by faith only' because by faith only he accepts the righteousness of Christ, not instead of, but *for* (*e*), his own. He is therefore accounted righteous before God because, in His sight, who sees the end from the beginning, he *is* righteous.

"But, while the righteousness is verily his own, he confesses that, in the deepest sense, it is not his own, for the source and efficient cause of it is Christ—the merit is His.

"From all this it will appear that what I repudiate is not the Eleventh Article, but the externally false and damnatory doctrine which has seemed to you to be set forth therein.

"I cannot think that the Article was intended to teach that a man can be accounted righteous before God without righteousness—that faith will serve as a substitute for it, since I read in the Homily in which the doctrine of the Article is 'more largely expressed' such words as the following:

"'*This true Christian faith neither any devil hath, nor yet any man who, in the outward profession of his mouth, and his outward receiving of the Sacraments, in coming to the Church, and in all other outward appearances, seemeth to be a Christian man, and yet in his living and deeds sheweth the contrary.*'

"I am, my dear Sir,
"Very faithfully yours,
"EDWARD Z. LYTTEL.

"JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ."

[1] [See Letter 51, § 20 (p. 287).]
[2] [See Letter 55, § 1 (p. 363).]

23. (*a*) My correspondent cannot quit himself of the idea that I am his antagonist. If he preaches what is true, I say so—if what is false, I say so. I congratulate him in the one case, and am sorry for him in the other; but have nothing to "acknowledge" in either case.

(*b*) and (*c*) "You have rather hastily assumed." "You have of course taken for granted." Compare Mr. Headlam's "I fancy that, on consideration, you would like to withdraw," Letter 54, § 26 [p. 358]. These clerical gentlemen, who habitually and necessarily write *without* consideration, and as habitually and necessarily "take for granted" the entire grounds of their profession, are quaintly unable to enter into the mind of a man who for twenty years has not written a word without testing it syllable by syllable; nor taken for granted one principle or fact, in art, science, or history,—having somewhat wide work in all three.

In the present case, I am very sorry to have to tell my correspondent that the last thing I should "take for granted" would be the completeness and accuracy of his own account of himself. What his words actually mean, my twenty years' study of English enables me to tell him with authority;—but what he means by them *he* only knows!

(*d*) Who is talking of public opinion? Does my correspondent suppose that in any—even among the rudest or most ignorant—debates on this subject, "righteousness" was ever supposed to mean worldly credit? The question is, was, and will be—simply how men escape being damned—if they do.

(*e*) It is no part of my duty in *Fors* to occupy myself in exposing the verbal, or probing the mental, sophistries by which the aerial ingenuity of divines may guide itself in gossamer over the inconveniently furrowed ground of religious dogma. There are briefly two, and two only, forms of possible Christian, Pagan, or any other gospel, or "good message": one, that men are saved by themselves doing what is right; and the other that they are saved by believing that somebody else did right instead of them. The first of these Gospels is eternally true, and holy; the other eternally false, damnable, and damning. Which of them Mr. Lyttel preaches, matters much to himself and his parishioners; but, to the world, considerably less than he seems to suppose. That the Eleventh Article of the Church of England teaches the second, "in very simple English," is as certain as Johnson's dictionary can make it: and that it (the said sweet message) is currently preached with unction, and received with gladness, over the whole of England, and of Protestant France, Switzerland, and Italy, by the most active and influential members of the Protestant Church, I take upon me to assert, on the grounds of an experience gained (while Mr. Lyttel was, by his own account, "occupied from day to day in stuffy rooms among ignorant and immoral people") by the carefullest study of the best Protestant divines, and the hearing of sermons by the most eloquent pastors, in every important city of evangelical Europe. Finally, I must beg Mr. Lyttel to observe that I only printed his first letter because it expressed some degree of doubt, and discomfort, which I hoped to relieve. His succeeding letters show him, on the contrary, to be supremely confident and comfortable;—in which enviable state I must here take leave of him. For my challenge (as yet unanswered) was to his Bishop, and not to the clergy of the diocese; nor, if it had been, has Mr. Lyttel offered any evidence that he is their accredited champion.

24. I think I do Mr. Lyttel more justice by printing his kind and graceful last words on my impatient comments, than I should by disarranging my types and altering my letter; which, indeed, I have no time to do.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is both my fault and misfortune that you have taken parts of my letters 'clean from the purpose of the words themselves'; and I write at once in hope that you may be able to erase two unserviceable paragraphs, which my want of simple English, or some other misdirection, has produced.

"1. If you will allow me to substitute the word 'said' for 'acknowledged' in my letter, it will save paragraph (*a*).

"2. Then I should like to assure you that the feeling which called forth my first letter also produced the rest, and no one who knows me well would think of attributing to me 'supreme confidence and comfort.' Moreover, I have throughout spoken for myself alone, and have not for one moment pretended to be the 'accredited champion' of any one. So that if you can spare the latter part of paragraph (*e*), beginning with 'Finally,' I think neither you nor I would lose anything by the omission.

"Other parts of your comment I am sorry for, but I have not the same reason to object to them as I have to those I have specified.

"I am most faithfully yours,

"EDWARD Z. LYTTEL."

25. Some slips of newspaper have been forwarded to me, containing an abstract of a sermon by the Bishop of Manchester,[1] in which some reference was made to *Fors:* but of course I cannot take any notice of expressions thus accidentally conveyed to me, and probably reported with inaccuracy. The postscript to the following interesting letter of Mr. Sillar's may perhaps receive from the Bishop of Manchester more honourable attention:—

"KINGSWOOD LODGE, LEE GREEN, S.E.,
"13*th January*, 1875.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I have great sympathy with your lady correspondent,[2] and, for the life of me, I cannot tell what you would have me to do. I am not a landed proprietor, nor a country gentleman, though I am the son of one, a retired physician, and brought up in the blessed green fields, and among streams that were as clear as crystal, and full of trout; but coal-pits appeared on the horizon, and gradually drove us out. I well remember the first vile red shaft that appeared within about a mile of our windows, and how the beastly smoke reconciled my mother to leave one of the loveliest country seats in Lancashire, which she had adorned with roses and laurels, I was going to say with her own hands, and I am not sure that it would be wrong to say so, for she saw every one (and the grounds were seven or eight acres in extent) planted with her own eyes, and superintended the doing of it.

"Living there in the country, and under a tutor, my education has not been that of an ordinary country gentleman; I early learned to work with my hands as well as with my head, and though I must confess that personally I never had much taste for gardening, I had plenty of work to do in the open air. You tell me our education has to begin—yours as well as mine; and expect me to say that I cannot make a brick or a tile, or build a rude dwelling.[3] Singularly enough, I helped to do so when a boy, and it will be long before any of us forget the miniature cottage we built, and thatched, complete, with window, door, and fireplace, and with a

[1] [Compare, above, p. 243. The sermon here referred to does not appear among the Bishop's published sermons.]

[2] [See Letter 49, § 17 (p. 249).]

[3] [See Letter 47, § 15 (p. 199).]

cellar moreover, with wine of our own making, and beer of our own brewing made from treacle; for we did everything ourselves, even to grooming our own ponies.

"In later life, my lot was cast in Liverpool, and after six or seven years spent in China, where I have seen the horrors of war, and where a cannon shot came through our roof, as we sat at tiffin, I found myself in London.

"My old business of a merchant I cannot carry on; though I have capital sufficient for fair trade, I cannot carry it on in the face of the fierce competition by unprincipled men on borrowed money:

'Where man competes with man like foe with foe,
Till death that thins them scarce seem public woe'—

my business as a banker and bullion broker is sealed to me as iniquitous.

"At present, therefore, I am free to act; I fret because I am in a state of inactivity. I feel that I have health and strength, and that in a thousand ways I could be useful, but wherever I turn I am stopped. I am a good rough joiner; I can do small work in iron and brass; and I am a good practical chemist: my laboratory was recommended as an example of how a laboratory should be kept, by the editor of the *Chemical News* and an F.R.S.

"Now allow me to ask you seriously, would you have me to go out alone into the wilderness, and live like a Robinson Crusoe till I see an opening? The point is, the opening might come directly, or it might not come for years, and meantime I am standing in the market-place, such as it is (why is there not a real one?). It is this uncertainty that distresses me, for I must work for my living, and my substance is gradually melting away.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Ruskin, ever yours affectionately,

"ROB. G. SILLAR.

"*P.S.*—I am glad to see you have challenged Dr. Fraser. I had a correspondence with him some years ago. I saw in one of Carlyle's works, that I might do some good, if I had two fingers and a pen; so, after getting no answer from my own clergyman, and the secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, relative to the leaving out of a verse in the fifteenth Psalm in our collection, I appealed to the bishop. He was very polite, and corresponded with me till he felt it dangerous to go on, and then informed me that he really had no time to examine into the lawfulness of interest.

"I confess I don't like an officer who has no time to read and examine his standing orders, but who yet retains the command of the regiment; so as you told me in *Sheepfolds* * that in our army the King was beside every one of us to appeal to in case of doubt, I ended by telling his lordship, as he had no time to hear me, I must leave it in other hands, *videat Altissimus*, and our correspondence closed."

* I am reprinting this pamphlet word for word as it was first issued from the press. Mr. Allen will have it ready for distribution by the first of September.[1]

[1] [The reprint was issued in October 1875. The reference in Mr. Sillar's letter is to § 30 of *Sheepfolds* (Vol. XII. p. 550).]

[*I am honoured in the charge given me, without dissent, by the present members of the St. George's Company, to convey their thanks to* MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, *in the terms stated at the close of my last letter.*]

LETTER 57

MICHAL'S SCORN[1]

1. I HAVE received, from the author, M. Emile de Laveleye,[2] his pamphlet, — "Protestantism and Catholicism in their bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations, with an introductory Letter by Mr. Gladstone." I do not know why M. de Laveleye sent me this pamphlet. I thank him for the courtesy; but he has evidently read none of my books, or must have been aware that he could not have written anything more contrary to the positions which I am politically maintaining. On the other hand, I have read none of *his* books, and I gather from passages in his pamphlet that there may be much in them to which I should be able to express entire adhesion.

But of the pamphlet in question, and its preface, he will, I trust, pardon my speaking in the same frank terms which I should have used had it accidentally come under my notice, instead of by the author's gift. The pamphlet is especially displeasing to me, because it speaks of "Liberty" under the common assumption of its desirableness; whereas my own teaching has been, and is, that Liberty, whether in the body, soul, or political estate of men, is only another word for Death, and the final issue of Death, putrefaction:

[1] [The title refers to 2 Samuel vi. 16: "And Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart." "Music and Dancing" (see below, § 6) was a discarded title for this letter.]

[2] [Emile-Louis-Victor, Baron de Laveleye (1822–1892); Belgian economist and publicist; Professor of Political Economy at Liège.]

18th Jan 7

Dear Allen

I have been greatly amazed by the discovery to me of Mr Gladstone's real character, as I saw it at Hawarden: its intense simplicity and earnestness laying themselves open to every sort of misinterpretation — being unbelievable unless one saw him

— I must cancel all the attack on him in Fors. Send me the number with it, and I will recast it at once and don't issue anymore

I am now finishing IInd Fesole first of all. — it will save me a little trouble if you tell me what I have already directed to be done about the plates

Ever affectionately yrs

J.R.

the body, spirit, and political estate being alike healthy only by their bonds and laws; and by Liberty being instantly disengaged into mephitic vapour.

2. But the matter of this pamphlet, no less than the assumption it is based on, is hateful to me; reviving, as it does, the miserable question of the schism between Catholic and Protestant, which is entirely ridiculous and immaterial; and taking no note whatever of the true and eternal schism, cloven by the very sword of Michael, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not.

. . . . . .

(The passage now and henceforward omitted in this place,[1] contained an attack on Mr. Gladstone written under a complete misconception of his character. See, for explanation of it, the beginning of the third letter in the second series of *Fors*.[2] The blank space is left partly in order not to confuse the Index references, partly in due memorial of rash judgment.)

. . . . . .

3. The fact being that I am, at this central time of my life's work, at pause because I cannot set down any

[1] [The passage, included in eds. 1 and 2, was as follows:—

"In furtherance of which contempt of the only vital question in religious matters, I find, in the preface to this pamphlet, the man, who was so long a favourite Prime Minister of England, speaking of the 'indifferentism, scepticism, materialism, and pantheism, *which for the moment are so fashionable*' only as 'negative systems.' He himself being, in fact, nothing else than a negative system, hundred-tongued to his own confusion; the 'fashionable' hairdresser, as it were, and Minister of extreme unction in the manner of pomade, to the scald and moribund English pates that still wear their religion decoratively, as a bob-wig with a pigtail (carefully also anointing and powdering the remains of its native growth on the heads of their flunkies), and from under such contracted and loose-sitting substitute for the Cavalier locks of their forefathers, look upon the round heads of the European cropped populace, only as 'for the moment so fashionable,'—little thinking in what prison discipline the Newgate cut has its origin with the most of them, or in what hardship of war, and pressure of helmet on weary brows, for others. The fact being . . ."

The quotations from Mr. Gladstone are from pp. 7, 8 of the pamphlet (published in 1875). The facsimile here given is of Ruskin's letter to Mr. Allen (January 18, 1878), instructing him to cancel the attack upon Mr. Gladstone.]

[2] [Letter 87, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 364). See also *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, by John Ruskin, privately printed 1903, and reprinted in a later volume of this edition.]

form of religious creed so simple, but that the requirement of its faithful signature by persons desiring to become Companions of St. George, would exclude some of the noblest champions of justice and charity now labouring for men; while, on the other hand, I cannot set down the first principles of children's noble education without finding myself in collision with an almost resistless infidel mob, which[1] is incapable of conceiving—how much less of obeying—the first laws of human decency, order, and honour. So that indeed I am fain to ask, with my Leeds correspondent, in last *Fors* (§ 20), what is to be done for young folks to whom "music has little attraction, except in the form of dance, and pictures are nothing"?

4. With her pardon, pictures are much to this class of young people. The woodcuts of halfpenny novels representing scenes of fashionable life,—those representing men murdering their wives, in the *Police News*,—and, finally, those which are to be bought only in the back-shop,—have enormous educational influence on the young British public: which its clergymen, alike ignorant of human nature and human art, think to counteract—by decorating their own churches, forsooth,—and by coloured prints of the story of Joseph; while the lower tribes of them—Moodys and Sankeys—think to turn modern musical taste to account by fitting negro melodies to hymns.[2]

And yet, my correspondent may be thankful that some remnant of delight *is* still taken in dance-music. It is the last protest of the human spirit, in the poor fallen creatures, against the reign of the absolute Devil, Pandemonium with Mammon on the throne, instead of Lucifer,—the Son of the Earth, Lord of Hell, instead of the Son of the Morning.

Let her stand in the midst of the main railroad station at Birmingham; and think—what music, or dancing, or

[1] [Eds. 1 and 2 here added: "(I know not whether, in Mr. Gladstone's estimate, fashionably or vulgarly)."]

[2] [Messrs. Moody and Sankey, American evangelists, were at this time at the height of their vogue: see *Moody and Sankey: their Lives and Labours, together with a History of the Present Great Religious Movement* (Ward, Lock, & Tyler, 1875).]

other entertainment fit for prodigal sons could be possible in that pious and little prodigal locality.* Let her read the account of our modern pastoral music, at § 11 of my fifth letter,—of modern Venetian "Barcarolle," § 12 of Letter 19, and § 12 of Letter 20,[1]—and of our modern Campanile, and Muezzin call to prayer, at page 412 of this *Fors*.

5. "Work is prayer"—thinks your Wakefield Mahometan;—his vociferous minaret, in the name, and by the name, of the Devil, shall summon English votaries to such worship for five miles round; that is to say, over one hundred square miles of English land, the Pandemoniacal voice of the Archangel-trumpet thus arouses men out of their sleep; and Wakefield becomes Wakeful-field, over that blessed space of acreage.

Yes; my correspondent may be thankful that still some feeble lust for dancing on the green,—still some dim acknowledgment, by besotted and stupefied brains, of the laws of tune and time known to their fathers and mothers—remains possible to the poor wretches discharged by the excursion trains for a gasp of breath, and a gleam of light, amidst what is left to them, and us, of English earth and heaven. Waltzing, drunk, in the country roads by our villages; yet innocently drunk, and sleepy at sunset; not like their born masters and teachers, dancing, wilfully, the cancan of hell, with harlots, at seven in the morning.†

6. Music and dancing! They are quite the two primal instruments of education. Make them licentious; let Mr. John Stuart Mill have the dis-ordering of them, so that —(see § 18 of Letter 12[2]) "no one shall be guided, or governed, or directed in the way they should go,"—and they sink to lower and lower depth—till the dance becomes

* Compare my Birmingham correspondent's opinion of David's "twangling on the harp," Letter 6, § 6 [Vol. XXVII. p. 104].

† *Sesame and Lilies*, § 36 *n.* [Vol. XVIII. p. 93].

[1] [For these passages, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 89, 329, 341.]

[2] [Vol. XXVII. p. 211.]

Death's; and the music—a shriek of death by strychnine. But let Miriam and David, and the Virgins of Israel,[1] have the ordering of them, and the music becomes at last the Eternal choir; and the Dance, the Karol-dance of Christmas, evermore.*

Virgins of Israel, or of England, richly clad by your kings, and "rejoicing in the dance,"[2] how is it you do not divide this sacred,—*if* sacred,—joy of yours with the poor? If it can ever be said of you, as birds of God,[3]

> "Oh beauteous birds, methinks ye measure
> Your movements to some heavenly tune,"[4]

can you not show wherein the heavenliness of it consists, to—suppose—your Sunday-school classes? At present, you keep the dancing to yourselves, and graciously teach *them* the catechism. Suppose you were to try for a little while learning the catechism yourselves; and teaching *them*—to dance?

7. Howbeit, in St. George's schools, this, the most "decorous," rightly taught, of all exercises, shall not fail of its due discipline to any class whatsoever:—reading, writing, and accounts may all be spared where pupils show no turn to any of those scholarships, but music and dancing, never.† Generally, however, it will be the best singers and dancers who ask for teaching also in literature and art; for all,

* Compare Letter 24, § 21 [Vol. XXVII. p. 433]; and Dante, *Paradiso*, xxiv. 16:—

> "Cosi, quelle carole differente—
> Mente danzando, della sua ricchezza
> Mi si facean stimar, veloci e lente."[5]

† Compare Letter 8, § 10; and Letter 9, § 12 [Vol. XXVII. p. 143, 157.]

[1] [See Exodus xv. 20; 2 Samuel vi. 14; Jeremiah xxxi. 13.]

[2] [Jeremiah xxxi. 13.]

[3] ["Dante's simple and most exquisite synonym for angel" (*Purgatorio*, ii. 38): see *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, Vol. XXIV. p. 72.]

[4] [Coleridge, *Lewti, or the Circassian Love-Chaunt;* quoted again in Letter 91, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 442); and in *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*, § 77 *n.* (where Ruskin erroneously cites the lines as Wordsworth's).]

[5] ["E'en thus their carols weaving variously,
They, by the measure paced, or swift, or slow,
Made me to rate the riches of their joy" (Cary's translation).]

there shall at least be the way open to these; and for none, danger or corruption possible in these. For in their libraries there shall be none but noble books, and in their sight none but noble art.[1]

There is no real difficulty or occasion for dispute in choosing these. Admit the principle of selection, and the practice is easy enough; only, like all practical matters, the work must be done by one man, sufficiently qualified for it; and not by a council. If he err, the error may be represented by any one cognizant of it, and by council corrected. But the main work must be done single-handed.

Thus, for the use of the St. George's Company, I shall myself, if my life is spared, write out a list of books which without any question will be found serviceable in their libraries;*—a system of art instruction which will be secure so far as it reaches; and a list of purchaseable works of art, which it will be desirable to place in the national schools and museums of the company. With this list of purchaseable works, I shall name, as I have time, those in the museums of Europe which ought to be studied, to the exclusion of those on which time would be wasted.[2]

8. I have no doubt that this work, though done at first for the St. George's Company, will be found generally useful, and especially that the system of drawing arranged for them will in many respects supersede that of Kensington. I had intended to write it separately for the use of schools; but after repeated endeavours to arrange it in a popular form, find that it will not so shape itself availably, but must consist of such broad statements of principle as my now enlarged experience enables me to make; with references to the parts of my other books in which they are defended or illustrated: and of directions for practice given

* This will be added to by future Masters of the Company, with the farther means of specification indicated in § 4 of Letter 21.[3]

[1] [For an additional passage, apparently intended for this Letter, see Appendix 12, Vol. XXIX. p. 559.]

[2] [This, however, Ruskin never found time to do.]

[3] [Vol. XXVII. p. 354; and compare in this volume, p. 20, and the other passages there noted.]

as I can get illustrations of them prepared;[1] leaving the systematization of them to be made by the master of each drawing school, according to the requirements of his scholars. (See § 14 of Letter 9.[2])

For example of the impossibility of publishing on a system. It happens to be now fine weather here in Lancashire;—I am able, therefore, to draw out of doors; and am painting a piece of foreground vegetation,[3] which I don't want to be used by students till after at least fifty other exercises have been gone through. But I must do this one while light and life serve; and not wait till I am sixty, to do work which my eyes are not good enough for at fifty-five.

9. And if the readers of *Fors* think my letters too desultory, let them consider what this chief work, specified in § 15 of Letter 9, involves. No one has the least notion of the quantity of manual labour I have to go through, to discharge my duty as a teacher of Art. Look at the frontispiece to Letter 20,[4] which is photographed from one of my architectural sketches; and if you can draw, copy a bit of it;—try merely the bead moulding with its dentils, in the flat arch over the three small ones, lowest on the left. Then examine those three small ones themselves. You think I have drawn them distorted, carelessly, I suppose. No. That distortion is essential to the Gothic of the Pisan school; and I measured every one of the curves of those cusps on the spot, to the tenth of an inch; and I ought to be engraving and publishing those drawings, by rights; but, meantime, your Pisan Republicans dash the chapel down, for a job in rebuilding it;—and the French Emperor dashes every cathedral in France to pieces, to find his masons work,[5]—and gets for result, Reuter's telegram,

[1] [See the plates in *The Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV.), which were lettered "Schools of St. George, Elementary Drawing." See also the plates in the "Oxford Art School Series" (Vol. XXI. pp. 311 *seq.*).]

[2] [Vo. XXVII. p. 159.]

[3] [The "Study of Brantwood Thistle," reproduced on Plate I. in Vol. XXV. (p. xxxiv.).]

[4] [St. Mary of the Thorn, Pisa: Vol. XXVII. p. 334, and see *ibid.*, p. 349.]

[5] [On this subject, see Vol. XIX. pp. 39, 461–462.]

(§ 14 of Letter 6[1]); and I, with my eyes full of dust and driven smoke, am obliged to leave my own work, and write *Fors*, more and more necessarily becoming principal, as I find all my other work rendered vain.

10. Nevertheless, in the course of *Fors* itself, I shall try to give, as aforesaid, art instruction enough for all need, if any one cares to obey it.[2] How little any one is likely to care, the closing paragraphs of the letter from Wakefield[3] show so clearly that I think it desirable to print them here consecutively, as part of the text of *Fors* itself:—

"Yet people tell me that those were very benighted Tory days I am regretting. Wakefield was always held to be a Tory place, given up hand and foot to the magnates who owned the great estate round. I know how when a small thing in frilled slops, but with my bosom full of patriotic pride in our town, I used to feel bitterly depressed at hearing a rising Radical Leeds clothier, who came to see us, sometimes denounce Wakefield as a 'one-eyed hoil,' his emphatic way of indicating our want of sweep of vision. I remember he generally capped his arguments by demanding, in sonorous tones, if any men worthy of the name of Britons would put up with that 'obsolete monopoly' of the soke[4] mills.

"To tell truth, I am afraid that we felt a good deal of mean-spirited admiration for the neighbouring squires and lords on the occasions when they showed themselves and their handsome carriages in our streets: but at least the Wentworths and Pilkingtons and Squire Waterton were gentlemen and scholars; our new magnates have nothing to boast but their money. It seems to me better that people should boast of the old oaks of Walton,[5] and the old pictures of —— Priory, than tell how many thousands an iron lord made by the last rise in iron: and that is what they

[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 113.]

[2] [See below, pp. 442–447, 492–495, 568–575, 699–701; and Vol. XXIX. pp. 127–130.]

[3] [Continued from Letter 55, § 9 (p. 380).]

[4] [Eds. 1 and 2 read "(soke*) mills," the note * being, "I don't know what this word means, and may have mistaken the reading of it." "Soke mills" are those at which millers claimed the privilege of grinding all the corn which was used within the manor or township. These rights were bought out by the inhabitants of Wakefield in 1853 for £18,000, and were then abolished by Act of Parliament.]

[5] [Walton Hall and Park, in the days of "Squire Waterton" (Charles Waterton, the naturalist, 1782–1865), would have appealed strongly to Ruskin, for one of his dreams (see *Love's Meinie*, § 139, Vol. XXV. p. 132) was there realised. Mr. Waterton so managed his property as to "offer a hearty welcome to every bird and beast that chose to avail itself of his hospitality, and, by affording them abundant food and a quiet retreat, to induce them to frequent a spot where they would feel themselves secure from all enemies save those which have been appointed to preserve the balance of nature" (see Murray's *Handbook for Yorkshire*, 1874, p. 493). The old pictures were, and are, at Nostel Priory.]

talk of now. And if the iron kings have supplanted the landlords, they are not any more free. The old farmers might vote blindly out of blind respect for the old landlords; but is it not better than the newly-enfranchised puddlers and strikers selling votes openly for the price of a gallon of whisky? We have lost a good deal, although we are long rid of the soke monopoly, which used to be a standing reproach to us. I think that the town bought off the soke just after the Corn Law agitation, when the great railways began to enclose the wide meadows about the town with their ugly ramparts and arches, where the trains keep up a continual scream.

"But the wool and corn magnates of the place held to their old traditions long after that; and when Titus Salt asked for a footing in the town that he might build there his great alpaca factories, he was rejected. I had gone abroad then, but my heart was in the old place, and I caught up eagerly all concerning it. Sometimes I heard doleful accounts of its decadence—how the big houses were empty altogether, how the inns were closed, the coaches stopped, the river traffic diminished, and the great corn warehouses by the bridge falling to ruin. There was no trace left of the gaieties that once gave the town the name of 'Merrie Wakefield.' All the smart young men were leaving it to push their way in Leeds or Manchester, and the girls left behind were growing up into a population of old maids.

"So the doleful story went on for many a year. But insensibly the key changed. Mills were springing up, and shops; and the houses had gone up in rent. The sleepy streets were thronged with workers; in short the town seemed new-born altogether. And the ——s,[1]—I knew the ——s,—nobody would have thought it, such a simple kind of man as old —— seemed; yet the tale ran that he could buy up all Wakefield, and young Bill[2] was going to live in —— Hall!! Young Bill in —— Hall! one of the most sacred spots my memory cherished.

"I remembered him well,—an audacious boy, with a gift for wry faces, and always up to some street prank. I remember the well-worn jacket and battered cap that his father's thrift imposed on him. And he was to be one of new rulers of the bright new time! and lord it in those venerable oaken chambers sacred to Lady ——'s ghost! It seemed incredible; but twenty years had changed everything. Old ——, the father —a man of the true old English grain, had, in my young days, a foundry at the lower end of the town, and was said even then to be worth a 'mint of money.' Worthy folks were he and his; but still people of whom the loftier town's-folk took no cognizance socially, for was not the wife's father old Robin the Pedlar? A good old soul he was, who peddled to frugal farm wives the best thread and needles that could be got,—and took no alms from his kinsfolk, and lived and died in blameless humble honesty. And his grandson now rules in the hall where old

[1] [The name is "Green," as appears from a subsequent letter: see below, pp. 456, 457.]

[2] [In eds. 1 and 2 "young Ned," the name "Bill" being afterwards substituted, presumably to avoid identification; but in Letter 59 (on the first of the pages just referred to) the true name was given in all editions. So also in eds. 1 and 2, the names "Heath Hall," "Lady B——," and "Old G——" were given. For the ghost of Lady Bolles in Heath Old Hall, see above, p. 380 *n.*]

Robin, perchance, took a humble bit and sup at the back door. He has a Scotch estate besides, and only failed of Parliament last year because he bribed his way a little too openly.[1] My enlightened friends look upon his rise as one of the grandest signs of the grand new time; but I cannot rejoice with them. When I see how he and his like are doing their worst to foul the air and blacken the fields about the town, I cannot help wishing the squires back in —— Hall.

"Men say, too, that he is a stronger Tory than the bluest of the old squires. He has forgotten old Robin of the bobbins,[2] and rules the people from whom he sprang, with an iron hand, as such often do.[3] Naturally, his success has attracted others, and the town will soon be surrounded with forges. On the once green Calder bank, where I used to see garlands of brown pears ripening in the sweet sunshine, there is a desert of dross and ashes, and twenty black throats vomiting fire and fumes into the summer sky;[4] and under the big sheds you see hundreds of the liberated Britons of these improved days, toiling, half-naked, in sweltering heat and din, from morning to evening. This, however, is 'the activity and spread of the iron trade,' which our local paper tells us 'are the most satisfactory pledge of the future progress and prosperity of our town.'

"I wish that I could believe it; but it vexes me beyond comfort to see the first landscape I knew and loved blighted by the smoke of the forges, and to find one sweet association after another swept away.

"Even Sunday brings no respite to the eye. The forges are fired up shortly after noonday, and many of the long chimneys follow suit. And in the town the noise is so constant, you can scarcely hear the church chimes unless you are close to the tower.

"Did you ever hear Wakefield chimes? We were very proud of them in the old time. They had a round of pleasant sleepy tunes, that never failed us through summer suns and winter frost; and came to be bound up indelibly with the early memories of us children. How I loved to hear them as I bounded, full of morning gladness, across the green Vicar's Croft to school; or at night when lying an unwilling prisoner in bed, before the warm summer evening was ended. To my childish fancy there was a strange wizardry bound up with that dark church steeple, frosted and crumbling with age, which would break out overhead into mysterious music when I was far afield, but expecting it.

[1] [For particulars of the election Petition at Wakefield in 1874, see Letter 62 (pp. 534–536).]

[2] [Eds. 1 and 2 had a footnote here:—

"A favourite nursery-rhyme of my nurse Annie's comes musically back to my ears, from fifty years afar—

'Robin-a-bobbin, a bilberry hen—
He ate more victuals than threescore men.'"

J. O. Halliwell in his *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 1846, p. 30, gives the lines—

"Robin the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than fourscore men."]

[3] [For a contradiction of this and other statements in this communication, see, again, Mrs. Edward Green's letter, below, pp. 456, 457.]

[4] [For a Report of 1866 on the fouling of the Calder, see Appendix I. to Letter 39 (Vol. XXIX. p. 417).]

"Years after, when poor and lonely in a great foreign city, I came, one bitter winter's day, upon an obscure cloister church standing by a frozen river. It was a city without bells, and I had often longed for the familiar sound. I was dreadfully homesick that day, and stood upon the bridge, hapless, and listless; looking at the strange spire, the strange houses and frozen-up boats, in a kind of dream. Suddenly the cloister tower struck the hour,—four o'clock of a dark December day, and presently it broke into a chime.

"It was a very simple ditty; but what a passion of longing it wakened for England and the old chimes of that little English town! I felt as if my heart could bear no more. I *must* go home; I *must* see the old places again, cost what it might. But morning brought fresh counsels, and many a year passed before I revisited the old place.

"At last I was there again, after many disappointments, and laid my head to rest once more beneath the shadow of the old steeple.

"I woke with an expectant heart. It was a bright May day, such as I remembered twenty years before. The big church bell tolled nine: then came a pause, and my thirsty ears were strained to catch the first sounds of the dear old chimes. 'Ding' went a treble bell high in the air, the first note of 'Tara's Halls,' and then!—a hideous sound I cannot describe, a prolonged malignant yell, broke from the sky and seemed to fill the earth. I stopped my ears and ran indoors, but the sound followed to the innermost chambers. It gathered strength and malignancy every moment, and seemed to blast all within its reach. It lasted near two minutes, and ended with a kind of spasm and howl that made every nerve shudder. I do not exaggerate. I cannot adequately describe the hideous sound. When I had recovered my wits, I asked the meaning of this horrible noise. My informant, a rising young townsman of the new stamp, told me that it was the new steam-whistle at the foundry, commonly called the 'American Devil'; that it was the most powerful in the West Riding, and could be heard five miles off.[1]

"It was only at half-power then, calling the workmen from breakfast; but at six in the morning I could hear it in double force. I asked if it was possible that people would quietly put up with such a hideous disturbance. He owned that the old inhabitants did not like it; but then, he said, they were a sleepy set, and wanted stirring up.

"Indeed, I actually found that the town was infected by four other similar whistles, profaning dawn and eve with their heaven-defying screech.

"The nuisance has been abolished since, I hear. They say it actually killed one old lady by starting her up just at the only moment when it was possible for her weary nerves to get sleep. She happened to have a relation in the town council: a stir was made about it, and the whistles were suppressed.

"But the peaceful, half town, half rural life of Wakefield is gone for ever, I fear.

"Silk-mills and dye-works are encroaching on the cornfields and pastures; rows of jerry-built cottages are creeping up Pinder's Fields, where I used to pull orchises; greasy mill-girls elbow ladies in the Westgate,

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 516, 600.]

and laugh and jeer at passing young men in a way that would have horrified the old inhabitants. And everywhere there is an indescribable smokiness and dirtiness more demoralizing than any tongue can tell, or mind conceive.

"Well, it is the 'march of the times.' It will go on, I suppose, as in other quiet pleasant English towns, until all the sweet Calder valley is swallowed up in the smoke of Tophet. They will cut the snowdrop wood down, and cover Heath Common with cheap villas, and make the old hall into an 'institution.' You know how it will be. A river black with filth and stagnant with foulness, a wilderness of toiling suburbs such as you saw at Bradford;[1] and where the cowslips and the corn grew, the earth will be thick with 'institutions.' There will be a Blind Institution, and an Eye and Ear Institution, an Orthopædic Institution, and a Magdalen Institution, and Mechanics' Institutions; and we shall hear a great deal of the liberality and beneficence of the cotton and iron kings of the place. But will all this compensate one little child for robbing it of its God-given birthright of earth and sky?

"I cannot believe it.

"Poor little martyrs! There will be no 'swallow twittering from the straw-built shed'[2] for them,—only the American Devil calling father to his hot, hard day's labour. What can they make of it all? What kind of outlook will *they* have in coming years from the bridge of my early recollections? What I saw on the Medlock yesterday—such a hideous sight!—yet my husband remembers catching fish there. The gases would kill a fish like a lightning-stroke, now.

"And the poor children! It makes me so sad, having some of my own, to think of those who will be born there, with hearts as hungry for nature and truth as mine was; who will never see God's heaven, save through grimy panes and smoke; who will have no sweet cowslip-fields to walk in,—only the defiled pavement; who will grow hard and sour before childhood is over, with the riddle of their joyless lives.

"How I have drifted on.

"Your allusion to Wakefield Bridge in the *Fors* of February (?)[3] unloosed a flood of long-buried recollections.

"This is what you draw on yourself by opening your heart to others. Pray forgive the trespass on your time.

"Yours gratefully,
"E. L."

[1] [See Letter 50, § 16 (p. 267).]
[2] [Gray's *Elegy:* see Vol. XXV. pp. 73, 136.]
[3] [The query is "E. L.'s," but the date is right: see Letter 50, § 16 (p. 267).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

11. The following two paragraphs have been sent me by correspondents, from country papers. I do not answer for the facts stated in them; but however mythic either may be, they form part of the current history of the day, and are worth preserving; the latter especially in illustration of what I meant by the phrase "roseate repose of domestic felicity," in the *Fors* of July, this year, p. 364. One of the pamphlets written by John Hopper will become a subject of inquiry in a future *Fors*.[1]

John Hopper.—On Tuesday, July 6, passed away from our midst the pioneer of Co-operation in Sunderland, John Hopper, shipwright, aged forty-seven on the 22nd April last, after a lingering illness of six weeks' duration, of paralysis of the right side, and the breaking of a blood-vessel in the brain. This was caused by his constant and unremitting study and writing on all questions relating to the progress of his fellow-workmen. More especially had he devoted his time and money to publishing several pamphlets on Co-operation. He also ably advocated the cause of Working Men's Unions and Trade Arbitration Councils instead of strikes. He looked forward to Co-operation for the solution of all the great questions in dispute between the employer and employed, and lived to see some portion of his ideas carried out with great success in the organization of a co-operative store in our own town, which now possesses two branch establishments, and does a very large, extensive, and profitable business, and possesses also two libraries. The organization and successful carrying out of this store was largely due to his own exertions. As its first secretary he gave his arduous labours free to it for several years. Though frequently offered superior situations in his own trade as a shipwright, he conscientiously refused all such offers, preferring to cast his lot amongst the working classes, and with them finish his days, toiling on side by side with them, as an example of honesty, toil, and love of his trade, before all other things; for *work* indeed to him was only *worship*. He scorned to earn his bread by any other means than by his own trade. He often lamented over men of superior talent who deserted their class for wealth and gain, and did not stay by their fellow-men, and by so doing try to elevate them by their example. He had been ailing some fifteen months, but kept at his work until quite exhausted, some six weeks before he died. He worked in the yard of Mr. Oswald, of Pallion, for many years, and also at Mr. J. Laing's, at Deptford. With the latter gentleman he served his apprenticeship as a shipwright. He leaves a widow and seven children unprovided for. The eldest is now serving his apprenticeship to his father's trade with Mr. Oswald. Simple and retired he lived, despite all their praise—content to live and die a working man. Often after a hard day's toil he was too ill to walk all the way home, and had to lay himself down to rest by the roadside for awhile. The following is a list of his pamphlets, eight in number:—Causes of Distress; History of the Sunderland Co-operative Store; Organization of Labour; Co-operative Store System; The Commercial Reformer's Bookkeeper; The Workman's Path to Independence; The Rights of Working Men; and, Elections, Trades Unions, and the Irish Church.

[1] See Letter 83, § 19 (Vol. XXIX. p. 275).]

12. MARRIAGE OF MISS VENABLES, FORMERLY OF LEICESTER.—From the Yarmouth papers, we learn that on Wednesday week Miss Eveline Mary Venables, the only daughter of the Rev. George Venables, vicar of Great Yarmouth, and formerly vicar of St. Matthew's, Leicester, was married at the parish church, Great Yarmouth, in the presence of 4000 spectators, to the Rev. E. Manners Sanderson, M.A., vicar of Weston St. Mary's, Lincolnshire. The bridegroom was formerly curate of Great Yarmouth. Very extensive preparations, we are told, were made for the wedding festivities, both in the church and at the vicarage. A number of lady friends of the bride undertook to decorate the nave and chancel of the fine old church, and for several days they worked assiduously at this labour of love. Nearly the whole length of the chancel was tastefully decorated with a choice assortment of flowers, plants, mosses, and ferns, the gas standards being also similarly clothed, while along the communion rails were placed leaves of ferns, intermingled with roses and water-lilies. Within the communion rails were displays of cut flowers and plants, which gave a most pleasing effect to that portion of the church. The reredos was beautifully dressed in wreaths and flowers, and above the communion table were the words in white letters on a scarlet ground, "Jesus was called to the marriage." The effect of all these magnificent decorations was beautiful, and presented such a picture as our grand old church probably never before exhibited. The nave and chancel were converted into an avenue of flowers, and as the richly dressed bridal procession wended its way from the south porch the scene was one of the most imposing and affecting nature. It was understood that the marriage would take place immediately after the usual morning service, and long before that service commenced (eleven o'clock), several hundreds of people had congregated in front of the church gates, and when they were thrown open, they flocked into the church, and soon every available space in the church was filled with thousands of people. A number of seats near and in the chancel were set apart for the bridal party and friends, and these were kept vacant until the arrival of the ladies and gentlemen for whom they were reserved, and who were admitted for the most part by ticket at the east door. The morning service concluded about half-past eleven, and the clergymen who were to take part in the ceremony, and who had been waiting in the vestry, then walked in procession down the chancel, taking up their position under the tower, where they awaited the arrival of the bridal party. Their names were as follows, besides the Vicar: Rev. E. Venables (canon of Lincoln), Rev. Dr. J. J. Raven (master of the Grammar School), Rev. Bowyer Vaux (minister of St. Peter's church), Rev. A. J. Spencer, Rev. F. G. Wilson (vicar of Rudham), Rev. G. Merriman, Rev. A. B. M. Ley, Rev. R. H. Irvine, Rev. F. C. Villiers, and Rev. R. J. Tacon (Rollesby). The first to arrive was the bridegroom, accompanied by his bestman, the Rev. R. V. Barker, who were shortly afterwards followed by the bridesmaids and other ladies and gentlemen constituting the bridal party, who entered by the south door and awaited the arrival of the bride. The bridesmaids were most elegantly attired in bleu de ciel silk dresses, with long trains, trimmed en tablier, with Mousseline d'Indienne, pink briar roses and white heath, wreaths to match, and long tulle veils. Their names were as follows: Miss Rose Venables, Miss Sanderson, Miss L. Sanderson, Miss M. Sanderson, Miss Wilson, Miss Ruth Venables, and Miss Maunder. Each bridesmaid carried a bouquet of white roses, pink geraniums, and forget-me-nots, the gift of the bestman, the Rev. R. V. Barker. The last to arrive was the bride, who wore a dress of superb white satin, with a very long train, garnie en tulle et fleurs d'orange; the corsage corresponding. The veil tulle de Bruxelles, brodé en soie; the trailing wreath clematis, myrtle, and orange blossoms; and a necklet of sprays of silver ivy leaves (the gift of Mr. Percy Sanderson). Her magnificent bouquet was composed of orange flowers, stephanotis, Cape jasmine, white roses, and ferns, and was the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was supported by her brother, Mr. E. Venables, and was received at the south porch of the church by her bridesmaids, who accompanied her up the nave to the chancel, where they were received by the vicar and clergymen. The choir were stationed in the triforium, and Mr. H. Stonex presided at

the organ, which was used on this the first occasion since its removal, although the repairs are not yet complete. While the bridal party were entering the church, Mr. Stonex performed "The Wedding March" composed by Sir George Elvey on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne). The bridal party took their places under the tower, and the marriage service began, the Vicar being assisted in his office by Canon Venables, and the bride being given away by her elder brother, Mr. Gilbert Venables. After singing the hymn, "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," to the tune St. Alphege, Canon Venables read the first address of the Marriage Service. The Vicar has just printed this service with a few explanatory remarks, and about a thousand copies were distributed on the occasion. After that portion of the Marriage Service ordered to be performed in the body of the church was completed, the clergy, bride and bridegroom, and bridesmaids proceeded up the choir to the chancel, the singers and congregation chanting the 128th Psalm. The clergy having taken their positions, the bride and bridegroom, with the bridesmaids and the Rev. R. V. Barker, knelt at the communion rails; the service was continued, and a short sermon read by the Vicar, from the text, "Heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered." The service concluded with the benediction, and as the party left the church, Mr. Stonex performed Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," in a very skilful manner. The bride's trousseau was entirely supplied from Yarmouth, and the wedding cake, which weighed 100 lb., was manufactured by Mr. Wright, of King Street, Yarmouth. After the marriage, the bridal party assembled at the Vicarage, where the register was signed, and then sat down to a récherché breakfast, the management of which was placed in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, of the Crown and Anchor Hotel. The following is a list of those who were present at the wedding breakfast: the Vicar and Mrs. Venables, the Honourable and Mrs. Sanderson, T. H. Sanderson, Esq., Lord Hastings, Chas. Venables, Esq. (Taplow, Bucks), and Mrs. C. Venables, Miss Sanderson, Miss Lucy Sanderson, Miss Maud Sanderson, Canon Venables (Lincoln) and Mrs. Venables, Miss Ruth Venables (Lincoln), Miss Rose Venables (London), Gilbert Venables, Esq., B.A. (Lower Norwood), and Mrs. Gilbert Venables, Rev. F. G. Wilson (Vicar of Rudham) and Mrs. and Miss Wilson, Rev. J. J. Raven, D.D. (Yarmouth), and Mrs. Raven, Rev. R. V. Barker, M.A. (Yarmouth), Edward Venables, Esq. (Emmanuel College, Cambridge), and Mrs. Edward Venables, Rev. Bowyer Vaux, M.A., and Mrs. Vaux, Rev. R. H. Irvine and Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Palgrave (Yarmouth), Mrs. Woollnough, Rev. F. C. Villiers, M.A., and the Misses Villiers, E. Villiers, Esq. (Galway), Rev. A. B. M. Ley, M.A. (Yarmouth), Rev. G. Merriman, M.A., Rev. A. J. Spencer, B.A., Miss Mander (Tettenhall Wood), Mrs. Palmer, Rev. R. J. Tacon, M.A. (rector of Rollesby), Mr. Stonex. The presents to the bride were very numerous, and among the donors we find the names of Mr. and Mrs. T. North, of Leicester, a bread platter and knife; and Mr. and Mrs. Burbidge Hambly, of Mountsorrel, a dessert service. The honeymoon is being spent at Sans Souci, Dorsetshire.

LETTER 58

THE CATHOLIC PRAYER

"Deus, a quo sancta desideria, recta consilia, et justa sunt opera, da servis tuis illam quam mundus dare non potest pacem, ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis, et, hostium sublata formidine, tempora, sint tuâ protectione tranquilla."

"God, from whom are all holy desires, right counsels, and just works, give to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot, that both our hearts, in Thy commandments, and our times, the fear of enemies being taken away, may be calm under Thy guard."

1. THE adulteration of this great Catholic prayer in our English church-service[1] (as needless as it was senseless, since the pure form of it contains nothing but absolutely Christian prayer, and is as fit for the most stammering Protestant lips as for Dante's), destroyed all the definite meaning of it,* and left merely the vague expression of desire for peace, on quite unregarded terms. For of the millions of people who utter the prayer at least weekly, there is not one in a thousand who is ever taught, or can for themselves find out, either what a holy desire means, or a right counsel means, or a just work means,—or what the world is, or what the peace is which it cannot give. And half-an-hour after they have insulted God by praying to Him in this deadest of all dead languages, not understanded of the people,[2] they leave the church, themselves pacified in their perennial determination to put no check on their natural

* Missing, in the phrase "that our hearts may be set to obey" the entire sense of the balanced clause in the original,—namely, that the Law of God is *given* to be the shield and comfort of the soul against spiritual enemies, as the merciful angels encamp round us against earthly ones.[3]

[1] [The Second Collect in the Order for Evening Prayer.]

[2] [Article XXIV.]

[3] [For a correspondent's criticism on this passage, and Ruskin's rejoinder, see Letter 59, § 12 (below, p. 452).]

covetousness; to act on their own opinions, be they right or wrong; to do whatever they can make money by, be it just or unjust; and to thrust themselves, with the utmost of their soul and strength, to the highest, by them attainable, pinnacle of the most bedrummed and betrumpeted booth in the Fair of the World.

The prayer, in its pure text, is essentially, indeed, a monastic one; but it is written for the great Monastery of the Servants of God, whom the world hates. It cannot be uttered with honesty but by these; nor can it ever be answered but with the peace bequeathed to these, "not as the world giveth."[1]

Of which peace, the nature is not to be without war, but undisturbed in the midst of war; and not without enemies, but without fear of them. It is a peace without pain, because desiring only what is holy; without anxiety, because it thinks only what is right; without disappointment, because a just work is always successful; without sorrow, because "great peace have they which love Thy Law, and nothing shall offend them";[2] and without terror, because the God of all battles is its Guard.

2. So far as any living souls in the England of this day can use, understandingly, the words of this collect, they are already, consciously or not, companions of all good labourers in the vineyard of God. For those who use it reverently, yet have never set themselves to find out what the commandments of God are, nor how lovable they are, nor how far, instead of those commandments, the laws of the world are the only code they care for, nor how far they still think their own thoughts and speak their own words, it is assuredly time to search out these things. And I believe that, after having searched them out, no sincerely good and religious person would find, whatever his own particular form of belief might be, anything which he could reasonably refuse, or which he

[1] [John xiv. 27: the title of Letter 8.]
[2] [Psalms cxix. 165.]

ought in anywise to fear to profess before all men, in the following statement of creed and resolution, which must be written with their own hand, and signed, with the solemnity of a vow, by every person received into the St. George's Company.

I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.

I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work.

And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live.

II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.

And I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

III. I will labour, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might.

IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalship or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.[1]

[1] [In the facsimile of the first draft of this passage Ruskin referred to *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 46 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 427–428), and proposed to add "a note on Comfort" (with reference to such passages as Acts ix. 31).]

VII. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George, into which I am this day received; and the orders of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a Companion, called of St. George.

I will not enter in the present letter on any notice of the terms of this creed and vow; nor of the grounds which many persons whose help I sincerely desire, may perceive for hesitation in signing it. Further definitions of its meaning will be given as occasion comes;[1] nor shall I ever ask any one to sign it whom I do not know to be capable of understanding and holding it in the sense in which it is meant.[2] I proceed at once to define more explicitly those laws of the Company of St. George to which

[1] [See Letters 62, 65, 66, 67, 68 (below, pp. 516–517, 608–611, 635–637, 643, 666–667); 76 and 91 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 96, 442).]

[2] [Here the first draft adds:—

"Only lest I should be accused of any subtlety or reticence in vital points, I beg the reader to observe that the form is deliberately constructed so that Jews and Mahometans may sign it, no less frankly than Christians; that it absolutely excludes only atheists (and of these, there are some whom I am grieved to exclude), but not materialists, for it makes no statement whatever respecting the immortality of the Soul, though most distinct statements of its dignity. And the most faithful believers in Christ will do well to observe that many of the basest men, while they are content to lead a brute's life, found only upon insolence and ignorance their claims to the duration of a God's; while some of the noblest who have ever glorified the Earth were content in leading

St George. I

1 I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven & Earth; ~~and~~ in the ~~justice~~ kindness of His laws, and the ~~righteousness~~ goodness of His working. And I will ~~try~~ strive to love Him and obey His law, and ~~attend~~ see His work; with all my ~~heart and~~ strength of body and ~~and~~ soul.

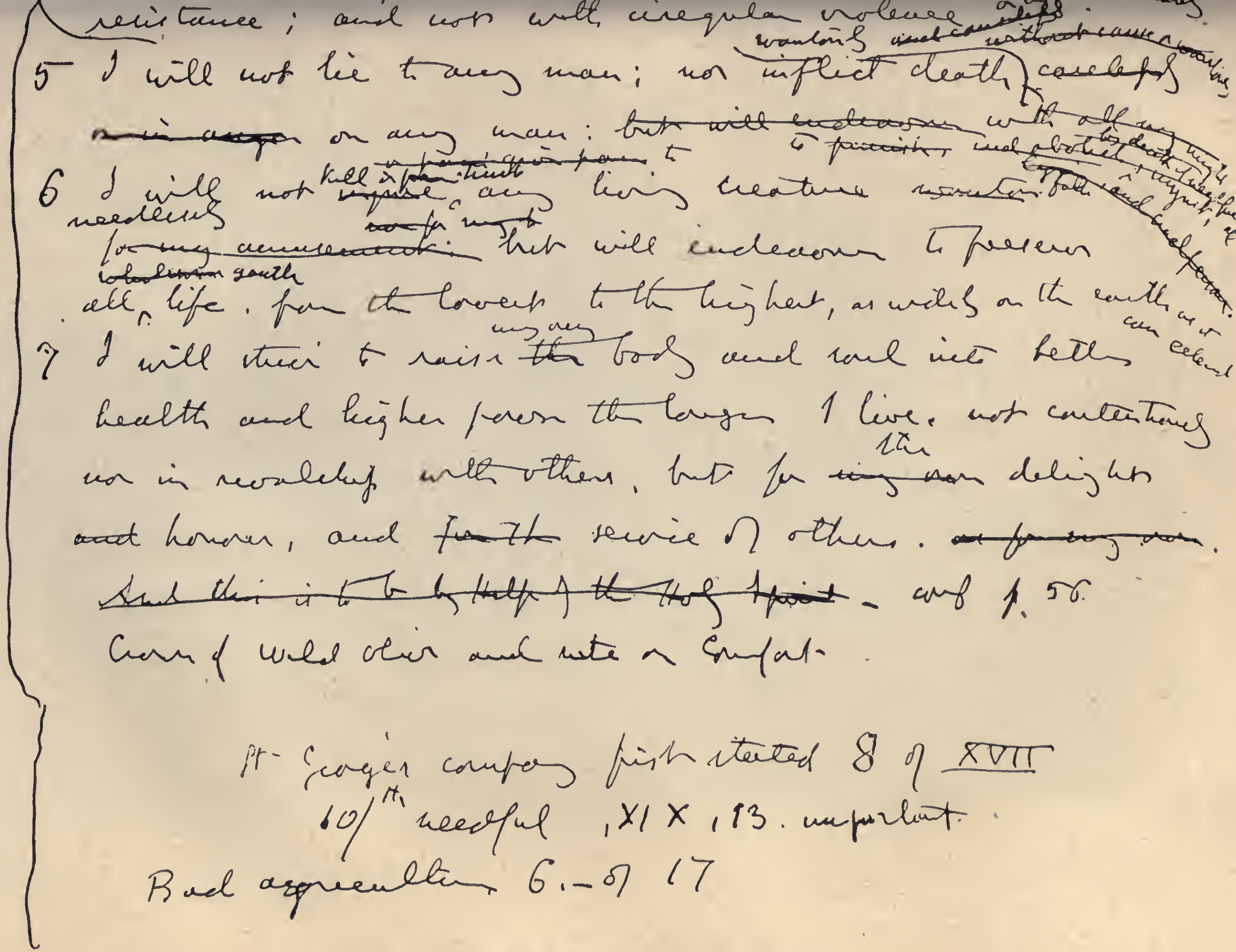
2 And I will ~~try~~ strive to love my neighbour as myself, and ~~though I~~ even if I cannot, will act as if I did.

3 I will ~~be con~~ labour for my ~~the maintenance of~~ own daily bread ~~honestly~~ and clothing, ~~honesty~~ and not steal it from others: and ~~if I can~~ will be ~~content with~~ in securing of daily bread & clothing for myself and my family, desiring no farther increase of private wealth. ~~from~~

~~I will strive to bear~~

4 Whatever my hand finds to do, ~~in such honest labour~~ I will do with all my might.

8 I will obey ~~all~~ the written spoken laws of my country faithfully, and commands of its Monarch, and of ~~the~~ all authority appointed... so far as ~~they are~~ I perceive them consistent with the law of God; or when they ~~are~~ in any respect lead chains [illegible]


resistance; and not with irregular violence or wantonly
5 I will not lie to any man; nor inflict death carelessly on any man: but will endeavour with all my might to punish and abolish by death, if need be, all cruelty and fraud.
6 I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor for my amusement; but will endeavour to preserve all gentle life, from the lowest to the highest, as widely on the earth as we can extend
7 I will strive to raise my own body and soul into better health and higher power the longer I live; not contentiously nor in rivalship with others, but for the delights and honour, and service of others.
~~And this is to be by Help of the Holy Spirit~~ — conf p. 56.
Crown of Wild Olive and note on Comfort.

St George's company first stated 8 of XVII
10th needful, XI X, 13. important.
Bad agriculture 6.—of 17

First Draft of St. George's Creed (Letter 58)

it refers, and which must, at least in their power, be known before they can be vowed fealty to.

3. The object of the Society, it has been stated again and again,[1] is to buy land in England; and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible, as many Englishmen, Englishwomen, and English children, as the land we possess can maintain in comfort; to establish, for them and their descendants, a national store of continually augmenting wealth; and to organize the government of the persons, and administration of the properties, under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the Law of God.

"To buy land," I repeat, or beg it; but by no means to steal it, or trespass on it, as I perceive the present holders of the most part of it are too ready to do, finding any bits of road or common which they can pilfer unobserved.[2] Are they quite mad, then; and do they think the monster mob, gaining every day in force and knowledge, will let their park walls stand much longer, on those dishonest terms? Doubtful enough their standing is, even on any terms!

4. But our St. George's walls will be more securely founded, on this wise. The rents of our lands, though they will be required from the tenantry as strictly as those of any other estates, will differ from common rents primarily in being lowered, instead of raised, in proportion to every improvement made by the tenant;[3] secondly, in that they

such life as their God taught them, to accept gratefully at His hand, if He so willed it, the duration of His earthly creatures. They will do well also to observe in themselves that many of those among them who profess to be most sure that they will again see their dead friends in heaven are the most rebellious against God for taking them there. Mothers, professing Christianity, will rage and whine over the death of their own baby as if all the world had gone to pieces and the throne of God on the top of it; and so far from loving their neighbour as themselves, women would commonly be glad to order a massacre of all the innocents in their village, to get as contentedly as a she-bear, if so they could get, their own cub again."]

[1] [See, for instance, Vol. XXVII. pp. 95, 142, 147, 200; and in this volume, pp. 18, 140.]

[2] [See above, pp. 151, 284, 302-303.]

[3] [Compare Letter 45, § 12 (p. 155).]

will be entirely used for the benefit of the tenantry themselves, or better culture of the estates, no money being ever taken by the landlords unless they earn it by their own personal labour.

For the benefit of the tenantry, I say; but by no means, always, for benefit of which they can be immediately conscious. The rents of any particular farmer will seldom be returned to him in work on his own fields, or investment in undertakings which promote his interest. The rents of a rich estate in one shire of England may be spent on a poor one in another, or in the purchase of wild ground, anywhere, on which years of labour must be sunk before it can yield return; or in minerals, or Greek vases, for the parish school. Therefore with the use made of the rents paid, the tenantry will have no practical concern whatever; they will only recognize gradually that the use has been wise, in finding the prices of all serviceable articles diminishing, and all the terms and circumstances of their lives indicative of increased abundance. They will have no more right, or disposition, to ask their landlord what he is doing with the rents, than they have now to ask him how many race-horses he keeps—or how much he has lost on them. But the difference between landlords who live in Piccadilly, and spend their rents at Epsom and Ascot, and landlords who live on the ground they are lords of, and spend their rents in bettering it, will not be long in manifesting itself to the simplest-minded tenantry; nor, I believe, to the outside and antagonist world.

5. Sundry questions lately asked me by intelligent correspondents as to the intended relations of the tenantry to the Society, may best be answered by saying simply what I shall do, if ever the collected wealth of the Company enables me to buy an estate for it as large as I could have bought for myself, if I had been a railroad contractor.

Of course I could not touch the terms of the existing leases. The only immediate difference would be, the definitely serviceable application of all the rents, as above

stated. But as the leases fell in, I should offer renewal of them to the farmers I liked, on the single condition of their complying with the great vital law of the St. George's Company,—"no use of steam power,—nor of any machines where arms will serve";[1] allowing such reduction of rent as should fully compensate them for any disadvantage or loss which they could prove they incurred under these conditions. I should give strict orders for the preservation of the existing timber, see that the streams were not wantonly polluted, and interfere in nothing else.

Such farms as were thrown up by their tenants, rather than submit to these conditions, I should be in no haste to re-let; but put land agents on them to cultivate them for the Society in the best manner, and sell their produce;—as soon as any well recommended tenant offered for them, submitting to our laws, he should have them for fixed rent. Thus I should give room for development of whatever personal faculty and energy I could find, and set, if successful, more easily followed example. Meantime my schools and museums, always small and instantly serviceable, would be multiplying among the villages,—youth after youth being instructed in the proper laws of justice, patriotism, and domestic happiness;—those of the Companions who could reside on the lands would, each on their own farm, establish entirely strict obedience to the ultimate laws determined upon as necessary:—if these laws are indeed, as I do not doubt but that sincere care can make them, pleasantly tenable by honest humanity,* they will be gradually accepted voluntarily by the free tenants; and the system is as certain to extend itself, on all sides, once seen to be right, as the branches of an oak sapling.

* Most of these will be merely old English laws revived; and the rest, Florentine or Roman.[2] None will be instituted but such as have already been in force among great nations.

[1] [Compare Letters 44, § 13, and 49, § 15 (pp. 138, 248).]

[2] [For examples of "old English laws," proposed to be revived, see Letter 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 54); and of a Florentine law, above, p. 30. For notices of Roman laws and institutions, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 144, 357.]

6. While, therefore, I am perfectly content, for a beginning, with our acre of rocky land given us by Mrs. Talbot,[1] and am so little impatient for any increase that I have been quietly drawing ragged-robin leaves in Malham Cove,[2] instead of going to see another twenty acres promised in Worcestershire,[3]—I am yet thinking out my system on a scale which shall be fit for wide European work. Of course the single Master of the Company cannot manage all its concerns as it extends. He must have, for his help, men holding the same relation to him which the Marshals of an army do to its General;—bearing, that is to say, his own authority where he is not present; and I believe no better name than "Marshal" can be found for these. Beneath whom, there will again be the landlords, resident each in his own district; under these, the land agents, tenantry, tradesmen, and hired labourers, some of whom will be Companions, others Retainers, and others free tenants: and outside all this there will be of course an irregular cavalry, so to speak, of more or less helpful friends, who, without sharing in the work, will be glad to further it more or less, as they would any other benevolent institution.

7. The law that a Companion shall derive no profit from his companionship does not touch the results of his own work. A Companion farmer will have the produce of his farm as much as a free tenant; but he will pay no dividends to the Companions who are *not* farmers.

The landlords will in general be men of independent fortune, who, having gifts and ingenuity, choose to devote such gifts to the service of the Society; the first condition of their appointment to a lordship will be that they can work as much better than their labourers at all rural labour as a good knight was wont to be a better workman than his soldiers in war. There is no rule of supremacy that can ever supersede this eternal, natural, and divine one.

[1] [See above, p. 395.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XXIV. p. xxix., and Vol. XXI. p. 145.]
[3] [See below, pp. 607, 630.]

Higher by the head, broader in the shoulders, and heartier in the will, the lord of lands and lives must for ever be, than those he rules; and must work daily at their head, as Richard at the trenches of Acre.

8. And what am I, myself then, infirm and old, who take, or claim, leadership even of these lords? God forbid that I should claim it; it is thrust and compelled on me —utterly against my will, utterly to my distress, utterly, in many things, to my shame. But I have found no other man in England, none in Europe, ready to receive it,—or even desiring to make himself capable of receiving it. Such as I am, to my own amazement, I stand—so far as I can discern—alone in conviction, in hope, and in resolution, in the wilderness of this modern world. Bred in luxury, which I perceive to have been unjust to others, and destructive to myself; vacillating, foolish, and miserably failing in all my own conduct in life—and blown about hopelessly by storms of passion—I, a man clothed in soft raiment,—I, a reed shaken with the wind,[1] have yet this Message to all men again entrusted to me: "Behold, the axe is laid to the root of the trees. Whatsoever tree therefore bringeth not forth good fruit, shall be hewn down and cast into the fire."[2]

This message, yet once more; and, more than message, the beginning of the acts that must fulfil it. For, long since, I have said all that needs to be said,—all that it was my proper charge and duty to say. In the one volume of *Sesame and Lilies*—nay, in the last forty pages of its central address to Englishwomen[3]—everything is told that I know of vital truth, everything urged that I see to be needful of vital act;—but no creature answers me with any faith or any deed. They read the words, and say they are pretty, and go on in their own ways. And the day has come for

[1] [See Matthew xi. 7, 8, and Luke vii. 24, 25.]
[2] [Matthew iii. 10.]
[3] [That is, the second of the three lectures included in the edition of 1871; namely, "Lilies: Of Queens' Gardens," §§ 51 *seq.* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 109, *seq.*).]

me therefore to cease speaking, and begin doing, as best I may; though I know not whether shall prosper, either this or that.[1]

9. And truly to all wholesome deed here in England, the chances of prosperity are few, and the distinctness of adversity only conquerable by fixed imagination and exhaustless patience—"Adversis rerum immersabilis undis."[2] The wisest men join with the fools, and the best men with the villains, to prevent, if they may, any good thing being done permanently—nay, to provoke and applaud the doing of consistently evil things permanently. To establish a National debt, and in the most legal terms—how easy! To establish a National store,[3] under any legal or moral conditions of perpetuity—how difficult! Every one calls me mad for so much as hoping to do so. "This looks like a charity, this educating of peasants," said the good lawyer, who drew up the already published conditional form of association.[4] "You must not establish a fund for charity; it is sure to lead to all sorts of abuses, and get into wrong hands."

Well, yes—it in merely human probability may. I do verily perceive and admit, in convinced sorrow, that I live in the midst of a nation of thieves and murderers;* that everybody round me is trying to rob everybody else; and that, not bravely and strongly, but in the most cowardly and loathsome ways of lying trade; that "Englishman" is now merely another word for blackleg and swindler; and English honour and courtesy changed to the sneaking and the smiles of a whipped pedlar, an inarticulate Autolycus,[5] with a steam hurdy-gurdy instead of a voice. Be this all

* See first note in the Correspondence [p. 438].

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[1] [Ecclesiastes xi. 6.]
[2] [Horace, *Epistle I.*, ii. 22.]
[3] [Compare Letter 1, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 14).]
[4] [See above, p. 376.]
[5] [For other references to the Autolycus of *A Winter's Tale*, see Vol. XVII. p. 39, and Vol. XXVII. p. 139.]

so; be it so to the heart's content—or liver and gall's content—of every modern economist and philosopher. I yet do verily trust that out of this festering mass of scum of the earth, and miserable coagulation of frog-spawn soaked in ditch-water, I can here and there pluck up some drowned honour by the locks, and leave written orders for wholesome deed, and collected moneys for the doing thereof, which will be obeyed and guarded after I am gone; and will by no means fall into the power of the mendicant tribe who, too cowardly and heartless to beg from the face of the living, steal the alms of the dead, and unite the apparently inconsistent characters of beggar and thief, seasoning the compound with sacrilege.

10. Little by little, if my life is spared to me, therefore (and if I die, there will I doubt not be raised up some one else in my room)—little by little, I or they, will get moneys and lands together; handful gleaned after handful; field joined to field, and landmarks set which no man shall dare hereafter remove.[1] And over those fields of ours the winds of Heaven shall be pure; and upon them, the work of men shall be done in honour and truth.

In such vague promise, I have for the most part hitherto spoken, not because my own plans were unfixed, but because I knew they would only be mocked at, until by some years of persistence the scheme had run the course of the public talk, and until I had publicly challenged the denial of its principles in their abstract statement, long enough to show them to be invincible. Of these abstract principles, the fifteenth, sixteenth, twentieth, twenty-second, and twenty-third letters in *Time and Tide*, express all that is needful; only, in the years that have passed[2] since they were written, the "difficulties" stated in the seventeenth chapter have been under constant review by me; and of the ways in which I mean to deal with them it is now time to speak.

[1] [See Proverbs xxii. 28.]

[2] [1867–1875. For the references to *Time and Tide*, see Vol. XVII. pp. 388, 394, 417, 429, 436, 402.]

11. Let us understand then, in the outset, the moral difference between a national debt and a national store.[1]

A national debt, like any other, may be honestly incurred in case of need, and honestly paid in due time. But if a man should be ashamed to borrow, much more should a people: and if a father holds it his honour to provide for his children, and would be ashamed to borrow from them, and leave, with his blessing, his note of hand, for his grandchildren to pay, much more should a nation be ashamed to borrow, in any case, or in any manner; and if it borrow at all, it is at least in honour bound to borrow from living men, and not indebt itself to its own unborn brats. If it can't provide for them, at least let it not send their cradles to the pawnbroker, and pick the pockets of their first breeches.

A national debt, then, is a foul disgrace, at the best. But it is, as now constituted, also a foul crime. National debts paying interest are simply the purchase, by the rich, of power to tax the poor. Read carefully the analysis given of them above, Letter 8, § 5.[2]

12. The financial operations of the St. George's Company will be the direct reverse of these hitherto approved arrangements. They will consist in the accumulation of national wealth and store, and therefore in distribution to the poor, instead of taxation of them; and the fathers will provide for, and nobly endow, not steal from, their children, and children's children.

My readers, however, will even yet, I am well aware, however often I have reiterated the statement to them, be unable to grasp the idea of a National Store, as an existing possession. They can conceive nothing but a debt;—nay, there are many of them who have a confused notion that a debt *is* a store!

The store of the St. George's Company, then, is to be primarily of food; next of materials for clothing and covert;

[1] [Compare *Munera Pulveris*, ch. ii. ("Store-keeping"), Vol. XVII. p. 164.]
[2] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 136–137.]

next of books and works of art,—food, clothes, books, and works of art being all good, and every poisonous condition of any of them destroyed. The food will not be purveyed by the Borgia, nor the clothing dyed by Deianira, nor the scriptures written under dictation of the Devil instead of God.[1]

13. The most simply measurable part of the store of food and clothing will be the basis of the currency, which will be thus constituted.

The standard of value will be a given weight or measure of grain, wine, wool, silk, flax, wood, and marble; all answered for by the government as of fine and pure quality. variable only within narrow limits.

The grain will be either wheat, oats, barley, rice, or maize; the wine of pure vintage, and not less than ten years old;* the wool, silk, and flax of such standard as can be secured in constancy; the wood, seasoned oak and pine; and for fuel in log and faggot, with finest wood and marble for sculpture. The penny's worth, florin's worth, ducat's worth, and hundred ducats' worth of each of these articles will be a given weight or measure of them (the penny roll of our present breakfast table furnishing some notion of what, practically, the grain standard will become). Into the question of equivalent value I do not enter here; it will be at once determined practically as soon as the system is in work. Of these articles the government will always have in its possession as much as may meet the entire demand of its currency in circulation. That is to say, when it has a million in circulation, the million's worth of solid property must be in its storehouses: as much more as it can gather, of course; but never less. So that, not only, for his penny, florin, ducat, or hundred-ducat note, a man may always be certain of having his pound, or ton, or

* Thus excluding all inferior kinds: wine which will keep ten years will keep fifty.[2]

[1] [For "the crimes of a Borgia," see Vol. XVI. p. 404; for Deianira and the blood-stained shirt of Nessus, Vol. XXVII. p. 428; for "scriptures written under the dictation of the Devil," Letter 78 and Appendix 14 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 133, 562).]

[2] [On St. George's laws about wine, see Appendix 13, Vol. XXIX. p. 561.]

pint, or cask, of the thing he chooses to ask for, from the government storehouses, but if the holders of the million of currency came in one day to ask for their money's worth, it would be found ready for them in one or other form of those substantial articles. Consequently, the sum of the circulating currency being known, the minimum quantity of store will be known. The sum of the entire currency, in and out of circulation, will be given annually on every note issued (no issues of currency being made but on the first day of the year), and in each district, every morning, the quantities of the currency in and out of circulation in that district will be placarded at the doors of the government district bank.

14. The metallic currency will be of absolutely pure gold and silver, and of those metals only;[1] the ducat and half-ducat in gold, the florin, penny, halfpenny, and one-fifth of penny in silver; the smaller coins being beat thin and pierced, the halfpenny with two, the one-fifth of penny with five, apertures.* I believe this double-centime will be as fine a divisor as I shall need. The florin will be worth tenpence; the ducat, twenty florins.

The weight of the ducat will be a little greater than that of the standard English sovereign, and, being in absolutely pure gold, it will be worth at least five-and-twenty shillings of our present coinage. On one of its sides it will bear the figure of the archangel Michael; on the reverse, a branch of Alpine rose: above the rose-branch, the words "Sit splendor";† above the Michael, "Fiat voluntas"; under

* I shall use this delicate coinage as a means of education in fineness of touch, and care of small things, and for practical lessons in arithmetic, to the younger children, in whose hands it will principally be. It will never be wanted for alms; and for small purchases, as no wares will be offered at elevenpence three-farthings for a shilling, or ninepence four-fifths for a florin, there will be no unreasonable trouble. The children shall buy their own toys, and have none till they are able to do so.

† The beginning of the last verse of the prayer of Moses, Psalm xc.[2]

[1] [For a later reference to this proposed coinage, see Letter 86, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. p. 342).]

[2] [See, later, a Letter (63) with this title.]

the rose-branch, "sicut in cœlo"; under the Michael, "et in terrâ," with the year of the coinage: and round the edge of the coin, "Domini."

The half-ducat will bear the same stamp, except that while on the ducat the St. Michael will be represented standing on the dragon, on the half-ducat he will be simply armed, and bearing St. George's shield.

On the florin, the St. George's shield only; the Alpine rose on all three.

On the penny, St. George's shield on one side and the English daisy on the other, without inscription.[1] The pierced fractional coins will only bear a chased wreathen fillet, with the required apertures in its interstices.

15. There will be a considerable loss by wear on a coinage of this pure metal; but nothing is so materially conducive to the honour of a state in all financial function as the purity of its coinage; and the loss will never, on the whole currency, equal annually the tenth part of the value of the gunpowder spent at present in salutes or fireworks; and, if a nation can afford to pay for loyal noise, and fancies in fire, it may also, and much more rationally, for loyal truth and beauty in its circulating signs of wealth. Nor do I doubt that a currency thus constituted will gradually enter into European commerce, and become everywhere recognized and exemplary.

Supposing any Continental extension of the Company itself took place, its coinage would remain the same for the ducat, but the shield of the State or Province would be substituted for St. George's on the minor coins.

16. There will be no ultimate difficulty in obtaining the bullion necessary for this coinage, for the State will have no use for the precious metals, except for its currency or its art. An Englishman, as he is at present educated, takes pride in eating out of a silver plate; and in helping, out of a silver tureen, the richest swindlers he can ask to dinner.

[1] [Compare *Proserpina*, i. ch. vii. § 1 (Vol. XXV. p. 291).]

The Companions of St. George may drink out of pewter, and eat off delft, but they will have no knaves for guests, though often beggars; and they will be always perfectly well able to afford to buy five or ten pounds' worth of gold and silver for their pocket change; and even think it no overwhelming fiscal calamity if as much even as ten shillings should be actually lost in the year, by the wear of it; seeing that the wear of their dinner napkins will be considerably greater in the same time. I suppose that ten pounds' worth of bullion for the head of each family will amply supply the necessary quantity for circulation; but if it should be found convenient to have fifteen—twenty—or fifty pounds in such form, the national store will assuredly in time accumulate to such desirable level. But it will always be a matter of absolute financial indifference, what part of the currency is in gold and what in paper; its power being simply that of a government receipt for goods received, giving claim to their return on demand.[1] The holder of the receipt may have it, if he likes, written on gold instead of paper, provided he bring the gold for it to be written on; but he may no more have a bar of gold made into money than a roll of foolscap, unless he brings the goods for which the currency is the receipt. And it will therefore, by St. George's law, be as much forgery to imitate the national coin in gold, as in paper.

17. Next to this store, which is the basis of its currency, the government will attend to the increase of store of animal food—not mummy food, in tins, but living, on land and sea; keeping under strictest overseership its breeders of cattle, and fishermen, and having always at its command such supply of animal food as may enable it to secure absolute consistency of price in the main markets. In cases when, by any disease or accident, the supply of any given animal food becomes difficult, its price will not be raised, but its sale stopped. There can be no evasion of such prohibition, because every tradesman in food will be merely the salaried

[1] [Compare Letter 44, § 11 *n.* (p. 134).]

servant of the company, and there will be no temptation to it, because his salary will be the same, whether he sells or not. Of all articles of general consumption, the government will furnish its own priced standard;[1] any man will be allowed to sell what he can produce above that standard, at what price he can get for it; but all goods below the government standard will be marked and priced as of such inferior quality;—and all bad food, cloth, or other article of service, destroyed. And the supervision will be rendered simple by the fewness of the articles permitted to be sold at all; for the dress being in all classes as determined as the heraldry of coronets, and for the most part also rigorously simple; and all luxurious living disgraceful, the entire means of domestic life will be within easy definition.

18. Of course the idea of regulating dress[2] generally will be looked upon by the existing British public as ridiculous. But it has become ridiculous because masters and mistresses attempt it solely for their own pride. Even with that entirely selfish end, the natural instinct of human creatures for obedience,[3] when in any wholesome relations with their superiors, has enabled the masters to powder their coachmen's wigs, and polish their footmen's legs with silk stockings; and the mistresses to limit their lady's maids, when in attendance, to certain styles of cap.

Now as the dress regulations of the St. George's Company will be quite as much for the pride of the maid as the mistress, and of the man as the master, I have no fear but they will be found acceptable, and require no strictness of enforcement. The children of peasants, though able to maintain their own families, will be required to be as clean as if they were charity-boys or girls; nobody will be allowed to wear the cast clothes of other people, to sell or pawn their own, or to appear on duty, agricultural or whatever other it may be, in rags, any more than the Horse Guards

[1] [Compare Letter 38, § 6 (p. 34).]
[2] [Compare Letter 15, § 8 (Vol. XXVII. p. 265).]
[3] [Compare Letter 37, § 8 (pp. 20–21).]

or the Queen's dairymaids are now; also on certain occasions, and within such limits as are needful for good fellowship, they will be urged to as much various splendour as they can contrive. The wealth of the peasant women will be chiefly in hereditary golden ornaments of the finest workmanship; and in jewellery of uncut gems,—agates only, or other stones of magnitude, being allowed to be cut, and gems of large size, which are worth the pains, for their beauty; but these will be chiefly used in decorative architecture or furniture, not in dress. The dress of the officers of the company will be on all occasions plainer than that of its peasants; but hereditary nobles will retain all the insignia of their rank, the one only condition of change required on their entering the St. George's Company being the use of uncut jewels,[1] and therefore—seldom of diamonds.*

19. The next main staple of the Company's store will be its literature.

A chosen series of classical books will be placed in every village library,[2] in number of copies enough to supply all readers; these classics will be perfectly printed and perfectly bound, and all in one size of volume, unless where engravings need larger space: besides these village libraries, there will be a museum in every district, containing all good ancient books obtainable: gradually, as the design expands itself, and as time passes on, absorbing, by gift, or purchase, the contents of private libraries, and connecting themselves with similarly expanding museums of natural history.[3] In all schools, the books necessary for their work will be given

* I never saw a rough diamond worth setting, until the Bishop of Natal gave me a sharply crystallized one from the African fields.[4] Perhaps a star or two of cut ones may be permitted to the house-mistresses on great occasions.

[1] [Compare *Unto this Last*, § 72 *n.* (Vol. XVII. pp. 96–97).]
[2] [Compare Letter 37, § 7 (p. 20).]
[3] [See above, p. 395.]
[4] [This is not the "Colenso Diamond" which Ruskin bought at a later date: see Vol. XXVI. p. lv.]

to the pupils; and one of their earliest lessons will be the keeping of them clean and orderly.[1]

20. By ordering of Fors, I went only this last month to see the school in which Wordsworth was educated.[2] It remains, as it was then, a school for peasant lads only; and the doors of its little library, therefore, hang loose on their decayed hinges; and one side of the schoolroom is utterly dark—the window on that side having been long ago walled up, either "because of the window-tax, or perhaps it had got broken," suggested the guardian of the place.

Now it is true that this state of things cannot last long; but the cure will be worse than the disease. A fit of reactionary vanity and folly is sure to seize the village authorities; that old schoolroom, with its sacred associations, will be swept from the hillside, and a grand piece of Birmingham Gothic put up, with a master from Kensington, and enforced weekly competitive examination in Sanscrit, and the Binomial Theorem.

All that the school wants is, hinges to its library doors as good as every shop in the street has to its shutters; the window knocked through again where it was originally; the books whose bindings are worn out, rebound, and a few given (in addition to those on the subjects of arithmetic and grammar), which the boys may rather ask leave to read, than take opportunity to throw into corners.

But the ten or twenty pounds needed for this simple reformation could, I suppose, at present, by no persuasion nor argument be extracted from the united pockets of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Meantime, while the library doors flap useless on their hinges, the old country churchyard is grim with parallelograms of iron palisade, enforced partly to get some sacred market for the wares of the rich ironmongers who are buying up the country; and partly to protect their valuable carcases in their putrifying pride. Of such iron stores the men of St. George's

[1] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 49 (Vol. XVIII. p. 104).]
[2] [At Hawkshead.]

Company, dead, will need none, and living, permit none. But they will strictly enforce the proper complement of hinges to their school-library doors.

21. The resuscitation of the, at present extinct, art of writing being insisted upon in the school exercises of the higher classes, the libraries will be gradually enriched with manuscripts of extreme preciousness.[1] A well-written book is as much pleasanter and more beautiful than a printed one as a picture is than an engraving; and there are many forms of the art of illumination which were only in their infancy at the time when the wooden blocks of Germany abolished the art of scripture, and of which the revival will be a necessary result of a proper study of natural history.

22. In next *Fors*, I shall occupy myself wholly with the subject of our Art education and property; and in that for December, I hope to publish the legal form of our constitution revised and complete.[2] The terminal clauses respecting the Companions' right of possession in the lands will be found modified, or in great part omitted, in the recast deed; but I am neither careful nor fearful respecting the terms of this instrument, which is to be regarded merely as a mechanical means of presently getting to work and having land legally secured to us. The ultimate success or failure of the design will not in the least depend on the terms of our constitution, but on the quantity of living honesty and pity which can be found, to be constituted. If there is not material enough out of which to choose Companions, or energy enough in the Companions chosen to fill the chain-mail of all terms and forms with living power, the scheme will be choked by its first practical difficulties; and it matters little what becomes of the very small property its promoters are ever likely to handle. If, on the contrary, as I believe, there be yet honesty and sense enough left in England to nourish the effort, from its

[1] [This is an object which had long been in Ruskin's mind: see the first of his addresses of 1854 on "Decorative Colour," Vol. XII. pp. 474 *seq.*]

[2] [But see below, p. 468.]

narrow source there will soon develop itself a vast Policy, of which neither I nor any one else can foresee the issue, far less verbally or legally limit it; but in which, broadly, by the carrying out of the primally accepted laws of Obedience and Economy, the Master and Marshals will become the Ministry of the State, answerable for the employment of its revenues, for its relations with external powers, and for such change of its laws as from time to time may be found needful: the Landlords will be the resident administrators of its lands, and immediate directors of all labour,—its captains in war, and magistrates in peace: the tenants will constitute its agricultural and military force, having such domestic and acquisitive independence as may be consistent with patriotic and kindly fellowship: and the artists, schoolmen, tradesmen, and inferior labourers will form a body of honourably paid retainers, undisturbed in their duty by any chance or care relating to their means of subsistence.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

23. The following is taken from the *Edinburgh Courant* of 2nd inst. :—

"*Mem. for Professor Ruskin.*—The *Nautical Magazine* leads off with a bold and original article, the second of a series, on the somewhat startling subject of 'The Commercial Value of Human Life,' in which it states that human life has its commercial value, and that 'those who bring forward its sacredness as a plea for protective legislation of any and every kind are assuming not only a false position, but a position that is likely to work a serious injury upon the country at large.' An elaborate discussion of 'The Plimsoll Protest,'[1] and a description of the 'Inman Line' of steamers, with the usual technical matter, make up an unusually interesting number."

What can this mean? Does it point to something still more brutal than the "carnivorous teeth"[2] theory?*

Submitted, with much respect, to Mr. Ruskin, for the *Notes and Correspondence* in *Fors*—if deemed admissible.

J. M.

4th September, 1875.

* Yes, certainly. It points to teeth which shall have no meat to eat, but only the lead of coffins, and to tongues which shall have no water to drink, but only the burnt sulphur of hell. See, for example, succeeding article.

24. A peculiarly sad instance of death from lead-poisoning was investigated this week before Dr. Hardwicke, at an inquest held in London. The deceased, Mary Ann Wilson, only three weeks ago went to work at a white-lead factory. After being there two or three days she felt the effects of lead-poisoning, which turned her lips blue. Subsequently the neighbours found her lying on the floor in convulsions, and in a dying state; and the next day she died from congestion of the brain, and disease of the chest organs, consequent on the evil effects of her employment. The coroner recommended that persons who follow this employment should drink diluted sulphuric acid, to counteract the action of the poison.—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Sept. 2, 1875.[3]

[1] [See above, p. 394.]
[2] [See Letter 42, § 14 (p. 103).]
[3] [Ruskin in his copy marks this extract as needing correction. It is printed textually from the newspaper, but the count of days and weeks seems to be wrong.]

LETTER 59

SCHOOL BOOKS

HERNE HILL, *3rd October*, 1875.

1. THE day before yesterday I went with a young English girl[1] to see her nurse, who was sick of a lingering illness; during which, with kindliest intent, and sufficient success (as she told me) in pleasing her, books had been chosen for her from the circulating library, by those of her pious friends whose age and experience qualified them for such task.

One of these volumes chancing to lie on the table near me, I looked into it, and found it to be *Stepping Heavenward;*[2]—as far as I could make out, a somewhat long, but not unintelligent, sermon on the text of Wordsworth's "Stepping Westward." In the five minutes during which I strayed between the leaves of it, and left the talk of my friend with the nurse to its own liberty, I found that the first chapters described the conversion of an idle and careless young lady of sixteen to a solemn view of her duties in life, which she thus expresses at the end of an advanced chapter: "I am resolved never to read worldly books any more; and my music and drawing I have laid aside for ever."*

* I quote from memory, and may be out in a word or two; not in the sense:[3] but I don't know if the young lady is really approved by the author, and held up as an example to others; or meant, as I have taken her, for a warning. The method of error, at all events, is accurately and clearly shown.

[1] [Ruskin notes in his own copy that this was Miss Constance Oldham, his god-daughter, niece of his old friend Edmund Oldfield; for whom, see Vol. XII. p. lxiv.]

[2] [By Elizabeth Prentiss; first published in 1870.]

[3] [The passage occurs at the end of ch. vii. (p. 67, 1870 edition), where the young lady, having once tasted the joys of Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying* and Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, says, "I never mean to read worldly books again, and my music and drawing I have given up for ever." The next chapter shows that her retirement to what Ruskin calls a "spiritually walled cloister" is not altogether approved by the author.]

The spiritually walled cloister to which this charming child of modern enlightenment thus expresses her determination to retire, differs, it would appear, from the materially walled monastic shades of the Dark Ages, first, by the breadth and magnanimity of an Index Expurgatorius rising to interdiction of all uninspired books whatever, except Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, and other classics of evangelical theology; and, secondly, by its holy abhorrence of the arts of picture and song, which waste so much precious time, and give so much disagreeable trouble to learn; and which also, when learned, are too likely to be used in the service of idols; while the skills which our modern gospel substitutes for both, of steam-whistle, namely, and photograph, supply, with all that they need of terrestrial pleasure, the ears which God has redeemed from spiritual deafness, and the eyes which He has turned from darkness to light.

2. My readers are already, I hope, well enough acquainted with the Institutes of the St. George's Company to fear no monastic restrictions of enjoyment, nor imperative choice of their books, carried to this celestially Utopian strictness. And yet, understanding the terms of the sentence with true and scholarly accuracy, I must, in educational legislation, insist on the daughters of my Companions fulfilling this resolution to the letter: "I am resolved never to read worldly books any more, and *my* music and drawing I have laid aside for ever."

"Worldly books"? Yes; very certainly, when you know which they are; for I will have you to abjure, with World, Flesh, and Devil, the literature of all the three:—and *your* music and drawing,—that is to say, all music and drawing which you have learned only for your own glory or amusement, and respecting which you have no idea that it may ever become, in a far truer sense, other people's music and drawing.

For all the arts of mankind, and womankind, are only rightly learned, or practised, when they are so with the definite purpose of pleasing or teaching others. A child

dancing for its own delight,—a lamb leaping,—or a fawn at play, are happy and holy creatures; but they are not artists. An artist is—and recollect this definition (put in capitals for quick reference),—A PERSON WHO HAS SUBMITTED TO A LAW WHICH IT WAS PAINFUL TO OBEY, THAT HE MAY BESTOW A DELIGHT WHICH IT IS GRACIOUS TO BESTOW.*

3. "A painful law," I say; yet full of pain, not in the sense of torture, but of stringency, or constraint; and labour, increasing, it may be, sometimes into aching of limbs, and panting of breasts: but these stronger yet, for every ache, and broader for every pant; and farther and farther strengthened from danger of rheumatic ache, and consumptive pant.

This, so far as the Arts are concerned, is "entering in at the Strait gate,"[1] of which entrance, and its porter's lodge, you will find farther account given in my fifth morning in Florence,[2] which I should like you to read, as a preparation for the work more explicitly now to be directed under St. George. The immediate gist of it, for those who do not care to read of Florence, I must be irksome enough again to give here; namely, that the word Strait, applied to the entrance into Life, and the word Narrow, applied to the road of Life, do not mean that the road is so fenced that few can travel it, however much they wish (like the entrance to the pit of a theatre),† but that, for each person, it is at first so stringent, so difficult, and so dull, being between close hedges, that few *will* enter it, though all *may*. In a second sense, and an equally vital one, it is not merely a Strait, or narrow, but a straight, or right road; only, in this rightness of it, not at all traced by

* To make the definition by itself complete, the words "in his work" should be added after "submitted" and "by his work" after "bestow"; but it is easier to learn, without these phrases, which are of course to be understood.

† The "few there be that find it" is added, as an actual fact; a fact consequent not on the way's being narrow, but on its being disagreeable.

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[1] [Matthew vii. 13, 14.]

[2] [See ch. v. ("The Strait Gate"), §§ 90 *seq.* (Vol. XXIII. pp. 383 *seq.*).]

hedges, wall, or telegraph wire, or even marked by posts higher than winter's snow; but, on the contrary, often difficult to trace among morasses and mounds of desert, even by skilful sight; and by blind persons, entirely untenable unless by help of a guide, director, rector, or rex: which you may conjecture to be the reason why, when St. Paul's eyes were to be opened, out of the darkness which meant only the consciousness of utter mistake, to seeing what way he should go, his director was ordered to come to him in the "street which is called Straight."[1]

4. Now, bringing these universal and eternal facts down to this narrow, straight, and present piece of business we have in hand, the first thing we have to learn to draw is an extremely narrow, and an extremely direct, line. Only, observe, true and vital direction does not mean that, without any deflection or warp by antagonist force, we can fly, or walk, or creep at once to our mark; but that, whatever the antagonist force may be, we so know and mean our mark, that we shall at last precisely arrive at it, just as surely, and it may be in some cases more quickly, than if we had been unaffected by lateral or opposing force. And this higher order of contending and victorious rightness, which in our present business is best represented by the track of an arrow, or rifle-shot, affected in its course both by gravity and the wind, is the more beautiful rightness or directness of the two, and the one which all fine art sets itself principally to achieve. But its quite first step must nevertheless be in the simple production of the mathematical Right line, as far as the hand can draw it; joining two points, that is to say, with a straight visible track, which shall as nearly as possible fulfil the mathematical definition of a line, "length without breadth."

And the two points had better at first be placed at the small distance of an inch from each other, both because it is easy to draw so short a line, and because it is well

[1] [Acts ix. 11.]

for us to know, early in life, the look of the length of an inch. And when we have learned the look of our own English inch, we will proceed to learn the look of that which will probably be our currency measure of length, the French inch, for that is a better standard than ours, for European acceptance.[1]

5. Here, I had made arrangements for the production of a plate, and woodcut, to illustrate the first steps of elementary design;[2] but the black-plague of cloud already more than once spoken of[3] (as connected probably with the diminution of snow on the Alps[4]), has rendered it impossible for my assistants to finish their work in time. This disappointment I accept thankfully as the ordinance of my careful and prudent mistress, Atropos,—the Third Fors;[5] and am indeed quickly enough apprehensive of her lesson in it. She wishes me, I doubt not, to recognize that I was foolish in designing the intrusion of technical advice into my political letters; and to understand that the giving of clear and separate directions for elementary art-practice is now an imperative duty for me, and that these art-lessons must be in companionship with my other school books on the Earth and its Flowers.

I must needs do her bidding; and as I gather my past work on rocks and plants together, so I must, day by day, gather what I now know to be right of my past work on art together; and, not in sudden thought, but in the resumption of purpose which I humbly and sincerely entreat my mistress to pardon me for having abandoned under pressure of extreme fatigue, I will publish, in the same form as the geology and botany, what I desire to ratify, and

[1] [Ruskin, it will be seen, here indicates his preference for the metric system, the adoption of which is now (1907) widely urged in commercial circles, the French equivalent of the British inch being approximately 25 millimètres.]

[2] [The plate here referred to is perhaps the example of Lombard writing (see below, p. 573); the woodcut (see § 6 on the next page) was ultimately given in Letter 61 (Fig. 7, p. 495).]

[3] [See Letters 8, §§ 1, 2; 12, § 8; 29, § 1; and 53, §§ 1, 17 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 132, 203–204, 527); and above, pp. 317, 333.]

[4] [See Letter 34, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 635).]

[5] [See the note below, p. 451, and compare p. 551 (§ 17).]

fasten with nails in a sure place, with instant applicability to school and university exercises, of my former writings on art.*

But this, I beg my readers to observe, will be the seventh large book I have actually at this time passing through the press;† besides having written and published four volumes of university lectures‡ in the last six years; every word of them weighed with care. This is what I observe the *Daily Telegraph* calls giving "utterances few and far between." But it is as much certainly as I am able at present to manage; and I must beg my correspondents, therefore, to have generally patience with me when I don't answer their letters by return of post; and above all things, to write them clear, and in a round hand, with all the *m*s and *n*s well distinguished from *u*s.

6. The woodcut, indeed, prepared for this *Fors* was to have been a lesson in writing; but that must wait till next year, now;[1] meantime you may best prepare yourself for that, and all other lessons to be given in my new edition of the *Elements of Drawing*, by beginning to form your own cherished and orderly treasures of beautiful art. For

* Namely, *Modern Painters, Stones of Venice, Seven Lamps,* and *Elements of Drawing.* I cut these books to pieces, because in the three first, all the religious notions are narrow, and many false; and in the fourth, there is a vital mistake about outline, doing great damage to all the rest.[2]

† *Fors, Ariadne, Love's Meinie, Proserpina, Deucalion, Mornings in Florence,* —and this: and four of these require the careful preparation of drawings for them by my own hand, and one of these drawings alone, for *Proserpina,* this last June, took me a good ten days' work, and that hard.

‡ *Inaugural Lectures, Aratra Pentelici, Val d'Arno,* and *Eagle's Nest;* besides a course on Florentine Sculpture, given last year, and not yet printed,[3] the substance of it being in re-modification for *Mornings in Florence.*

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[1] [See Letter 61, § 8 (p. 492).]

[2] [For this "vital mistake," see Vol. XV. pp. xxvi., 134 *n.* *The Elements of Drawing* was ultimately recast into *The Laws of Fésole.* His scheme, here announced, was carried out, in the case of *Modern Painters,* by the Revised Edition of volume ii., 1882 (see Vol. IV. pp. xlviii., liv.), and by *Cœli Enarrant* and *In Montibus Sanctis,* 1884–1885 (see Vol. III. p. lxii.); in the case of *Stones of Venice,* by the "Travellers' Edition," 1879–1881 (see Vol. IX. p. lvi.); and in that of *Seven Lamps* by the Revised Edition of 1880 (see Vol. VIII. p. lii.).]

[3] [The course entitled *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence:* see now Vol. XXIII. pp. lx., 179 *seq.*]

although the greatest treasury in that kind, belonging to St. George's Company, will be, as often aforesaid,[1] public property, in our museums, every householder of any standing whatever among us will also have his own domestic treasury, becoming hereditary as accumulative; and accurately catalogued, so that others may know what peculiar or separate good things are to be found in his house, and have graciously permitted use of them if true necessity be.

The basis, however, of such domestic treasury will of course be common to all; every household having its proper books for religious and economic service, and its classic authors, and engravings.

7. With the last we must at present class, and largely use, the more perishable treasure of good photographs; these, however, I do not doubt but that modern science will succeed (if it has not already done so), in rendering permanent; and, at all events, permanent copies of many may soon be placed in all our schools. Of such domestic treasure we will begin with a photograph of the picture by Fra Filippo Lippi, representing the Madonna;[2] which picture last year had its place over the door of the inner room of the Uffizii of Florence, beyond the Tribune. This photograph can of course eventually be procured in any numbers; and, assuming that my readers will get one, I shall endeavour in this and future numbers of *Fors*, to make it useful to them and therefore a treasure.*

The first thing you are to observe in it is that the figures are represented as projecting in front of a frame or window-sill. The picture belongs, therefore, to the class

* Mr. W. Ward, 2, Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey, will give any necessary information about this or other photographs referred to in *Fors*, and generally have them on sale; but see terminal Note [p. 459].

[1] [See, for instance, above, pp. 407, 429.]

[2] [The frontispiece to this volume. The picture is No. 1307, in the third room of the Tuscan school. It was painted for Cosimo (the elder). The Virgin is said to be a portrait of Lucrezia Buti (see Vol. XXII. p. 424); the little St. John, of a member of the Medici family. A copy of the picture (by Mr. C. Fairfax Murray) is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield; for Ruskin's notes upon it, see Vol. XXIV. pp. 451 *seq.* For later references to the picture, see below, pp. 574, 626, 699–700.]

meant to be, as far as possible, deceptively like reality; and is in this respect entirely companionable with one long known in our picture-shops, and greatly popular with the British innkeeper, of a smuggler on the look-out, with his hand and pistol projecting over the window-sill. The only differences in purpose between the painter of this Anglican subject and the Florentine's, are, first, that the Florentine wishes to give the impression, not of a smuggler's being in the same room with you, but of the Virgin and Child's being so; and, secondly, that in this representation he wishes not *merely* to attain deceptive reality; but to concentrate all the skill and thought that his hand and mind possess, in making that reality noble.

Next, you are to observe that with this unusually positive realism of representation, there is also an unusually mystic spiritualism of conception. Nearly all the Madonnas, even of the most strictly devotional schools, themselves support the child, either on their knees or in their arms. But here, the Christ is miraculously borne by angels;—the Madonna, though seated on her throne, worships with both hands lifted.

8. Thirdly, you will at first be pained by the decision of line, and, in the children at least, uncomeliness of feature, which are characteristic, the first, of purely-descended Etruscan work; the second, of the Florentine school headed afterwards by Donatello.[1] But it is absolutely necessary, for right progress in knowledge, that you begin by observing and tracing decisive lines; and that you consider dignity and simplicity of expression more than beauty of feature. Remember also that a photograph necessarily loses the most subtle beauty of all things, because it cannot represent blue or grey colours,* and darkens red ones; so

* The transparent part of the veil which descends from the point of the cap is entirely lost, for instance, in the Madonna.

[1] [For Donatello's place in Ruskin's scheme of great artists, see Vol. XXII. p. 333.]

that all glowing and warm shadows become too dark. Be assured, nevertheless, that you have in this photograph, imperfect as it is, a most precious shadow and image of one of the greatest works ever produced by hand of man: and begin the study of it piece by piece. If you fancy yourself able to draw at all, you may begin, by practice over and over again, the little angular band on the forehead, with its studs, and the connected chain of pearls. There are seven pearls and fourteen studs; the fifteenth, a little larger, at the angle of the transparent cap; and four more, retiring. They are to be drawn with a fine brush and sepia, measuring the exact length of the band first; then marking its double curve, depressed in the centre, and rising over the hair, and then the studs and pearls in their various magnitudes. If you can't manage these, try the spiral of the chair; if not that, buy a penny's worth of marbles and draw them in a row, and pick up a snail shell, and meditate upon it, if you have any time for meditation. And in my Christmas *Fors*[1] I will tell you something about marbles, and beads, and coral, and pearls, and shells; and in time—it is quite possible—you may be able to draw a boy's marble and a snail's shell; and a sea urchin; and a Doric capital; and an Ionic capital; and a Parthenon, and a Virgin in it; and a Solomon's Temple, and a Spirit of Wisdom in it; and a Nehemiah's Temple, and a Madonna in it.

This photograph, then, is to be our first domestic possession in works of art; if any difficulty or improper cost occur in attaining it, I will name another to answer its purpose; but this will be No. 1 in our household catalogue of reference:[2] which will never be altered, so that the pieces may always be referred to merely by their numbers.

9. Of public, or museum property in art, I have this month laid also the minute foundation, by the purchase,

[1] [Letter 60. The Letter as published was not, however, the one here intended: see p. 460.]

[2] [For the other "Lesson Photographs," see p. 625. In Letter 78 (Vol. XXIX. p. 127), the "Leucothea" (No. 2 in the list on p. 625) is called "the first."]

for our schools, of the engravings named in the annexed printseller's account.*

And respecting the general operation of these schools and of the museums connected with them, the conclusion, which I am happy to announce, of the purchase of a piece of ground for the first of them, for six hundred pounds, requires some small special commentary.

Of such science, art, and literature as are properly connected with husbandry (see Note *a*, § 8 of Letter 55[1]), St. George primarily acknowledges the art which provides him with a ploughshare,—and if need still be for those more savage instruments,—with spear, sword, and armour.

Therefore, it is fitting that of his schools "for the workmen and labourers of England,"[2] the first should be placed in Sheffield (I suppose, originally Sheaf-field; but do not at all rest on that etymology, having had no time to inquire into it[3]).

Besides this merely systematic and poetical fitness, there is the farther practical reason for our first action being among this order of craftsmen in England; that in cutler's ironwork, we have, at this actual epoch of our history, the best in its kind done by English hands, unsurpassable, I presume, when the workman chooses to do all he knows, by that of any living nation.

For these two principal reasons (and not without further direction from Fors of a very distinct nature) I expressed, some time since,[4] my purpose to place the first museum of the St. George's Company at Sheffield.

10. Whereupon, I received a letter, very well and kindly meant, from Mr. Bragge, offering me space in the existing Sheffield museum for whatever I chose to put there:

* Last but one article in the Notes [§ 16, p. 458].

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[1] [Above, p. 379.]
[2] [See title-page.]
[3] [See notes from correspondents, Letters 60, § 11, and 62, § 22 (pp. 470, 533).]
[4] [Letter 56, § 19 (p. 395). For the history of the Museum, see Vol. XXX.]

Mr. Bragge very naturally supposing that this would be the simplest mode of operation for me; and the most immediately advantageous to the town. To that (as I supposed private) communication I replied, in what I meant to be a private letter; which letter Mr. Bragge, without asking my permission, read at a public dinner, with public comment on what he imagined to be the state of my health.[1]

Now, I never wrote a letter in my life which all the world are not welcome to read, if they will: and as Fors would have it so, I am glad this letter *was* read aloud, and widely circulated: only, I beg Mr. Bragge and the other gentlemen who have kindly interested themselves in the existing Sheffield museum to understand that, had I intended the letter for publicity, it would have been couched in more courteous terms, and extended into clearer explanation of my singular and apparently perverse conduct in what I observe the Sheffield press, since it has had possession of the letter in question, characterizes as "setting up an opposition museum at Walkley."

I am glad to find the Sheffield branch of English journalism reprobating, in one instance at least, the—I had imagined now by all acclamation, divine—principle of Competition. But surely the very retirement to the solitude of Walkley, of which the same journalist complains, might have vindicated St. George's first quiet effort in his own work, from this unexpected accusation,—especially since, in so far as I can assert or understand the objects of either of the supposedly antagonist showmen, neither Mr. Bragge nor St. George intend taking shillings at the doors.

[1] [Ruskin's letter explained why he declined to merge St. George's Museum in a general museum which would possibly be filled with "an accumulation of uselessly multiplied ugliness," etc. It was published in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* and *Sheffield Independent* of September 7, 1875, and reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 182. With other correspondence referring to St. George's Museum, it is now printed in Vol. XXX. The letter was read by Councillor Bragge at a dinner which followed the opening of Weston Park to the public on September 6, 1875. In the course of his remarks Mr. Bragge said, "Mr. Ruskin's letter almost prompted him to say 'Much learning hath made him mad.'" The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of September 8 had an angry article on the subject of Ruskin's refusal to merge his proposed Museum in the municipal one.]

11. Nevertheless, the impression on the mind of the Sheffield journalist that museums are to be opened as lively places of entertainment, rivals for public patronage, and that their most proper position is therefore in a public thoroughfare, deserves on St. George's part some careful answer. A museum is, be it first observed, primarily, not at all a place of entertainment, but a place of Education. And a museum is, be it secondly observed, not a place for elementary education, but for that of already far-advanced scholars.[1] And it is by no means the same thing as a parish school, or a Sunday school, or a day school, or even—the Brighton Aquarium.

Be it observed, in the third place, that the word "School" means "Leisure,"[2] and that the word "Museum" means "Belonging to the Muses"; and that all schools and museums whatsoever, can only be, what they claim to be, and ought to be, places of noble instruction, when the persons who have a mind to use them can obtain so much relief from the work, or exert so much abstinence from the dissipation, of the outside world, as may enable them to devote a certain portion of secluded laborious and reverent life to the attainment of the Divine Wisdom, which the Greeks supposed to be the gift of Apollo, or of the Sun;[3] and which the Christian knows to be the gift of Christ. Now, I hear it continually alleged against me, when I advocate the raising of working men's wages, that already many of them have wages so high that they work only three days a week, and spend the other three days in drinking. And I have not the least doubt that under St. George's rule, when none but useful work is done, and when all classes are compelled to share in it, wages may indeed be so high, or, which amounts to the same thing as far as our present object is concerned, time so short, that at least two, if not three days out of every week (or

[1] [See, however, the *Letters on a Museum or Picture Gallery* (1880), in a later volume of this edition, where Ruskin puts another side of the case.]

[2] [On this definition, compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 109 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 235).]

[3] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 5 (Vol. XIX. p. 300).]

an equivalent portion of time taken out of each day), may be devoted by some British workmen—no more to the ale-house, but to, what British clergymen ought to mean, if they don't, by the "concerns of their immortal souls," that is to say, to the contemplation and study of the works of God, and the learning that complete code of natural history which, beginning with the life and death of the Hyssop on the wall,[1] rises to the knowledge of the life and death of the recorded generations of mankind, and of the visible starry Dynasties of Heaven.

The workmen who have leisure to enter on this course of study will also, I believe, have leisure to walk to Walkley. The museum has been set there, not by me, but by the Second Fors (Lachesis[2]), on the top of a high and steep hill,—with only my most admiring concurrence in her apparent intention that the approach to it may be at once symbolically instructive, and practically sanitary.

[1] [See 1 Kings iv. 33: "And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Hence Ruskin gave the title "Hyssop" to the letter (XXV.) in *Time and Tide* which treats "Of inevitable Distinction of Rank" (Vol. XVII. p. 311).]

[2] [Ruskin seems here to modify his usual identification of the first, second, and third Fors with Courage, Patience, and Fortune (see Vol. XXVII. p. 291 *n.*); and subdividing Fortune into the forms of the Greek Fates, speaks of Lachesis, the second Fate, as "the Second Fors." See on this subject the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. p. xxi.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

12. (I.) THE following communication was sent to me on a postcard, without the writer's name; but it is worth notice:—

"'Ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis *dedita*.'[1] If some manuscript Breviary has omitted 'dedita,' it must be by a slip of the pen. The sense surely is this: that while there is either war or only an evil and deceitful peace within, self-surrender to the Divine commandments above and freedom from terror of foes around are alike impossible.

"In the English Prayer-book 'set' has the same meaning as in Psalm lxxviii. ver. 9 (*sic:* the writer means ver. 8[2]); and the context shows the 'rest and quietness' desired, to be rest and quietness of spirit."

The "context" cannot show anything of the sort, for the sentence is an entirely independent one: and the MS. I use is not a Breviary, but the most perfect Psalter and full service, including all the hymns quoted by Dante, that I have seen in English thirteenth-century writing.[3] The omission of the word "dedita" makes not the smallest difference to the point at issue—which is not the mistranslation of a word, but the breaking of a clause. The mistranslation nevertheless exists also; precisely *because,* in the English Prayer-book, "set" *has* the same meaning as in Psalm lxxviii.; where the Latin word is "direxit," not "dedit"; and where discipline is meant, not surrender.

13. I must reserve my comments[4] on the two most important letters next following, for large type and more leisure:—

(II.) "I hope that you will live to see *Fors* and everything printed without steam: it's the very curse and unmaking of us. I can see it dreadfully in every workman that I come across. Since I have been so happily mixed up with you these eighteen years, great changes have taken place in workmen. It was beginning fearfully when I last worked as a journeyman. One instance among many:—The head foreman came to me at Messrs. Bakers', and threatened discharge if he caught me using a hand bow-saw to cut a little circular disc, which I could have done in ten minutes. I then had to go and wait my turn at the endless steam saw—or, commonly called, a band saw. I had to wait an hour and a half to take my turn: the steam saw did it in perhaps three minutes; but the head

[1] [See Letter 58, § 1 (p. 417).]

[2] [Ruskin's criticism forgets, however, that the writer may have been referring to the Prayer-book version, in which verse 9 (and not verse 8) has the words "set their heart aright."]

[3] [The editors are unable to identify this MS. Dante quotes five hymns and anthems, all of which are in the *Breviarium Romanum;* namely, *Vexilla Regis prodeunt* (*Inf.*, xxxiv. 1), *Salve Regina* (*Purg.*, vii. 82), *Te lucis ante* (*Purg.*, viii. 13), *Summæ Deus clementiæ* (*Purg.*, xxv. 121), and *Regina Coeli* (*Par.*, xxiii. 128).]

[4] [Ruskin does not expressly comment on these letters in any subsequent number of *Fors;* but to the subject of machinery generally, he reverts in Letters 67 (below, pp. 654–655), 77, and 82 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 119, 249).]

foreman said, 'We've gone to great expense for steam machinery, and what is the use if we don't employ it?' This little occurrence was by no means uncommon. What workpeople have been brought to is beyond conception, in tone of feeling and character. Here, as I have told you, we do all we can ourselves, indoors and out; have no servant, but make the children do: and because we are living in a tidy-sized house, and a good piece of ground, the labouring people make a dead set against us because we are not dependent upon them, and have even combined to defeat us in getting a charwoman now and then. We ought, I suppose, to employ two servants, whether we can pay for them or not, or even obtain them (which we couldn't). They have been picking hops here next our hedge: this is done by people in the neighbourhood, not imported pickers; and their children called over the hedge to ours, and said, 'Your mother is not a lady; she don't keep a servant, but does the work herself.' I name this little incident because it seems so deep." [1]

14. (III.) "MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I write to ask leave to come and enter my name on the Roll of Companions of the Company of St. George.* I have seen enough and read enough of the pace at which we are going, more especially in business matters, to make me long to see some effort made to win back some of the honesty and simplicity of our fathers. And although I am afraid I can be but of very little use to the Company, I would gladly do anything that lay within my power; and it would be a great help to feel oneself associated with others, however feebly, in a *practical* work.

"I am trying to carry out what you have taught me in business, where I *can* do it. Our trade is dressing and buying and selling leather, etc., and making leather belting, hose, and boots. I am trying to the utmost to make everything as good as it can be made, then to ask a fair price for it, and resist all attempts to cheapen or depreciate it in any way. First, because the best thing is, as far as I know, invariably the 'best value'; secondly, because shoe manufacturing, as now carried on, is, through the division of labour, a largely mechanical work (though far less so than many trades),—and I believe the surest way of diminishing, as it is surely our duty to do, the amount of all such work, is to spend no labour, nor allow of its being spent, on any but the *best thing for wear* that can be made; and thirdly, because workmen employed even somewhat mechanically are, I think, far less degraded by their employment when their work and materials are good enough to become the subjects of honest pride. You will understand that, being only in the position of manager of the business, I can only carry out these ideas to a certain point. Still I have been able to reduce the amount of what is called 'fancy stitching' on parts of boots, on the stated ground of the injury the work ultimately causes to the operator's eyesight. And in the dressing of some descriptions of leather, where we used to print by machinery an artificial grain on the skin or hide, we have dispensed with the process, and work up the natural grain by hand-power.

"And this brings me to the point I want to put to you about the permitted use of the sewing-machine (see *Fors*, Letter 34, § 20†[2]). It may seem unreasonable,

* The writer is now an accepted Companion.

† I am only too happy to be justified in withdrawing it. But my errors will, I trust, always be found rather in the relaxation than the unnecessary enforcement, even of favourite principles; and I did not see what line I could draw between the spinning-wheel, which I knew to be necessary, and the sewing-machine, which I suspected to be mischievous, and gave therefore *permission* only to use; while I shall earnestly urge the use of the spinning-wheel. I will give the reason for distinction (so far as my correspondent's most interesting letter leaves me anything more to say) in a future letter.[3]

[1] [The writer of this letter was Mr. George Allen.]
[2] [Vol. XXVII. p. 646.]
[3] [This, however, was not done.]

when our firm employs so many. But it seems to me that the *admission* of machinery at all is unwise in principle. Machinery, especially the sewing-machine, has demoralized the shoe trade,—the same I think you would find in all other trades,—notably in piece-goods for ladies' dresses—which, owing to the cheapness with which they can be made up, are far more in number than they *could* have been if no sewing-machine had been used. And a manufacturer told me, only the other day, that common piece-goods, both woollen and others, take *as much* and generally *more* labour in making than the best. If all work required to supply clothing to the race were to be done by *hand*, it would be worth no one's while to make rubbish of any kind,—the work would be done by fewer people, and all raw material would be cheapened.

"In your advice to a young lady, printed in Letter 34, § 20, of *Fors Clavigera*, you give her permission to use a sewing-machine. I hope that, on fuller consideration of the subject, you will advise all who set the weal of their country above their own convenience, to discontinue its use wherever it can possibly be dispensed with.

"For the effect of the sewing-machine upon the great industries connected with clothing has been most disastrous.

"Given a certain quantity of cloth, or calico, or leather; and, before it can be made available as clothing, it must be joined or stitched together in certain shapes.

"Now so long as this stitching was, of necessity, all done by hand, it was never worth while, supposing the labour to be paid for at a just rate, to use any but good materials. A print dress at three-halfpence per yard, which might wear a week, would cost as much to make as a dress that would wear a year; and, except for the rich and luxurious, all extravagance of trimming, and all sewing useless for wear, were unattainable.

"But with the introduction of the sewing-machine a great change took place. It would be impossible within the limits of a letter to follow it out in every trade which has felt its influence. But briefly,—when it was found that the stitching process could be got through, though less solidly, at a very much reduced cost, it became possible for all classes to have dresses, clothes, and shoes in far greater number, and to embody in all kinds of clothing a larger amount of useless and elaborate work.

"And then arose among manufacturers generally a vigorous competition,—each one striving, not to make the most enduring and sound fabric (*the best value*), but that which, retaining some appearance of goodness, should be saleable at the lowest price and at the largest apparent profit.

"The Statutes of the old Trade Guilds of England constantly provide for the purity of their several manufactures; as did Richard Cœur de Lion, in his law for the cloth makers (*Fors*, Letter 3, § 11 [1]),—on this thoroughly wise and just ground: namely, that the best cloth, leather, etc., producible, being accurately the cheapest to the consumer,—the man who used his knowledge of his trade to make other than the best, was guilty of fraud. Compare this view of the duty of a manufacturer with modern practice!

"It may be said that the customer is not cheated; since he knows, when he buys what is called a cheap thing, that it is not the best. I reply that the consumer never knows to the full what bad value, or unvalue, the common article is. And whose fault is it that he buys any but the best value?

"The answer involves a consideration of the duty and position of the retailer or middleman, and must be given, if at all, hereafter.

"One might multiply instances to show how this kind of competition has lowered the standard of our manufactures; but here most readers will be able to fall back upon their own experience.

"Then these common fabrics require for their production always a larger amount of labour in proportion to their value,—often actually as much, and sometimes more,

[1] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 54–55.]

than would suffice to make an equal quantity of material of the best value. So that, roughly, when we demand two common coats where one good one would serve, we simply require certain of our fellow-creatures to spend double the necessary time working for us in a mill. That is, supposing we get the full value out of our two common coats when we have them: the evil is greater if we fail to do so, and, to gratify our selfishness or caprice, require three instead of two. And the question arises,—Is it *kind* or *just* to require from others double the needful quantity of such labour as we would not choose to undergo ourselves? That it is not *Christian* so to do, may be learned by any one who will think out to their far-reaching consequences the words of our Lord: 'Therefore ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

"Now the use of the sewing-machine has been all in favour of the 'three-coat' system, indefinitely multiplied and variously recommended; and the consequent absorption, year by year, of larger numbers of persons in mechanical toil; toil of the hands only—numbing to the brain, and blighting to the heart, or maddening to both.

"So far as the question of clothing is concerned, I would venture to sum up our duty under present circumstances, broadly, as follows." [It can't possibly be done better.—J. R.]

"Always demand the best materials, and use no more of them than is necessary to dress yourselves neatly or handsomely, according to your station in society. Then have these materials made up by hand, if possible under your own supervision, paying a just price for the labour. For such ornament as you need to add, remember that it must be the expression, first of your delight in some work of God's, and then of the human skill that wrought it. This will save you from ever tampering with the lifeless machine-work; and though you have little ornament, it will soon be lovely and right.

"Above all, never buy cheap ready-made clothing of any kind whatsoever; it is most of it stained with blood, if you could see it aright. It is true you may now buy a 'lady's costume,' made up and trimmed by the sewing-machine (guided by a human one), for the sum of two shillings and fourpence (wholesale), *but you had a great deal better wear a sack with a hole in it.* [Italics mine.—J. R.] It may be worth while hereafter to define with some precision what is the best value in various kinds of goods. Meantime, should it be suggested that machine sewing is good enough for common materials, or for clothes that you intend to wear only a few times, and then throw aside, remember you have no business to buy any but good materials, nor to waste when you have bought them; and that it is worth while to put solid hand-work into such."

("I use the word 'value' for the strength or 'availing of a thing towards life.' See *Munera Pulveris*, §§ 12–14.") [Vol. XVII. pp. 153–154.]

15. (IV.) With respect to the next following letter—one which I am heartily glad to receive—I must beg my readers henceforward, and conclusively, to understand, that whether I print my correspondence in large type, or small, and with praise of it, or dispraise, I give absolutely no sanction or ratification whatever to any correspondent's statements of fact, unless by express indication. I am responsible for my own assertions, and for none other; but I hold myself bound to hear, and no less bound to publish, all complaints and accusations made by persons supposing themselves injured, of those who injure them, which I have no definite reason for supposing to be false or malicious, and which relate to circumstances affecting St. George's work. I have no other means of determining their truth, than by permitting the parties principally concerned to hear them, and contradict them, according to their ability; and the wish with which

my present correspondent's letter closes, to be delivered from evil speaking and slandering (she seems not quite clearly to understand that the prayer in the Litany is to be delivered from the guilt of these,—not from their effects), may, so far as these affect her own family, be much more perfectly accomplished by her own statement of their true history, than by any investigation possible to me of the facts in question. But, as far as respects the appeal made by her to myself, my answer is simply, that, whether made by patents, ingenuities, or forges, all fortunes whatever, rapidly acquired, are, necessarily, *ill* acquired; and exemplary of universal ill to all men. No man is ever paid largely for ingenuity; he can only be paid largely by a tax on the promulgation of that ingenuity.

Of actual ingenuities, now active in Europe, none are so utterly deadly, and destructive to all the beauty of nature and the art of man, as that of the engineer.

And with respect to what my correspondent too truly urges—the shame of our ancient races in leaving their houses abandoned—it does not make me look with more comfort or complacency on their inhabitation by men of other names, that there will soon be left few homes in England whose splendour will not be a monument at once of the guilt of her nobles, and the misery of her people.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—We have only just read the September number of *Fors Clavigera*. My husband is the Ned G—— referred to in the letter you quote from E. L.[1] Said he, 'It (*i.e.*, the letter) is not worth notice.' I replied, 'In itself perhaps not; but I have known Mr. Ruskin in his writings many years, and I shall write him to put before him the actual facts, and request him to withdraw these misstatements.' The whole letter is written on the supposition that Mr. Green is an *iron king*, or *iron lord*. No such thing: he is an *engineer*—quite a different affair; the maker of a patent which is known all over the world as the 'Fuel Economiser.' He consequently never had a forge, and is indebted to the use of his intellect and the very clever mechanical genius of his father for their rise in life, and not merely to *toiling half-naked Britons*, as stated. The picture of the forge, with its *foul smoke and sweltering heat and din*, is drawn from some other place, and is utterly unlike the real workshops of E. Green and Son—costly, airy, convenient, and erected to ensure the comfort of the workpeople, having a handsome front and lofty interior.

"As to smoke, the whole concern makes no more than, if as much as, an ordinary dwelling-house; while we suffer too much at Heath from the town smoke to add to the dense volumes. We have no whistle—some other place is meant; we were never possessed of a 'devil,' American or English, of any sort. Mr. Green derives no pecuniary benefit from Wakefield, and but for the attachment of his father and himself to their birthplace, would long ago have conducted his operations in a more central spot.

"Several other grave charges are brought against Mr. Green—one so serious that I am surprised to see it printed: viz., *that he rules his people with an iron hand*. That may go with the rest of the 'iron tale.' Your correspondent is either very ignorant or wilfully false. No such assertion can be for a moment sustained, after inquiry is made among our people; nor by any one in the town could an instance of such be proved.

"As to the Scotch estate, Mr. Green does not possess one.

"The history of *Robin the Pedlar* is equally a work of E. L.'s imagination, although no false shame as to a humble descent has ever been shown or felt.

[1] [See above, p. 410 and *n.*]

What! you taunt a man because he and his father have risen above the state in which they were born by use of the intellect God gives them?[1] Fie! What sort of encouragement do you give to the working men to whom you address these letters, when you insinuate that *one sprung from the people* has no right to dwell in a hall or drive a carriage; and broadly hint he is no *gentleman*, no *scholar*, and *has nothing to boast of but his money?* Come here, and see if Ned G—— is the sort of man you picture; see the refinement visible in his idea of art, and which he has tried to impress on others by his example, and then ask yourself whether you have done well to lend the sanction of your name to decry, as a mere vulgar parvenu, one who has done his best to keep a high standard before him.

"As to living at Heath Hall, I ask, Is it a crime to spend your money in preserving to posterity a beautiful specimen of the house of the smaller gentry in Queen Elizabeth's time, which you only enjoy during a few years' lease? A little longer neglect, and this fine old house would have become a ruin: when we took it, ivy grew inside, and owls made their nests in what are now guest-chambers.

"No *squire* has lived here for a century and a quarter; and the last descendant of the *venerated Lady B*—— (Dame Mary Bolles, that is), utterly refused to reside near so dull a town as Wakefield—preferring Bath, then at the height of its glory and Beau Nash's; even before his time the hereditary squires despised and deserted the lovely place, letting it to any who would take it. Now it is repaired and restored, and well worth a visit even from Mr. Ruskin—who, if he is what I believe him, will withdraw the false imputations which must cause pain to us and surprise to those who know us. That last little stroke about bribery betrays E. L.'s disgust, not at the successful man, but at the Blue Tory. Well! from envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, from evil-speaking and slandering: Good Lord deliver us!

"Yours very truly,
"MARY GREEN."

(I make no comments on this letter till the relations of Dame Mary Bolles have had time to read it, and E. L. to reply.[2])

16. (V.) The following account, with which I have pleasure in printing the accompanying acknowledgment of the receipt, contains particulars of the first actual expenditure of St. George's moneys made by me, to the extent of twenty-nine pounds ten shillings, for ten engravings * now the property of the Company. The other prints named in the account are bought with my own money, to be given or not given as I think right. The last five engravings—all by Dürer—are bought at present for my proposed school at Sheffield, with the Melancholia, which I have already; but if finer impressions of them are some day given me, as is not unlikely, I should of course withdraw these, and substitute the better examples—retaining always the right of being myself the ultimate donor of the two

* The printseller[3] obligingly giving an eleventh, "Pembury Mill,"—Fors thus directing that the first art gift bestowed on the Company shall be Turner's etching of a flour-mill.

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[1] [Ruskin refers to this charge against him "of sneering at people of no ancestry" in Letter 63, § 12 (below, p. 547).]

[2] [For E. L.'s reply, see Letters 60, § 7, and 62, § 23 (pp. 468, 533).]

[3] [Mr. Colnaghi: see below, p. 579.]

St. Georges, in their finest state, from my own collection. But these must at present remain in Oxford.

LONDON, *October* 5, 1875.

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ.

			£	s.	d.
St. G.	1	Apollo and the Python, by Master of the Die[1]	1	0	0
„	2	Raglan Castle	3	10	0
„	3	Solway Moss	4	0	0
„	4	Hind Head Hill	1	10	0
„	5, *a*, *b*, *c*	Three impressions of Falls of the Clyde (£2 each)	6	0	0
„	6	Hindoo Worship	2	0	0
„	7	Dunblane Abbey	3	10	0
„	8	Pembury Mill		...	
„	9	Etching of the Severn and Wye	2	10	0
„	10	Tenth Plague (of Egypt)	2	0	0
„	11[2]	Æsacus and Hesperie	3	10	0
			29	10	0

(The above Prints sold at an unusually low price, for Mr. Ruskin's school.)

J. R.	1	Sir John Cust	0	10	0
„	2	Lady Derby	5	0	0
„	3, 4	Two Etchings of Æsacus and Hesperie (£4 each)	8	0	0
„	5, 6	Two Holy Islands (£2, 6s. each)	4	12	0
„	7	Etching of Procris	4	4	0
„	8	Holy Island	2	6	0
„	9	The Crypt	4	4	0
„	10	The Arveron	8	8	0
„	11	Raglan Castle	7	0	0
„	12	„ „	6	0	0
„	13	„ „	6	0	0
„	14	Woman at the Tank	7	17	6
„	15	Grande Chartreuse	8	8	0
			101	19	6
		Discount (15 per cent.[3])	10	1	0
			91	18	6
St. G.	16	Knight and Death	18	0	0
„	17	St. George on Horseback	3	10	0
„	18	„ „ Foot	7	0	0
„	19	Pilate	2	0	0
„	20	Caiaphas	3	0	0
			£125	8	6

MY DEAR SIR,—It is delightful to do business with you. How I wish that all my customers were imbued with your principles. I enclose the receipt, with best thanks, and am

Yours very sincerely and obliged.

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ.

[1] [The "Master of the Die," an unknown artist, who flourished about 1532; so called because some of his prints are marked with a small cube, or die.]

[2] [Of the eleven prints here noted as the property of "St. George," all but Nos. 7–11 are in the Museum at Sheffield. The Museum possesses a copy of No. 7, but it is not the one bought by Ruskin. One of the etchings in the second list (Nos. 3, 4) is in the Museum, as are Nos. 16–20.]

[3] [That is, on the sum of £72 odd, the amount of the items "J. R., 1–15."]

Of course, original accounts, with all other vouchers, will be kept with the Company's registers at Oxford.[1] I do not think it expedient always to print names; which would look like advertisement.

17. Respecting the picture by Filippo Lippi,[2] I find more difficulty than I expected. On inquiring of various dealers, I am asked three shillings each for these photographs. But as I on principle never use any artifice in dealing, most tradesmen think me a simpleton, and think it also their first duty, as men of business, to take all the advantage in their power of this my supposed simplicity; these photographs are therefore, I suppose, worth actually, unmounted, about a shilling each; and I believe that eventually, my own assistant, Mr. Ward, will be able to supply them, of good impression, carefully chosen, with due payment for his time and trouble, at eighteenpence each; or mounted, examined by me, and sealed with my seal, for two shillings and sixpence each. I don't promise this, because it depends upon whether the government at Florence will entertain my request, made officially as Slade Professor at Oxford, to have leave to photograph from the picture.[3]

At present holding it of more importance not to violate confidence* than to sell photographs cheap, I do not even publish what I have ascertained, since this note was half written, to be the (actual) trade price, and I must simply leave the thing in the beautiful complexity of competition and secretiveness called British Trade; only, at Oxford, I have so much personal influence with Mr. Davis,[4] in Exeter Street, as may, I think, secure his obtaining the photographs, for which, as a dealer combined with other dealers, he must ask three shillings, of good quality; to him, therefore, at Oxford, for general business, my readers may address themselves; or in London, to Miss Bertolacci, 7, Edith Grove, Kensington; and, for impressions certified by me, to Mr. Ward, at Richmond (address as above), who will furnish them, unmounted, for two shillings each, and mounted, for three. And for a foundation of the domestic art-treasure of their establishment, I do not hold this to be an enormous or unjustifiable expense.

* Remember, however, that the publication of prime cost, and the absolute knowledge of all circumstances or causes of extra cost, are inviolable laws of established trade under the St. George's Company.

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[1] [That is, in Ruskin's rooms at Corpus: see Letter 55, § 7 (p. 377).]

[2] [See above, p. 445.]

[3] [Mr. Ward never heard of this request, or of its result. The copies of the photograph which he used to supply were obtained through the Berlin Photographic Company. The price was 2s. 6d. For some time copies (of this as of the other Lesson Photographs) were signed with Ruskin's *autograph*, to signify that he had passed the prints (see below, p. 605).]

[4] [A most intelligent and cultivated printseller, well known to Oxford men of the 'seventies. By "Exeter Street" Ruskin means "The Turl," in which street Exeter College is situated.]

LETTER 60

STARS IN THE EAST[1]

1. I CANNOT finish the letter I meant for my Christmas *Fors*;[2] and must print merely the begun fragment—and such uncrystalline termination must now happen to all my work, more or less (and more and more, rather than less), as it expands in range. As I stated in last letter,[3] I have now seven books in the press at once—and any one of them enough to take up all the remainder of my life. *Love's Meinie*, for instance (Love's Many, or Serving Company[4]), was meant to become a study of British birds, which would have been occasionally useful in museums, carried out with a care in plume drawing which I learned in many a day's work from Albert Dürer; and with which, in such light as the days give me, I think it still my duty to do all I can towards completion of the six essays prepared for my Oxford schools:[5]—but even the third of these, on the Chough, though already written and in type, is at pause because I can't get the engravings for it finished, and the rest—merely torment me in other work with the thousand things flitting in my mind, like sea-birds for which there are no sands to settle upon.

Ariadne is nearer its close;[6] but the Appendix is a mass of loose notes which need a very sewing-machine[7] to bring

[1] [See below, § 3.]
[2] [See above, p. 447.]
[3] [See above, p. 444.]
[4] [See further on the word, Letter 28, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 516).]
[5] [It does not anywhere appear what the "six lectures" were to be. In the *University Gazette* Ruskin announced only three (Vol. XXV. p. 5)—namely, on the Robin, the Swallow, and the Chough. A fourth lecture (though never delivered as such) was on the Dabchicks. See Vol. XXV. pp. xxxi.–xxxii.]
[6] [The six chapters of *Ariadne* had already been issued (the last in July 1875). The appendix, completing the book, was ultimately issued in September 1876; for the author's apology for the delay, see Vol. XXII. p. 463.]
[7] [See above, p. 453.]

together—and any one of these that I take in hand leads me into ashamed censorship of the imperfection of all I have been able to say about engraving; and then, if I take up my Bewick, or return to my old Turner vignettes, I put my Appendix off again—"till next month," and so on.

Proserpina will, I hope, take better and more harmonious form; but it grows under my hands, and needs most careful thought. For it claims nothing less than complete modification of existing botanical nomenclature, for popular use; and in connection with *Deucalion* and the recast *Elements of Drawing*, is meant to found a system of education in Natural History, the conception of which I have reached only by thirty years of labour, and the realization of which can only be many a year after I am at rest. And yet none of this work can be done but as a kind of play, irregularly, and as the humour comes upon me. For if I set myself at it gravely, there is too much to be dealt with; my mind gets fatigued in half-an-hour, and no good can be done; the only way in which any advance can be made is by keeping my mornings entirely quiet, and free of care, by opening of letters or newspapers; and then by letting myself follow any thread of thought or point of inquiry that chances to occur first, and writing as the thoughts come,—whatever their disorder; all their connection and co-operation being dependent on the real harmony of my purpose, and the consistency of the ascertainable facts, which are the only ones I teach; and I can no more, now, polish or neatly arrange my work than I can guide it. So this fragment must stand as it was written, and end,—because I have no time to say more.

COWLEY RECTORY,[1] *27th October*, 1875.

2. My Christmas letter this year, since we are now definitely begun with our schooling, may most fitly be on the

[1] [Near Uxbridge, the home of the Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Hilliard, whose daughter Connie (now Mrs. Churchill) has already been named (see Vol. XXVII. p. 308 *n.*), and whose son, Laurence, was for some time Ruskin's secretary.]

subject, already opened in *Fors* 12th, of the Three Wise Men.[1]

"Three wise men of Gotham," I had nearly written; the remembrance of the very worst pantomime I ever saw, having, from the mere intolerableness of its stupidity, so fastened itself in my memory that I can't now get rid of the ring in my ears, unless I carefully say, "Magi," instead of "wise men."

Such, practically, is the principal effect of the Sacred Art employed by England, in the festivity of her God's birthday, upon the minds of her innocent children, like me, who would fain see something magical and pretty on the occasion—if the good angels would bring it us, and our nurses, and mammas, and governesses would allow us to believe in magic, or in wisdom, any more.

You would not believe, if they wanted you, I suppose, you wise men of the west? You are sure that no real magicians ever existed; no real witches—no real prophets;—that an Egyptian necromancer was only a clever little Mr. Faraday,[2] given to juggling; and the witch of Endor,[3] only a Jewish Mrs. Somerville amusing herself with a practical joke on Saul; and that when Elisha made the axe swim,[4] he had prepared the handle on the sly—with aluminium? And you think that in this blessed nineteenth century—though there isn't a merchant, from Dan to Beersheba,[5] too honest to cheat, there is not a priest nor a prophet, from Dan to Beersheba, but he is too dull to juggle!

You may think, for what I care, what you please in such matters, if indeed you choose to go on through all your lives thinking, instead of ascertaining. But, for my own part, there are a few things concerning Magi and their doings which I have personally discovered, by laborious work among real magi. Some of those things I am going

[1] [Letter 12, § 18 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 211–212).]
[2] [See above, p. 85 *n.*]
[3] [See 1 Samuel xxviii. 7. See Letter 12, § 25 (Vol. XXVII. p. 215). Ruskin takes Mrs. Somerville (1780–1872) as the most conspicuous instance of a lady master of science.]
[4] [See 2 Kings vi. 5–7.]
[5] [Judges xx. 1.]

to tell you to-day, positively, and with entire and incontrovertible knowledge of them,—as you and your children will one day find every word of my direct statements in *Fors Clavigera* to be; and fastened, each with its nail in its sure place.[1]

3. (A.) In the first place, then, concerning stars in the east. You can't see the loveliest which appear there naturally,—the Morning Star, namely, and his fellows,—unless you get up in the morning.[2]

(B.) If you resolve thus always, so far as may be in your own power, to see the loveliest which are there naturally, you will soon come to see them in a supernatural manner, with a quite—properly so-called—"miraculous" or "wonderful" light which will be a light in your spirit, not in your eyes. And you will hear, with your spirit, the Morning Star and his fellows sing together; also, you will hear the sons of God shouting together for joy with them;[3] particularly the little ones,—sparrows, greenfinches, linnets, and the like.

(C.) You will, by persevering in the practice, gradually discover that it is a pleasant thing to see stars in the luminous east; to watch them fade as they rise; to hear their Master say, Let there be light—and there is light;[4] to see the world made, that day, at the word; and creation, instant by instant, of divine forms out of darkness.

(D.) At six o'clock, or some approximate hour, you will perceive with precision that the Firm over the way, or round the corner, of the United Grand Steam Percussion and Corrosion Company, Limited (Offices, London, Paris, and New York), issues its counter-order, Let there be darkness; and that the Master of Creation not only at once submits to this order, by fulfilling the constant laws He has ordained concerning smoke,—but farther, supernaturally or miraculously, enforces the order by sending a poisonous

[1] [For this meaning of the title, see the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. (p. xxii.).]
[2] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 137 (Vol. XVI. p. 371).]
[3] [Job xxxviii. 7.]
[4] [Genesis i. 3.]

black wind, also from the east, of an entirely corrosive, deadly, and horrible quality, with which, from him that hath not, He takes away also that light he hath;[1] and changes the sky during what remains of the day,—on the average now three days out of five,*—into a mere dome of ashes, differing only by their enduring frown and slow pestilence from the passing darkness and showering death of Pompeii.[2]

(E.) If, nevertheless, you persevere diligently in seeing what stars you can in the early morning, and use what is left you of light wisely, you will gradually discover that the United Grand Steam Percussion and Corrosion Company is a company of thieves; and that you yourself are an ass, for letting them steal your money, and your light, at once. And that there is standing order from the Maker of Light, and Filler of pockets, that the company shall not be thieves, but honest men; and that you yourself shall not be an ass, but a Magus.

(F.) If you remind the company of this law, they will tell you that people "didn't know everything down in Judee,"[3] that nobody ever made the world; and that nobody but the company knows it.

4. But if you enforce upon yourself the commandment not to be an ass, and verily resolve to be so no more, then—hear the word of God, spoken to you by the only merchant city that ever set herself to live wholly by His law.†

> "I willed, and sense was given to me.
> I prayed, and the Spirit of Wisdom was given to me.[4]
> I set her before Kingdoms and Homes,
> And held riches nothing, in comparison of her."[5]

* It is at this moment, nine o'clock, 27th October, tearing the Virginian creeper round my window into rags rather than leaves.

† See Fourth Morning in Florence. "The Vaulted Book." [Vol. XXIII. p. 363.]

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[1] [See Matthew xiii. 12.]

[2] [On the "storm wind," see above, Letter 59, § 5 (p. 443).]

[3] [*The Biglow Papers* ("What Mr. Robinson Thinks").]

[4] [See, again, *Mornings in Florence*, § 91 (Vol. XXIII. p. 385), where Ruskin corrects "was given to me" to "came upon me."]

[5] [Wisdom vii. 7.]

That is to say,—If you would have her to dwell with you, you must set her before kingdoms;—(as, for instance, at Sheffield, you must not think to be kings of cutlery, and let nobody else in the round world make a knife but you); —you must set her before homes; that is to say, you must not sit comfortably enjoying your own fireside, and think you provide for everybody if you provide for that:—and as for riches—you are only to *prefer* wisdom,—think her, of two good things, the best, when she is matched with kingdoms and homes; but you are to esteem riches—*nothing* in comparison of her. Not so much as *mention* shall be made "of coral, nor of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies."[1]

5. You have not had the chance, you think, probably, of making any particular mention of coral, or pearls, or rubies? Your betters, the Squires and the Clergy, have kept, if not the coral, at least the pearls, for their own wives' necks, and the rubies for their own mitres; and have generously accorded to you heavenly things,—wisdom, namely, concentrated in your responses to Catechism. I find St. George, on the contrary, to be minded that you shall at least know what these earthly goods are, in order to your despising them in a sensible manner;—for you can't despise them if you know nothing about them.

I am going, under His orders, therefore, to give you some topazes[2] of Ethiopia,—(at least, of the Ural mountains, where the topazes are just as good),—and all manner of coral, that you may know what co-operative societies are working, to make your babies their rattles and necklaces, without any steam to help them, under the deep sea, and in its foam; also out of the Tay, the fairest river of the British Isles, we will fetch some pearls that nobody shall have drawn short breath for: and, indeed, all the things that Solomon in his wisdom sent his ships to Tarshish for,

[1] [Job xxviii. 18.]

[2] [For a notice of the specimens of topaz in the Museum, see Vol. XXVI. p. lviii. Ruskin did not send the other specimens here promised.]

—gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks,[1]—you shall see in their perfection and have as much of as St. George thinks good for you (only remember, in order to see an ape in perfection, you must not be an ape yourself, whatever Mr. Darwin may say; but must admire, without imitating, their prehensile activities, nor fancy that you can lay hold on to the branches of the tree of life with your tails instead of your hands, as you have been practising lately).

And, in the meantime, I must stop writing because I've to draw a peacock's breast-feather,[2] and paint as much of it as I can without having heaven to dip my brush in. And when you have seen what it is, you shall despise it—if you can—for heaven itself. But for nothing less!

6. My fragment does not quite end here; but in its following statements of plans for the Sheffield Museum, anticipates more than I think Atropos would approve; besides getting more figurative and metaphysical than you would care to read after your Christmas dinner. But here is a piece of inquiry into the origin of all riches, Solomon's and our own, which I wrote in May, 1873, for the *Contemporary Review*,[3] and which, as it sums much of what I may have too vaguely and figuratively stated in my letters, may advisably close their series for this year.

It was written chiefly in reply to an article by Mr. Greg, defending the luxury of the rich as harmless, or even beneficent to the poor.[4] Mr. Greg had, on his part, been reproving Mr. Goldwin Smith—who had spoken of a rich man as consuming the means of living of the poor. And Mr. Greg pointed out how beneficially for the poor, in a thousand channels, the rich man spent what he had got.

[1] [See 1 Kings x. 22.]

[2] [The drawing is in the Sheffield Museum, and is shown on Plate V. in Vol. XXV. (p. 39).]

[3] [*Home, and its Economies* (reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1889, vol. ii. §§ 131–147), of which article the author here reproduced part of § 135 and §§ 136–147 as §§ 7–19 of this Letter.]

[4] ["What is Culpable Luxury?" (*Contemporary Review*, March 1873).]

Whereupon I ventured myself to inquire, "How he got it"? and the paper went on thus:—

. . . . . .

[For the parts of the article printed by Ruskin in this letter, see Vol. XVII. p. 559 ("which is indeed precisely the first of all questions . . .") down to p. 565 (". . . into the cup of the fornication of its capital").[1]]

So ends my article, and enough said for 1875, I think. And I wish you a merry Christmas, my masters; and honest ways of winning your meat and pudding.

[1] [In reprinting the article here in *Fors* Ruskin omitted the word "precisely," and altered the last words to ". . . the cup of the fornication of its Babylonian City of the Plain." For a later reference to Ruskin's reply to Greg's article, see Letter 78, § 12 (Vol. XXIX. p. 135).]

7. I AM busy, and tired, this month; so shall keep my making up of accounts till January. The gist of them is simply that we have got £8000 worth of Consols; and we had a balance of £501, 7s. at the bank, which balance I have taken, and advanced another hundred of my own, making £600, to buy the Sheffield property with; this advance I shall repay myself as the interest comes in, or farther subscription: and then use such additional sums for the filling of the museum, and building a small curator's house on the ground. But I shall not touch any of the funded sum; and hope soon to see it raised to £10,000. I have no word yet from our lawyer about our constitution.[1] The Sheffield property, like the funded, stands in the names of the Trustees.

I have accepted, out of our forty subscribers, some eight or nine for Companions,[2] very gratefully. Others wish well to the cause, but dislike the required expression of creed and purpose. I use no persuasion in the matter, wishing to have complete harmony of feeling among the active members of the Society.

E. L.'s courteous, but firm, reply to Mrs. Green's letter reaches me too late for examination. In justice to both my correspondents, and to my readers, I must defer its insertion, in such abstract as may seem desirable, until next month.[3]

8. (I.) Letter from a clergyman, now an accepted Companion. The extract contained in it makes me wonder if it has never occurred to the Rev. Dr. Mullens that there should be immediately formed a Madagascar Missionary Society,[4] for the instruction of the natives of England:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—*Apropos* of your strictures on usury which have from time to time appeared in *Fors*, I have thought you would be interested in the following extract from a recent work on Madagascar, by the Rev. Dr. Mullens, of the London Missionary Society.

"After describing a 'Kabáry,'—a public assembly addressed by the Queen,—in the Betsileo * province, he goes on to say: 'Having expressed in a clear and distinct voice her pleasure in meeting her people once more, the Queen uttered several sentences usual to these assemblies, in which she dwelt upon the close

* I can't answer for Madagascar nomenclature.

[1] [Hence Ruskin was not able to give its final form, as promised (see above, p. 436).]

[2] ["Some eight or nine," because he was "doubtful of the adherence of one or two": see *Financial History of St. George's Guild*, § 14 *n.* (Vol. XXX.).]

[3] [Printed not in the *next*, but in the following month: see Letter 62, § 23 (p. 533).]

[4] [On the subject of missions, compare above, pp. 26, 45 *n.*; and below, p. 515.]

and affectionate relations subsisting between them and herself. "You are a father and mother to me: having you, I have all. . . . And if you confide in me, you have a father and a mother in me. Is it not so, O ye under heaven?" To which, with a deep voice, the people reply, "It is so." Passing at length to the subject specially before her, the Queen said, "My days in the South are now few; therefore I will say a word about the Schools. And I say to you all, here in Betsileo, . . . cause your children to attend the Schools. My desire is, that whether high or low, whether sons of the nobles, or sons of the judges, or sons of the officers, or sons of the centurions, your sons and your daughters should attend the Schools and become lovers of wisdom." The Prime Minister, then, in the Queen's name, addressed the assembly on the subject of usury,—a great evil among poor nations, and only too common in stages of society, like that in Madagascar,—and said, "Thus saith the Queen: *All the usury exacted by the Hovas from the Betsileo is remitted*, and only the original debt shall remain!"'

"I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,
"JOSEPH HALSEY."

9. (II.) Useful letter from a friend:—

"You say when I agree in your opinions I may come, but surely you do not exact the unquestioning and entire submission of the individual opinion which the most arrogant of churches exacts.* With your leading principles, so far as I am yet able to judge of them, I entirely and unreservedly agree. I see daily such warped morality, such crooked ways in the most urgent and important concerns of life, as to convince me that the axe should be laid to the root of the tree. Mainly I am disgusted—no more tolerant word will do—with the prevalent tone of thought in religious matters, and the resulting tortuous courses in daily work and worship. What a worse than Pagan misconception of Him whom they ignorantly worship—

"'Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo'—

is shown by the mass of so-called religious persons! How scurrilously the Protestant will rail against Papist *intolerance*—making his private judgment of Scripture the infallible rule,—

"'Blushing not (as Hooker says) in any doubt concerning matters of Scripture to think his own bare Yea as good as the Nay of all the wise, grave, and learned judgments that are in the whole world. Which insolency must be repressed, or it will be the very bane of Christian Religion.'—(*Ecc. Polity*, Book II.)

"I believe the St. George's Company contains the germ of a healthy and vigorous constitution. I see that you are planting that germ, and fostering it with all deliberation and cautious directness of advance; but what Titanic obstacles! It seems to me the fittest plant of this age to survive, but in the complexities of the struggle for existence, its rearing must be a Herculean labour. Yet wherein is this age singular? When was there any time whose sentence we might not write thus: 'L'état agité par les brigues des ambitieux, par les largesses des riches factieux, par la vénalité des pauvres oiseux, par l'empirisme des orateurs, par l'audace des hommes pervers, par la faiblesse des hommes vertueux,' was distracted and disintegrate?

"When I can get better words than my own I like to use them—and it is seldom I cannot. In the selfish pleasure of writing to you I forget the tax on your time of reading my vagaries; but I feel a kind of filial unburdening in writing thus freely. Will that excuse me?

"Always sincerely and affectionately yours,
"JAMES HOOPER."

* By no means; but *practical* obedience, yes,—not to *me* but to the Master of the Company, whoever he may be; and this not for his pride's sake, but for your comfort's.

10. WOOD *versus* COAL.—Subject to such correction as may be due to the different quantity of carbon contained in a load of wood as in a ton of coal, the product of the coal-field is seven times as much [of fuel] per mile, as that of the forest. To produce a yield of fuel equal to that obtainable from the known coal measures of the world, if worked with an activity equal to that of our own, seven times the area of cultivated forest is required. But the actual area, as estimated, is not seven, but twenty-seven times that of the coal measures. It is thus four times as important, regarded as a source of fuel. But while the life of the coal-field has been taken at 150 years, that of the forest, if rightly cared for, will endure as long as that of the human family. A wealth such as this is not to be measured in tons of gold.—*Edinburgh Review*, p. 375, Oct. 1875.

11. "I think Sheffield is more likely 'Schaf-feld' than Sheaf-field.[1] 'Sheep-fold, the sheltered hollow with moors all round it. I know a place called 'Theescombe, meaning 'theaves-combe,' or 'young lambs-combe.'"—*Note by a Companion.*

[1] [See Letter 59, § 9 (p. 448); and below, Letter 62, § 22 (p. 532), where the true derivation is given.]

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY

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VOL. VI.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
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(*Venice.*) 1. Morning light upon the church of the Salute. South wind on the Adriatic. England, pilotless and blind. 2. A cockle-shell from the island of St. Helena. Why cannot the author draw it and be happy, minding his own affairs? 3. Lakes and seas of the world full of its dead. 4. "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them." Meaning of the Revelation. 5. Carpaccio's faith in the Resurrection. The arrow in "St. Ursula's Dream."

6. Knowledge and opinion. The great Deceiver, and how men fall into his power. 7. Division of men into Faithful and Unfaithful. Eternal distinction of Spirit and Flesh. Acceptance of death at God's hand, the daily heroism. 8. Revelation by the Spirit to all childlike souls. God's preparation for those who love Him: here and close at hand. The knocking at the door drowned by modern blasphemy with its word of Hatred, Covetousness, and Disobedience. Blasphemy, snap-finger and deliberate. 9. Punishment of theft in Dante's *Inferno:* theft, blasphemy, and sacrilege. Modern rite of de-consecration at the church of All-Hallows. 10. St. Ursula's pilgrimage to holy graves, and the unrejoicing travel of modern days. 11. The service of God and the presence of the Holy Spirit: the Kingdom of God and His Fatherland.

Notes and Correspondence.—12. Affairs of the Company. Again no help from the author's friends. The workmen and common land. The home-spun cloth of Laxey, Isle of Man. 13. Affairs of the Master. The year's accounts. His fondness for account-keeping. 14. The Bishop of Peterborough's neutrality in Political Economy. 15. Translation of Job xxii. 24–26. 16. Letter describing life of keelmen on the Humber.

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTER 61

THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH[1]

November 28th, 1875.

(In the house of a friend who, being ashamed of me and my words, requests that this *Fors* may not be dated from it.[2])

1. "LIVE AND LEARN." I trust it may yet be permitted me to fulfil the adage a few years longer, for I find it takes a great deal of living to get a little deal of learning. (Query, meaning of "deal"?—substantive of verb deal—as at whist?—no Johnson by me, and shall be sure to forget to look when I have.[3]) But I *have* learned something this morning,—the use of the holes in the bottom of a fire-shovel, to wit. I recollect, now, often and often, seeing my mother sift the cinders; but, alas, she never taught *me* to do it. Did not think, perhaps, that I should ever have occasion, as a Bishop, to occupy myself in that manner; nor understand,—poor sweet mother,[4]—how advisable it might be to have some sort of holes in my shovel-hat, for sifting cinders of human soul.[5]

[1] [Genesis xxiii.: see below, § 3. Titles rejected by Ruskin were "The Field of Machpelah," "Big London" (§ 5), "Wretches," and "Les Misérables" (§ 5).]

[2] [Ruskin's diary shows that on this day he was staying at Cowley Rectory, from which he had dated part of the previous letter: see above, p. 461.]

[3] ["Gothic for part or portion; 'a tenth deal' of flour, etc."—*MS. note in Author's copy.*]

[4] [An allusion to his parents' hope that their son might become a bishop: see Letter 52, § 2 (p. 297).]

[5] ["Shovel-hat—a cinder sifter, meaning that Bishops should take better care whom they appoint for clergy, or let into congregations."—*MS. note in Author's copy.*]

Howsoever, I have found out the art, this morning, in the actual ashes; thinking all the time how it was possible for people to live in this weather, who had no cinders to sift. My hostess's white cat, Lily, woke me at half-past five by piteous mewing at my window; and being let in, and having expressed her thanks by getting between my legs over and over again as I was shaving, has at last curled herself up in my bed, and gone to sleep,—looking as fat as a little pillow, only whiter; but what are the cats to do, to-day, who have no one to let them in at the windows, no beds to curl up into, and nothing but skin and bones to curl?

"It can't be helped, you know;—meantime, let Lily enjoy her bed, and be thankful (if possible, in a more convenient manner). And do you enjoy your fire, and be thankful," say the pious public: and subscribe, no doubt at their Rector's request, for an early dole of Christmas coals. Alas, my pious public, all this temporary doling and coaling is worse than useless. It drags out some old women's lives a month or two longer,—makes, here and there, a hearth savoury with smell of dinner, that little knew of such frankincense; but, for true help to the poor, you might as well light a lucifer match to warm their fingers; and for the good to your own hearts,—I tell you solemnly, all your comfort in such charity is simply, Christ's dipped sop,[1] given to you for signal to somebody else than Christ, that it is *his* hour to find the windows of your soul open—to the Night, whence very doleful creatures, of other temper and colour than Lily, are mewing to get in.

2. Indeed, my pious public, you cannot, at present, by any coal or blanket subscription, do more than blind yourselves to the plain order "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."[2]

[1] [See John xiii. 26. Ruskin writes here in the margin of his copy: "Sop of lulled conscience; the lull of conscience is the Devil's time."]

[2] [Matthew v. 42.]

To him that asketh us, say the public,—but then—everybody would ask us.

Yes, you pitiful public,—pretty nearly everybody would: that is indeed the state of national dignity, and independence, and gushing prosperity, you have brought your England into; a population mostly of beggars (at heart); or, worse, bagmen, not merely bearing the bag—but nothing else *but* bags;—sloppy, star-fishy, seven-suckered stomachs of indiscriminate covetousness, ready to beg, borrow, gamble, swindle, or write anything a publisher will pay for.

Nevertheless your order is precise, and clear; "Give to him that asketh thee"—even to the half of your last cloak—says St. Martin;[1] even to the whole of it, says Christ: "whosoever of you forsaketh not *all* that he hath, cannot be my disciple."[2]

"And you yourself, who have a house among the lakes, and rooms at Oxford, and pictures, and books, and a Dives dinner every day, how about all that?"

Yes, you may well ask,—and I answer very distinctly and frankly, that if once I am convinced (and it is not by any means unlikely I should be so) that to put all these things into the hands of others, and live myself, in a cell at Assisi, or a shepherd's cottage in Cumberland, would be right, and wise, under the conditions of human life and thought with which I have to deal—very assuredly I will do so.

3. Nor is it, I repeat, unlikely that such conviction may soon happen to me; for I begin to question very strictly with myself, how it is that St. George's work does not prosper better in my hands.

Here is the half-decade of years, past, since I began the writing of *Fors*, as a byework to quiet *my* conscience, that I might be happy in what I supposed to be my own proper life of Art-teaching, at Oxford and elsewhere; and, through my own happiness, rightly help others.

[1] [For the story of St. Martin and his cloak, see *Bible of Amiens*, ch. i. § 23.]
[2] [Luke xiv. 33.]

But Atropos has ruled it quite otherwise. During these five years, very signal distress has visited me, conclusively removing all possibilities of cheerful action; separating and sealing a great space of former life into one wide field of Machpelah; and leaving the rest sunless.[1] Also, everything I have set hand to has been unprosperous; much of it even calamitous;—disappointment, coupled with heavy money loss,[2] happening in almost every quarter to me, and casting discredit on all I attempt; while, in things partly under the influence and fortune of others, and therefore more or less successful,—the schools at Oxford especially, which owe the greater part of their efficiency to the fostering zeal of Dr. Acland, and the steady teaching of Mr. Macdonald,—I have not been able, for my own share, to accomplish the tenth part of what I planned.

4. Under which conditions, I proceed in my endeavour to remodel the world, with more zeal, by much, than at the beginning of the year 1871.[3]

For these following reasons.

First, that I would give anything to be quit of the whole business; and therefore that I am certain it is not ambition, nor love of power, nor anything but absolute and mere compassion, that drags me on. That shoemaker, whom his son left lying dead with his head in the fireplace the other day,*—I wish he and his son had never been born;—but as the like of them will be born, and must so die, so long as things remain as they are, there's no choice for me but to do all I know to change them, since others won't.

Secondly. I observe that when all things, in early life, appeared to be going well for me, they were by no means going well, in the deep of them, but quite materially and rapidly otherwise. Whence I conclude that

* See first article in Notes [p. 504].

[1] [For this "signal distress," see Vol. XXIV. p. xx.]
[2] [See below, Letter 76, § 18 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 100, 101).]
[3] [The date of the publication of the first letter of *Fors Clavigera*.]

though things appear at present adverse to my work and me, they may not at all be adverse in the deep of them, but quite otherwise.

Thirdly. Though in my own fortune, unprosperous, and in my own thoughts and labour, failing, I find more and more every day that I have helped many persons unknown to me; that others, in spite of my failures, begin to understand me, and are ready to follow; and that a certain power is indeed already in my hands, woven widely into the threads of many human lives; which power, if I now laid down, that line (which I have always kept the murmur of in my ears, for warning, since first I read it thirty years ago),—

"Che fece per viltate'l gran rifiuto," *

would be finally and fatally true of me.

Fourthly, not only is that saying of Bacon's of great comfort to me, "therefore extreme lovers of their country, or masters, were never fortunate; neither can they be, for when a man placeth his thoughts without himself, he goeth not his own way," † for truly I have always loved my masters, Turner, Tintoret, and Carlyle, to the exclusion of my own thoughts; and my country more than my own garden: but also, I do not find in the reading of history that any victory worth having was ever won without cost; and I observe that too open and early prosperity is rarely the way to it.

5. But lastly, and chiefly. If there be any truth in the vital doctrines of Christianity whatsoever,—and assuredly

* *Inferno*, III. 60. I fear that few modern readers of Dante understand the dreadful meaning of this hellish outer district, or suburb, full of the refuse or worthless scum of Humanity—such numbers that "non averei creduto, Che morte tanta n'avesse disfatta,"—who are stung to bloody torture by insects, and whose blood and tears together—the best that human souls can give—are sucked up, on the hell-ground, by worms.[1]

† Essay XI.

[1] [See *Inferno*, iii. 56, 57, 67–69. Line 60 is quoted also in Vol. XVIII. p. 101.]

there is more than most of us recognize, or than any of us believe,—the offences committed in this century by all the nations of Christendom against the law of Christ have been so great, and insolent, that they cannot but be punished by the withdrawal of spiritual guidance from them, and the especial paralysis of efforts intelligently made for their good. In times of more ignorant sinning, they were punished by plagues of the body; but now, by plagues of the soul, and widely infectious insanities, making every true physician of souls helpless and every false effort triumphant. Nor are we without great and terrible signs of supernatural calamity, no less in grievous changes and deterioration of climate, than in forms of mental disease,* claiming distinctly to be necromantic, and, as far as I have examined the evidence relating to them, actually manifesting themselves as such. For observe you, my friends, countrymen, and brothers[1]—*Either*, at this actual moment of your merry Christmas-time, that has truly come to pass, in falling London, which your greatest Englishman wrote of falling Rome, "the sheeted dead do squeak and gibber in your English streets,"[2]—*Or*, such a system of loathsome imposture and cretinous blasphemy is current among all classes of England and America, as makes the superstition of all past ages divine truth in comparison.

One of these things *is* so—gay friends;—have it which way you will: one or other of these, to me, alike appalling; and in your principal street of London society, you

* I leave this passage as it was written; though as it passes through the press, it is ordered by Atropos that I should hear a piece of evidence on this matter[3] no less clear as to the present ministry of such powers as that which led Peter out of prison, than all the former, or nearly all, former evidence examined by me was of the presence of the legion which ruled among the Tombs of Gennesaret.[4]

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[1] [*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii. sc. 2.]
[2] [*Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 1.]
[3] [For these experiences, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxii.]
[4] [See Acts xii. 7; Mark v. 9; Luke viii. 30.]

have a picture of highly dressed harlots gambling, of naked ones, called Andromeda and Francesca of Rimini, and of Christ led to be crucified, exhibited, for your better entertainment, in the same room;[1] and at the end of the same street, an exhibition of jugglery, professedly imitating, *for money*, what a large number of you believe to be the efforts of the returned Dead to convince you of your Immortality.

Meantime, at the other end—no, at the very centre of your great Babylon,—a son leaves his father dead, with his head, instead of a fire, in the fireplace, and goes out himself to his day's darg.[2]

. . . . . .

"We are very sorry;—What can we do? How can we help it? London is so big, and living is so very expensive, you know."

Miserables,—who makes London big, but you, coming to look at the harlotries in it, painted and other? Who makes living expensive, but you, who drink, and eat,* and dress, all you can; and never in your lives did one stroke of work to get your living,—never drew a bucket of water, never sowed a grain of corn, never spun a yard of thread; —but you devour, and swill, and waste, to your fill, and think yourselves good, and fine, and better creatures of God, I doubt not, than the poor starved wretch of a shoemaker,[3] who shod whom he could, while you gave him food enough to keep him in strength to stitch.

6. We, of the so-called "educated" classes, who take it upon us to be the better and upper part of the world, cannot possibly understand our relations to the rest better

* See second article in Notes [p. 506].

[1] [At the Doré Gallery in Bond Street; compare Letters 29, 34, 35 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 534, 630, 658). "At the end of the same street" (*i.e.*, at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, near Bond Street, where Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke then performed).]

[2] [For the incident referred to, see below, § 18; for the word "darg," see above, p. 93.]

[3] [For a later reference to this passage, see Letter 81, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 194).]

than we may where actual life may be seen in front of its Shakespearean image, from the stalls of a theatre. I never stand up to rest myself, and look round the house, without renewal of wonder how the crowd in the pit, and shilling gallery, allow us of the boxes and stalls to keep our places! Think of it;—those fellows behind there have housed us and fed us; their wives have washed our clothes, and kept us tidy;—they have bought us the best places,—brought us through the cold to them; and there they sit behind us, patiently, seeing and hearing what they may. There they pack themselves, squeezed and distant, behind our chairs;—we, their elect toys and pet puppets, oiled and varnished, and incensed, lounge in front, placidly, or for the greater part, wearily and sickly contemplative. Here we are again, all of us, this Christmas! Behold the artist in tumbling, and in painting with white and red,—our object of worship, and applause: here sit we at our ease, the dressed dolls of the place, with little more in our heads, most of us, than may be contained inside of a wig of flax and a nose of wax; stuck up by these poor little prentices, clerks, and orange-sucking mobility, Kit, and his mother, and the baby —behind us, in the chief places of this our evening synagogue.[1] What for? "They did not stick you up," say you,—you paid for your stalls with your own money. Where did you get your money? Some of you—if any Reverend gentlemen, as I hope, are among us,—by selling the Gospel; others by selling Justice; others by selling their Blood—(and no man has any right to sell aught of these three things, any more than a woman her body),—the rest, if not by swindling, by simple taxation of the labour of the shilling gallery,—or of the yet poorer or better persons who have not so much, or will not spend so much, as the shilling to get there? How else should you, or could you, get your money,—simpletons?

Not that it is essentially your fault, poor feathered

[1] [*The Old Curiosity Shop*, ch. xxxix.]

moths,—any more than the dead shoemaker's. That blasphemous blockheadism of Mr. Greg's,* and the like of him, that you can swill salvation into other people's bodies out of your own champagne-bottles, is the main root of all your national miseries. Indeed you are willing enough to believe that devil's-gospel, you rich ones; or most of you would have detected the horror of it before now; but yet the chief wrong lies with the assertors of it,—and once and again I tell you, the words of Christ are true,—and not theirs; and that the day has come for fasting and prayer, not for feasting; but, above all, for labour—personal and direct labour—on the Earth that bears you, and buries—as best it can.

7. *9th December.*—I heard yesterday that the son of the best English portrait-painter we have had since Gainsborough,[1] had learnt farming; that his father had paid two hundred pounds a year to obtain that instruction for him; and that the boy is gone, in high spirits, to farm—in Jamaica! So far, so good. Nature and facts are beginning to assert themselves to the British mind. But very dimly.

For, first, observe, the father should have paid nothing for that boy's farming education. As soon as he could hold a hoe, the little fellow should have been set to do all he could for his living, under a good farmer for master; and as he became able to do more, taught more, until he knew all that his master knew,—winning, all the while he was receiving that natural education, his bread by the sweat of his brow.

"But there are no farmers who teach—none who take care of their boys, or men."

* Quoted in last *Fors* from *Contemporary Review.* Observe that it is blasphemy, definitely and calmly uttered, first against Nature, and secondly against Christ.[2]

[1] [The reference is to George Richmond, R.A., whose son, Walter, was for a short time in Jamaica.]

[2] [The passage (for which see in this edition Vol. XVII. p. 561) is "While the natural man and the Christian would have the champagne drinker forego his bottle, and give the value of it to the famishing wretch beside him, the radical economist would condemn such behaviour as distinctly criminal and pernicious."]

Miserables again, whose fault is that? The landlords choose to make the farmers middlemen between the peasants and themselves—grinders, not of corn, but of flesh,—for their rent. And of course you dare not put your children under them to be taught.

Read Gotthelf's *Ulric the Farm Servant* on this matter. It is one of his great novels,—great as Walter Scott's, in the truth and vitality of it, only inferior in power of design. I would translate it all in *Fors*, if I had time; and indeed hope to make it soon one of my school series,[1] of which, and other promised matters, or delayed ones, I must now take some order, and give some account, in this opening letter of the year, as far as I can, only, before leaving the young farmer among the Blacks, please observe that he goes there because you have all made Artificial Blacks of yourselves, and unmelodious Christys,[2]—nothing but the whites of your eyes showing through the unclean skins of you, here, in Merry England, where there was once green ground to farm instead of ashes.

8. And first,—here's the woodcut, long promised, of a rose-leaf cut by the leaf-cutting bee, true in size and shape; a sound contribution to Natural History, so far as it reaches.[3] Much I had to say of it, but am not in humour to-day. Happily, the letter from a valued Companion, Art. III. in Notes (§ 21), may well take place of any talk of mine.*

Secondly, I promised a first lesson in writing,[4] of which, therefore (that we may see what is our present knowledge on the subject, and what farther we may safely ask

* The most valuable notes of the kind correspondent who sent me this leaf, with many others, and a perfect series of nests, must be reserved till spring-time: my mind is not free for them, now.[5]

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[1] [See below, p. 499. *Ulric the Farm Servant*, translated for Ruskin by Julia Firth, was published by him in 1886–1888: see Vol. XXXII.]

[2] [For another reference to the Christy Minstrels, see Vol. XXIX. p. 85.]

[3] [For account of leaf-cutting bee, see Letter 52, § 16 (p. 305).]

[4] [See Letter 59, § 6 (p. 444).]

[5] [See Letter 69, § 21 (p. 708).]

Theuth * to teach), I have had engraved two examples, one of writing in the most authoritative manner, used for modern service, and the other of writing by a practised scribe of the fourteenth century. To make the comparison fair, we must take the religious, and therefore most careful, scripture of both dates; so, for example of modern sacred scripture, I take the casting up of a column in my

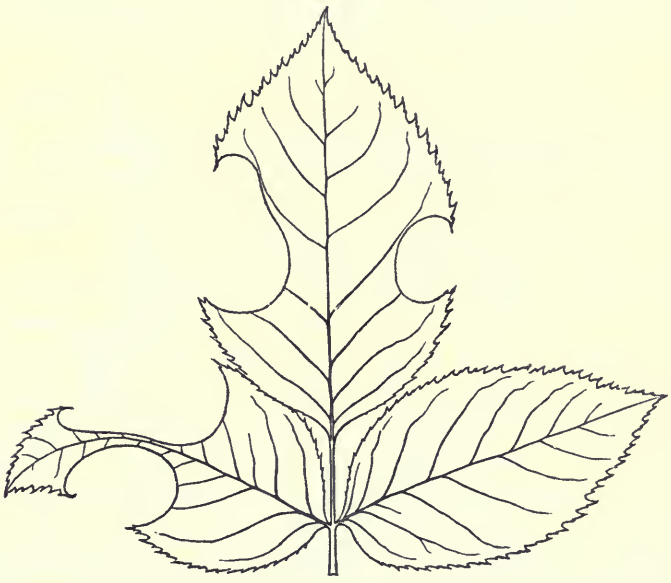


Fig. 5

banker's book; and for the ancient, a letter A, with a few following words, out of a Greek Psalter, which is of admirable and characteristic, but not (by any honest copyist) inimitable execution.

Here then, first, is modern writing; in facsimile of which I have thought it worth while to employ Mr. Burgess's utmost skill; for it seems to me a fact of profound significance that all the expedients we have invented for saving time, by steam and machinery (not to speak of the art of

* Compare Letter 16, § 7, and 17, § 5 [Vol. XXVII. pp. 284, 294].

printing), leave us yet so hurried, and flurried, that we cannot produce any lovelier calligraphy than this,[1] even to certify the gratifying existence of a balance of eleven hundred and forty-two pounds, thirteen shillings, and twopence,

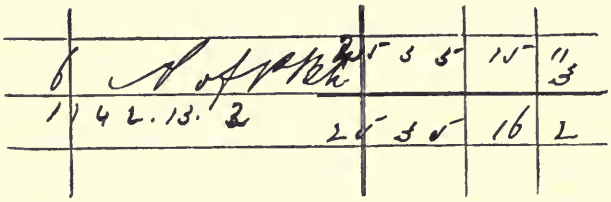


Fig. 6

while the old writer, though required, eventually, to produce the utmost possible number of entire psalters with his own hand, yet has time for the execution of every initial letter of them in the manner here exhibited.[2]

Respecting which, you are to observe that this is pure *writing;* not painting or drawing, but the expression of form by lines such as a pen can easily produce (or a brush used with the point, in the manner of a pen); and with a certain habitual currency and fluent habit of finger, yet not dashing or flourishing, but with perfect command of direction in advance, and moment of pause, at any point.

9. You may at first, and very naturally, suppose, good reader, that it will not advance your power of English writing to copy a Greek sentence. But, with your pardon, the first need, for all beautiful writing, is that your hand should be, in the true and virtuous sense, *free;* that is to say, able to move in any direction it is ordered, and not cramped to a given slope, or to any given form of letter. And also, whether you can learn Greek or not, it is well (and perfectly easy) to learn the Greek alphabet, that if by chance a questionable word occur in your Testament, or in scientific books, you may be able to read it, and even

[1] [For a later reference to this specimen of handwriting, see Letter 94, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 486).]

[2] [The MS. (from which Fig. 7 is taken) is of Psalm xviii. 1: see the explanatory passage in Appendix 15, Vol. XXIX. p. 563.]

look it out in a dictionary. And this particular manner of Greek writing I wish you to notice, because it is such as Victor Carpaccio represents St. Jerome reading in his study;[1] and I shall be able to illustrate by it some points of Byzantine character of extreme historical interest.[2]

Copy, therefore, this letter A, and the following words, in as perfect facsimile as you can, again and again, not being content till a tracing from the original fits your copy to the thickness of its penstroke. And even by the time

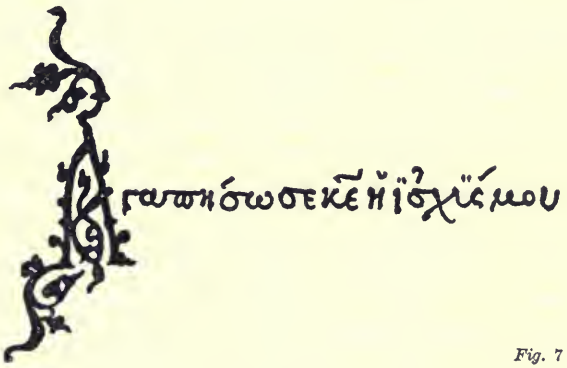


Fig. 7

next *Fors* comes out, you will begin to know how to use a pen. Also, you may at spare times practise copying any clearly-printed type, only without the difference of thickness in parts of letters; the best writing for practical purposes is that which most resembles print, connected only, for speed, by the current line.

10. Next, for some elementary practice of the same kind in the more difficult art of Reading.

A young student, belonging to the working classes, who has been reading books a little too difficult or too grand for him, asking me what he shall read next, I have told him, *Waverley*—with extreme care.

It is true that, in grandeur and difficulty, I have not a

[1] [See *St. Mark's Rest*, § 185 (Vol. XXIV. p. 354).]
[2] [See below, p. 524.]

whit really lowered his standard; for it is an achievement as far beyond him, at present, to understand *Waverley*, as to understand the *Odyssey;* but the road, though as steep and high-reaching as any he has travelled, is smoother for him. What farther directions I am now going to give him, will be good for all young men of active minds who care to make such activity serviceable.

Read your *Waverley*, I repeat, with extreme care: and of every important person in the story, consider first what the virtues are; then what the faults inevitable to them by nature and breeding;[1] then what the faults they might have avoided; then what the results to them of their faults and virtues, under the appointment of fate.

Do this after reading each chapter; and write down the lessons which it seems to you that Scott intended in it; and what he means you to admire, what to despise.

11. Secondly,—supposing you to be, in any the smallest real measure, a Christian,—begin the history of Abraham as preparatory to that of the first Lawgiver whom you have in some understanding to obey. And the history of Abraham must be led up to, by reading carefully from Genesis ix. 20th, forward, and learning the main traditions which the subsequent chapters contain.

And observe, it does not matter in the least to you, at present, how far these traditions are true. Your business is only to know what is said in Genesis. That does not matter to you, you think? Much less does it matter what Mr. Smith or Mr. Robinson said last night at that public meeting; or whether Mr. Black or his brother, shot Mrs. White; or anything else whatever, small or great, that you will find said or related in the morning papers. But to know what is said in Genesis will enable you to understand, in some sort, the effect of that saying on men's minds, through at least two thousand years of the World's History. Which, if you mean to be a scholar and gentleman, you *must* make some effort to do.

[1] [Compare *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 296.]

And this is the way to set about it. You see the tenth chapter of Genesis names to you the children, and children's children, of Noah, from whom the nations of the world (it says) came, and by whom the lands of the world (it says) were divided.

You must learn them by rote, in order. You know already, I suppose, the three names, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; begin with Shem, and learn the names of his sons, thus:[1]

SHEM.

Elam. Asshur. Arphaxad. Lud. Aram.

Salah.

EBER.

Peleg.

(*In his days was the earth divided.*)

Reu.

Serug.

Nahor.

TERAH.

Abram.

Now, you see that makes a pretty ornamental letter T, with a little joint in the middle of its stalk.

And this letter T you must always be able to write, out of your head, without a moment's hesitation. However stupid you may be at learning by rote, thus much can always be done by dint of sheer patient repetition. Read the centre column straight down, over and again, for an hour together, and you will find it at last begin to stick in your head. Then, as soon as it is fast there, say it over and over again when it is dark, or when you are out walking, till you can't make a mistake in it.

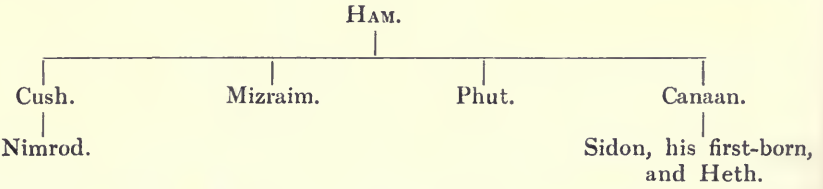
12. Then observe farther that Peleg, in whose days the earth was divided, had a brother named Joktan,[2] who had

[1] [See Genesis x. 22, 24, 25; xi. 13–26.]

[2] [See Genesis x. 25, 28, 29.]

thirteen children. Of these, you need not mind the names of ten; but the odd three are important to you—Sheba, Ophir, and Havilah. You have perhaps heard of these before; and assuredly, if you go on reading *Fors*, you will hear of them again.[1]

And these thirteen children of Joktan, you see, had their dwelling "from Mesha, as thou goest unto Sephar, a mount of the East."[2] I don't know anything about Mesha and Sephar, yet;[3] but I may: in the meantime, learn the sentence, and recollect that these people are fixed *somewhere*, at any rate, because they are to be Masters of Gold,[4] which is fixed in Eastern, or Western, mountains; but that the children of the other brother, Peleg, can go wherever they like, and often where they shouldn't,—for "in his days was the earth divided." Recollect also that the children of both brothers, or, in brief, the great Indian gold-possessing race, and the sacred race of prophets and kings of the higher spiritual world, are in the 21st verse of this chapter called "all the children of Eber." If you learn so much as this well, it's enough for this month: but I may as well at once give you the forms you have to learn for the other two sons.[5]



The seventh verse is to be noted as giving the gold-masters of Africa, under two of the same names as those

[1] [Havilah is mentioned again in the next Letter, p. 521.]

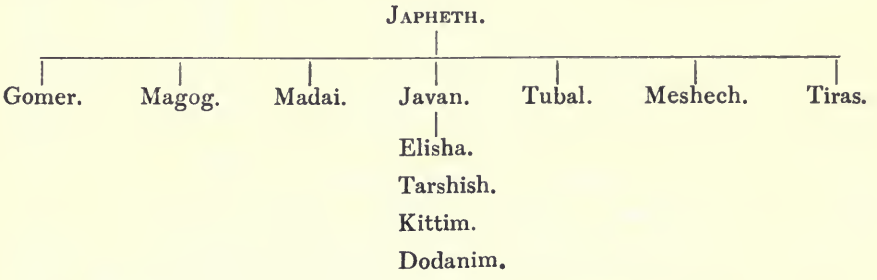
[2] [Genesis x. 30.]

[3] [The geographical position of "Mesha" and "Sephar" has never been identified with certainty, though it is supposed that they must have been situated somewhere in the south-western portion of the Arabian peninsula. The latest investigations of the subject are those of Eduard Glaser in his *Skizze der Geschichte und Geographie Arabiens*, 1890, vol. ii. pp. 336, 420, 437.]

[4] [For the land of Ophir as the land of gold, see 1 Kings ix. 28, etc., and Job xxii. 24. On the very vexed question of the locality of Ophir, see the long list of authorities cited in Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible*, 1900, vol. iii. p. 628.]

[5] [See Genesis x. 6, 8, 15.]

of Asia, but must not be learned for fear of confusion.[1] The form above given must be amplified and commented on variously, but is best learned first in its simplicity.



I leave this blunt-stalked and flat-headed letter T, also, in its simplicity, and we will take up the needful detail in next *Fors*.[2]

13. Together with which (all the sheets being now printed, and only my editorial preface wanting) I doubt not will be published the first volume of the classical series of books which I purpose editing for St. George's library;[3] —Xenophon's *Economist*, namely, done into English for us by two of my Oxford pupils;[4] this volume, I hope, soon to be followed by Gotthelf's *Ulric the Farm Servant*, either in French or English, as the Second Fors,[5] faithfully observant of copyright and other dues, may decide; meantime, our first historical work, relating the chief decision of Atropos respecting the fate of England after the Conquest, is being written for me by a friend, and Fellow of my college of Corpus Christi, whose help I accept, in St. George's name,—all the more joyfully, because he is our head gardener, no less than our master-historian.[6]

[1] [The descendants of both Ham (Africa) and Shem (Asia) including a Havilah and a Sheba: see Genesis x. 7, 28, 29. For the descendants of Japheth, see Genesis x. 2–4.]

[2] [Letter 62, § 12 (p. 522).]

[3] [See above, p. 20.]

[4] [This translation, by W. G. Collingwood and A. D. O. Wedderburn, forming volume i. of *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, was issued in July 1876: see now Vol. XXXI. *Ulric*, issued in 1888, was not included in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*.]

[5] [Patience: see Letter 15, § 14 *n.* (Vol. XXVII. p. 270).]

[6] [Mr. Cuthbert Shields, whose projected work was not however, published: see *Val d'Arno*, § 94 (Vol. XXIII. p. 57 *n.*]

14. And for the standard theological writings which are ultimately to be the foundation of this body of secular literature, I have chosen seven authors, whose lives and works, so far as the one can be traced or the other certified, shall be, with the best help I can obtain from the good scholars of Oxford, prepared one by one in perfect editions for the St. George's schools.[1] These seven books will contain, in as many volumes as may be needful, the lives and writings of the men who have taught the purest theological truth hitherto known to the Jews, Greeks, Latins, Italians, and English; namely, Moses, David, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, and, for seventh, summing the whole with vision of judgment, St. John the Divine.[2]

The Hesiod I purpose, if my life is spared, to translate myself (into prose), and to give in complete form. Of Virgil I shall only take the two first Georgics, and the sixth book of the *Æneid*, but with the Douglas translation;* adding the two first books of Livy, for completion of the image of Roman life. Of Chaucer, I take the authentic poems, except the *Canterbury Tales;* together with, be

* "A Bishop by the Altar stood,
A noble Lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld."[3]

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[1] [The scheme, here planned, was in no part carried out. For the importance which Ruskin attached to the works of Hesiod, see Letters 71, § 1 (below, p. 732) 75, § 3 (Vol. XXIX. p. 56), and compare Vol. XVII. p. 564, and Vol. XVIII. p 508; for the first two books of Livy, see Vol. XXII. p. 269.]

[2] [For the message of St. John, see Letter 81 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 192–194).]

[3] [*Marmion*, canto vi., stanza xi. For another reference to Gavin Douglas (1474–1522) Bishop of Dunkeld, see *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 20. His translation of the *Æneid* was first published in 1553. Ruskin gave his copy of the book to Whitelands Training College: see Appendix 11, Vol. XXIX. p. 557.]

they authentic or not, the *Dream*,[1] and the fragment of the translation of the *Romance of the Rose*,[2] adding some French chivalrous literature of the same date. I shall so order this work, that in such measure as it may be possible to me, it shall be in a constantly progressive relation to the granted years of my life. The plan of it I give now, and will explain in full detail, that my scholars may carry it out, if I cannot.

15. And now let my general readers observe, finally, about all reading,—You must read, for the nourishment of your mind, precisely under the moral laws which regulate your eating for the nourishment of the body. That is to say, you must not eat for the pleasure of eating, nor read for the pleasure of reading. But, if you manage yourself rightly, you will intensely enjoy your dinner, and your book. If you have any sense, you can easily follow out this analogy: I have not time at present to do it for you; only be sure it holds, to the minutest particular, with this difference only, that the vices and virtues of reading are more harmful on the one side and higher on the other, as the soul is more precious than the body. Gluttonous reading is a worse vice than gluttonous eating; filthy and foul reading, a much more loathsome habit than filthy eating. Epicurism in books is much more difficult of attainment than epicurism in meat, but plain and virtuous feeding the most entirely pleasurable.

16. And now, one step of farther thought will enable you to settle a great many questions with one answer.

[1] [For another reference to the poem known as *Chaucer's Dream*, see Vol. XXII. p. 65. Ruskin at one time began translating it "into simple English," with a view to publishing it as "the first of my series of standard literature for young people": see (in a later volume of this edition) his letter of November 17, 1869, to C. E. Norton, and the letter to F. S. Ellis of November 2, 1874. The "French chivalrous literature of the same date," which he proposed to include, would no doubt have been verses from *The Book of a Hundred Ballads*, for which see Vol. XXIII. p. xxiii., and compare Vol. XXVII. p. 263.]

[2] [Chaucer's version, consisting of 7699 verses, proceeds only as far as verse 13,105 of the original (which consists in all of 22,000); and of the 13,105 verses, 5544 are passed over in the translation (see Robert Bell's *Poetical Works of Chaucer*, 1886, vol. iv. pp. 5, 11).]

As you may neither eat, nor read, for the pleasure of eating or reading, so you may do *nothing else* for the pleasure of it, but for the use.[1] The moral difference between a man and a beast is, that the one acts primarily for use, the other for pleasure. And all acting for pleasure before use, or instead of use, is in one word, "Fornication." That is the accurate meaning of the words "harlotry," or "fornication," as used in the Bible, wherever they occur spoken of nations, and especially in all the passages relating to the great or spiritual Babylon.[2]

And the Law of God concerning man is, that if he acts for use—that is to say, as God's servant,—he shall be rewarded with such pleasure as no heart can conceive nor tongue tell; only it is revealed by the Spirit,[3] as that Holy Ghost of life and health possesses us; but if we act for pleasure instead of use, we shall be punished by such misery as no heart can conceive nor tongue tell; but which can only be revealed by the adverse spirit, whose is the power of death. And that—I assure you—is absolute, inevitable, daily and hourly Fact for us, to the simplicity of which I to-day invite your scholarly and literary attention.

[1] [Compare Letter 74, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 35).]
[2] [See, *e.g.*, Revelation xvii. 4, 5; and compare below, p. 716.]
[3] [See 1 Corinthians ii. 9, 10.]

17. The St. George's Company is now distinctly in existence; formed of about twenty accepted Companions, to whose number I am daily adding, and to whom the entire property of the Company legally belongs, and who have the right at any moment to depose the Master, and dispose of the property in any manner they may think fit. Unless I believed myself capable of choosing persons for Companions who might be safely entrusted with this power, I should not have endeavoured to form the society at all. Every one of these Companions has a right to know the names and addresses of the rest, which the Master of the Company must furnish him with; and of course the roll of the names, which will be kept in Corpus Christi College, is their legal certificate. I do not choose to begin this book at the end of the year, but at the beginning of the next term it will be done; and as our lawyer's paper, revised, is now—15th December—in my hands, and approved, the 1st of January will see us securely constituted. I give below the initials of the Companions accepted before the 10th of this month, thinking that my doing so will be pleasing to some of them, and right, for all.

Initials of Companions accepted before 10th December, 1875.[1] I only give two letters, which are I think as much indication as is at present desirable:—

1. D. L.	10. T. D.	19. H. L.
2. F. C.	11. M. K.	20. J. F.
3. L. B.	12. S. B.	21. J. M.
4. B. B.	13. G. A.	22. R. S.
5. F. T.	14. A. H.	23. H. C.
6. R. T.	15. W. S.	24. J. T.
7. G. S.	16. W. S.	25. J. S.
8. B. A.	17. J. B.	
9. A. H.	18. B. G.	

This *Fors* is already so much beyond its usual limits, and it introduces subject-matter so grave, that I do not feel inclined to go into further business details this month; the rather because in the February *Fors*, with the accounts of the Company, I must begin what the Master of the Company will be always compelled to furnish—statement of his own personal current expenditure.[2] And this will require some explanation too long for to-day. I defer also the Wakefield correspondence,[3] for I have just got fresh information about the destruction of Wakefield chapel, and have an election petition to examine.

[1] [For a more complete list, see below, p. 530.]

[2] [See Letter 62 (pp. 530, 531).]

[3] [See above, p. 455. For the continuance of the Correspondence, see Letter 62, § 23 (p. 532).]

18. (I.) Our notes for the year 1876 may, I think, best begin with the two pieces of news which follow; and which, by order of Atropos, also followed each other in the column of the *Morning Advertiser*, from which I print them.

For, though I am by this time known to object to Advertisement in general,[1] I beg the public to observe that my objection is only to bought or bribed Advertisement (especially if it be Advertisement of one's self). But that I hold myself, and this book of mine, for nothing better than Morning, Noon, and Evening Advertisers of what things appear verily noteworthy in the midst of us. Whereof I commend the circumstances of the deaths, beneath related, very particularly to the attention of the Bishops of London and York.

19. SHOCKING DEATH FROM STARVATION.—Last night Mr. Bedford, the Westminster coroner, held an inquest at the Board Room, Dean Street, Soho, on the body of Thomas Gladstone, aged 58, of 43, King Street, Seven Dials, a shoemaker, who was found dead on Thursday last.

William Gladstone, a lad of 15, identified the body as that of his father, with whom he and three other children lived. Deceased had been ailing for some time past, and was quite unable to do any work. The recent cold weather had such an effect upon him that he was compelled to remain in his room on Wednesday last, and at three the next morning witness found him sitting up in bed complaining of cold, and that he was dying. Witness went to sleep, and on awaking at eight that morning he found deceased with his head in the fireplace.[2] Thinking he was only asleep, witness went to work, and on returning two hours later, he was still in the same position, and it was then found that he was dead.

Coroner.—Why did you not send for a doctor?

Witness.—I didn't know he wanted one until he was dead, and we found out amongst us that he was dead.

Jane Gladstone, the widow, said she had been living apart from her husband for some months, and first heard of his death at 2.30 on Thursday afternoon, and upon going to his room found him dead lying upon a mattress on the floor. He was always ailing, and suffered from consumption, for which he had received advice at St. George's Hospital. They had had seven children, and for some time prior to the separation they had been in the greatest distress; and on the birth of her last child, on December 7, 1874, they applied at the St. James's workhouse for relief, and received two loaves and 2 lb. of meat per week for a month, and at the end of that time one of the relieving officers stopped the relief, saying that they were both able to work. They told the relieving officer that they had no work, and had seven children to keep, but he still refused to relieve them.

By the Coroner.—They did not ask again for relief, as deceased said "he had made up his mind that, after the way he had been turned away like a dog, he would sooner starve," and she herself would also rather do so. Deceased was quite unable to earn sufficient to maintain the family, and their support fell mainly upon her, but it was such a hard life that she got situations for two of the boys, got a girl into a school, and leaving the other three boys with deceased, took the baby and separated from him. He was in great want at that time.

The Coroner.—Then why did you not go to the workhouse and represent his case to them?

Witness.—What was the good when we had been refused twice?

Mr. Green, the coroner's officer, said that he believed the witness had been in receipt of two loaves a week from the St. James's workhouse, but had not called lately for the loaves.

[1] [See Letter 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 49).]

[2] [For a later reference to this incident, see Letter 77, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. p. 116.)]

The Coroner said that he hardly thought that so poor a woman would refuse or neglect to apply for so valuable a contribution to the needs of the family as two loaves of bread; and some of the jury said that Mr. Green must be mistaken, and that such a statement should be made upon oath if at all. The officer, however, was not sworn.

John Collins, of 43, King Street, said that about eleven o'clock on Thursday morning he met a gentleman on the stairs, who said that he had been up to the room of deceased to take him some work to do, but that the room door was locked, and a child had called out, "Father is dead, and you can't come in." Witness at once went for the police, who came, and broke open the door. Upon going into the room witness found a piece of paper (produced) on which was written, "Harry, get a pint of milk for the three of you; father is dead. Tell your schoolmaster you can't come to school any more. Cut your own bread, but don't use the butter." He believed that the eldest boy had returned home at ten o'clock in the morning, and finding two of the boys at school had left the note for them.

Police-constable Crabb, 18 C. R., deposed to breaking open the door and finding deceased dead on the floor, with a little child crouching by him shivering with cold.

Dr. Howard Clarke, of 19, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, and Gerrard Street, Soho, said that he was called to see the deceased, and found him lying upon the floor of his room dead and cold, with nothing on him but stockings and a shirt, the room being nearly destitute of furniture. The place was in a most filthy condition, and deceased himself was so shockingly dirty and neglected, and so overrun with vermin, that he (witness) was compelled to wash his hands five times during the post-mortem examination. By the side of the corpse sat a little child about four years old, who cried piteously, "Oh, don't take me away; poor father's dead!" There was nothing in the shape of food but a morsel of butter, some arrowroot, and a piece of bread, and the room was cold and cheerless in the extreme. Upon making a post-mortem he found the brain congested, and the whole of the organs of the body more or less diseased. The unfortunate man must have suffered fearfully. The body was extremely emaciated, and there was not a particle of food or drop of liquid in the stomach or intestines. Death had resulted probably from a complication of ailments, but there was no doubt whatever that such death had been much accelerated by want of the common necessaries of life.

The Coroner.—Starvation, in short?

Witness.—Precisely so. I never in all my experience saw a greater case of destitution.

The Coroner.—Then I must ask the jury to adjourn the case. Here is a very serious charge against workhouse officials, and a man dying clearly from starvation, and it is due alike to the family of the deceased, the parish officials, and the public at large, that the case should be sifted to the very bottom, and the real cause of this death elucidated.

Adjourned accordingly.

SHOCKING DISCOVERY.—A painful sensation was, says the *Sheffield Telegraph*, caused in the neighbourhood of Castleford, near Pontefract, on Friday evening, by the report made to a police-constable stationed at Allerton Bywater that a woman and child had been found dead in bed in Lock Lane, Castleford, under most mysterious circumstances, and that two small children were also found nearly starved to death beside the two dead bodies. The report, however, turned out to be correct. The circumstances surrounding the mystery have now been cleared up. An inquest, held on Saturday at Allerton Bywater, before Dr. Grabham, of Pontefract, reveals the following:—It appears on Sunday, the 28th ult., John Wilson, miner, husband of Emma Wilson, aged thirty-six years (one of the deceased), and father of Fred, aged eighteen months (the other deceased), left home

to proceed to his employment at Street House Colliery, and would remain away all the week. Mrs. Wilson was seen going into her house on Monday evening, but was not seen again alive. There were besides the woman three children of very tender years in the house. The neighbours missed the woman and children from Monday night, but finding the blinds were drawn down, concluded that the family had gone to the husband. On Friday evening a neighbour, named Ann Foggett, rapped at the door, and hearing the faint bark of a dog, which was found to be fastened up in a cupboard, continued to knock at the door, and ultimately heard the voice of a child. The door was subsequently burst open, and on proceeding upstairs the sight was horrifying. On the bed lay the mother and infant child dead, beside whom were two other small children in their night dresses. They, too, were nigh death's door, having been without proper food and clothing evidently since their mother's death, which must have occurred on the Monday night. Beside the corpse of the mother lay a knife and portions of a loaf of bread, which had been no doubt taken to her by the children to be supplied with some, but being unable to get an answer from her, they had nibbled the middle of the loaf clean away. A post-mortem examination showed that the mother had died from heart disease, and the child on the following day from starvation. The jury returned a verdict to that effect.—*Morning Advertiser,* December 7th, 1875.

20. (II.) The following is sent me by a correspondent. Italics mine throughout. The passage about threshing is highly curious; compare my account of the threshers at Thun.[1] Poor Gilbert had been doubtless set to thresh, like Milton's fiend, by himself, and had no creambowl afterwards.[2]

24th October, 1800

GILBERT BURNS TO JAMES CURRIE, M.D.[3]

The evils peculiar to the lower ranks of life derive their power to wound us from the suggestions of false pride, and the contagion of luxury, rather than from the refinement of our taste. There is little labour which custom will not make easy to a man in health, if he is not ashamed of his employment, or does not begin to compare his situation with those who go about at their ease. But the man of enlarged mind feels the respect due to him as a man; he has learnt that no employment is dishonourable in itself; that, while he performs aright the duties of the station in which God has placed him, he is as great as a king in the eyes of Him whom he is principally desirous to please. *For the man of taste, who is constantly obliged to labour, must of necessity be religious.* If you teach him only to reason, you may make him an atheist, a demagogue, or any vile thing; but if you teach him to feel, his feelings can only find their proper and natural relief in devotion and religious resignation. *I can say from my own experience that there is no sort of farm labour inconsistent with the most refined and pleasurable state of the mind, that I am acquainted with,* threshing alone excepted. That, indeed, I have always considered insupportable drudgery, and think the man who invented the threshing-machine ought to have a statue among the benefactors of his country.

Perhaps the thing of most importance in the education of the common people is to prevent the intrusion of artificial wants. I bless the memory of my father for almost everything in the dispositions of my mind and the habits of my life, which I can approve of, and for none more than the pains he took to impress my

[1] [See Letter 44, § 8 (p. 132).]

[2] [Milton's *L'Allegro:* see Letter 5, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 87).]

[3] [James Currie (1756–1805), F.R.S.; a trader in Virginia, he returned to London upon the revolt of the colony, and studied medicine and metaphysics at Edinburgh; author of medical, and other, works.]

mind with the sentiment that *nothing was more unworthy the character of a man than that his happiness should in the least depend on what he should eat and drink.*[1]

To this hour I never indulge in the use of any delicacy but I feel a degree of reproach and alarm for the degradation of the human character. If I spent my halfpence in sweetmeats, every mouthful I swallowed was accompanied with shame and remorse. . . . Whenever vulgar minds begin to shake off the dogmas of the religion in which they have been educated, the progress is quick and immediate to downright infidelity, and nothing but refinement of mind can enable them to distinguish between the pure essence of religion and the gross systems which men have been perpetually connecting it with. Higher salaries for village schoolmasters, high English reading classes, village libraries,—if once such high education were to become general, the low delights of the public-house, and other scenes of riot, would be neglected; while industry, order, and cleanliness, and every virtue which taste and independence of mind could recommend, would prevail and flourish. Thus possessed of a virtuous and enlightened populace, with delight I should consider my country at the head of all the nations of the earth, ancient or modern.—From the Life of Robert Burns.[2]

21. (III.) The following letter is, as I above said,[3] from a valued, and, at present, my *most* valued,—Companion;—a poor person, suffering much and constant pain, confined to her room, and seeing from her window only a piece of brick wall and a little space of sky. The bit about the spider is the most delightful thing to me that has ever yet come of my teaching:—

I have told the only two children I have seen this summer, about the bees, and both were deeply interested, almost awe-stricken by the wonderful work. How could they do it without scissors? One, an intelligent boy of six years, is the well-cared-for child of well-to-do parents. He came into my room when I was sorting some of the cut leaves, and I gave him a very cleanly-cut specimen, saying, "What do you think cut this, Willie?" "It was *somebody* very clever, wasn't it?" he asked. "Very clever indeed," I said. "Then it was Miss Mildred!"—his governess. "No, not Miss Mildred," I replied. He stood silent by the side of the bed for a minute, looking intently at the leaf in his hand, and evidently puzzling out some idea of his own; and I waited for it—a child's own thoughts are lovely;—then my little visitor turned eagerly to me: "I know,—I know who did it: it was God."

My second pupil is a girl of twelve years. She was a veritable "little ragamuffin" when—ten months back—we took her, motherless, and most miserably destitute, into our home, in the hope of training her for service; and my sister is persistently labouring—with pleasing success, and disheartening failure—to mould her into an honest woman, while I try to supplement her efforts by giving the child—Harriet—lessons according to *Fors*. But I regret to say it is only partially done, for I am but a learner myself, and sorely hindered by illness; still the purpose is always in my mind, and I do what I can.

Taking advantage of every trifle that will help to give Harriet a love for *innocent* out-of-door life, we told her—as soon as we could show her some of the cut leaves—of the work of the cutter bees, much to her delight. "And then she forgot all about them," many persons would assert confidently, if they heard this story.

[1] [Ruskin's note on this passage for his proposed Index is: "*Eating and drinking*, Pleasures of, unworthy of manly character, says the brother of Robert Burns (but wrongly)."]

[2] [*The Works of Robert Burns, with an Account of his Life*, by James Currie; first published 1800, this letter first appearing in the second edition.]

[3] [See above, § 8.]

Not so, for some weeks after she told me with great pride that she had two of "the bees' leaves," thinking they were probably only eaten by caterpillars. I asked to see them; and then, how she obtained them. She had found them in a glass of withered flowers sent out of the parlour, and carefully dried them—(she had seen me press leaves); and she added, "all the girls" in her class in the Sunday-school, "did want them." I wondered why the leaves were taken there, until I discovered that she *keeps them in her Testament.*

So far the possibility; may I now give a proof of the utility of such teaching? When Harriet first came to us, she had an appetite for the horrible that quite frightened me, but it is gradually, I hope, dying out, thanks to the substitution of childlike pleasures. Imagine a child of eleven years coolly asking—as Harriet did a few days after she came—"If you please, has anybody been hanged, or anything, this week?" and she added, before I could reply, and looking quite wistfully at a newspaper lying near, "I should love to hear about it, please." I could have cried, for I believe there are many lovable young ladies in this town who are fretting out weary lives, to whom *work* would be salvation, and who can tell the number of such children all about them, who have not a soul to care *how* they live, or if they die?

Harriet used to catch and kill flies for pleasure, and would have so treated any living insect she saw; but she now holds bees in great respect, and also, I hope, some other insect workers, for one day she was much pleased to find one of the small spotted spiders, which had during the night spun its web across the fire-grate. She asked me many questions about it (I permit her to do so on principle, at certain times, as a part of her education); she said it was "a shame" to break "such beautiful work," and left it as long as she could; and then (entirely of her own accord) she carefully slipped her dusting brush under web and spider, and so put the "pretty little dear" outside the window, with the gentle remark, "There, now you can make another." Was not this hopeful? This child had lived all her life in one of the low, crowded courts in the centre of the town, and her ignorance of all green life was inconceivable. For instance, to give her a country walk I sent her last March with a parcel to a village near the town, and when she came back—having walked *a mile* through field-paths—she said she did not think there were "such a many trees and birds in the world." *And on that memorable day she first saw the lambs in the field—within two miles of the house where she was born.* Yet she has the purest love for flowers, and goes into very real ecstasies over the commonest weeds and grasses, and is nursing with great pride and affection some roots of daisy, buttercup, and clover which she has brought from the fields, and planted in the little yard at the back of our house; and every new leaf they put forth is wonderful and lovely to her, though of course her ideas of "gardening" are as yet most elementary, and will be for some time, apparently. But it is really helpful to me to see her happiness over it, and also when my friends send me a handful of cut flowers—we have no garden; and the eagerness with which she learns even their names, for it makes me feel more hopeful about the future of our working classes than some of your correspondents.[1]

The despairing letter from Yorkshire in last *Fors*[2]—on their incapacity to enjoy wholesome amusements—has prompted me, as I am writing to you, to tell you this as an antidote to the pain that letter must have given you. For if we can do nothing for this generation, cannot we make sure that the next shall be wiser? Have not young ladies a mighty power in their own hands here, if they but use it for good, and especially those who are Sabbath-school teachers? Suppose each one who has a garden felt it to be her *duty* to make all her scholars as familiar with all the life in it as she is herself, and every one who can take a country walk her duty to take her girls with her—two or three at a time—until they

[1] [For "the progress of little Harriet's botanical museum," see Letter 81, § 21 (Vol. XXIX. p. 217).]

[2] [Not last *Fors*, but probably Letters 55, § 9, and 57, § 10 (pp. 380, 409).]

know and love every plant within reach; would not teacher and pupils learn with this much more that would also be invaluable?* And if our Sunday-school children were not left to killing flies and stoning cats and dogs during the week, would there be so many brutal murders or violent assaults? The little English heathen I have named has attended a Sunday-school for about six years, and the Sunday-school teachers of this town are—most of them—noble men and women, who devoutly labour year after year "all for love, and nothing for reward." But even good people too often look on the degradation of the lower classes as a matter of course, and despise them for ignorance they cannot help. Here the sneer of "those low shoemakers" is for ever on the lip,[1] yet few ask *how* they became so much lower than ourselves; still I have very pleasing proof of what may be done even for adults by a little wise guidance, but I must not enter into that subject. Pray forgive me for writing so much: I have been too deeply interested, and now feel quite ashamed of the length of this.

Again thanking you most earnestly for all you have taught me to see and to do,

I remain, very faithfully yours.

22. (IV.) What the young ladies, old ladies, and middle-aged ladies *are* practically doing with the blessed fields and mountains of their native land, the next letter very accurately shows. For the sake of fine dresses they let their fathers and brothers invest in any Devil's business they can steal the poor's labour by, or destroy the poor's gardens by; pre-eminently, and of all Devil's businesses, in rushing from place to place, as the Gennesaret swine.[2] And see here what comes of it.

A gentleman told me the other night that trade, chiefly in cotton from India, was going back to Venice. One can't help being sorry—not for our sake, but Venice's—when one sees what commercial prosperity means now.

There was a lovely picture of Cox's of Dollwydellan[3] (I don't think it's spelt right) at the Club. All the artists paint the Slidr valley; and do you know what is being done to it? It's far worse than a railway to Ambleside or Grasmere, because those places are overrun already; but Dollwydellan is such a quiet out-of-the-way corner, and no one in the world will be any the better for a railway there. I went about two months ago, when I was getting better from my first illness; but all my pleasure in the place was spoiled by the railway they are making from Bettwys. It is really melancholy to see the havoc it makes. Of course no one cares, and they crash, and cut, and destroy, like utter barbarians, as they are. Through the sweetest, wildest little glens, the line is cleared—rocks are blasted for it, trees lie cut—anything and everything is sacrificed—and for what? The tourists will see nothing if they go in the train; the few people who go down to Bettwys or Llanwrst to market, will perhaps go oftener, and so spend more money in the end, and Dollwydellan will get some more people to lodge there in the summer, and prices will go up.† In the little village, a hideous

* Yes, dear lady; see, therefore, the next article.

† Yes, my dear, and shares down;—it is some poor comfort for you and me to know *that*. For as I correct this sheet for press, I hear from the proprietor of the chief slate quarry in the neighbourhood, that the poor idiots of shareholders have been beguiled into tunnelling four miles under Welsh hills—to carry slates! and even those from the chief quarry in question, they cannot carry, for the proprietors are under contract to send them by an existing line.

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[1] [For a reference by Ruskin to this passage, see Letter 81, § 4 *n.* (Vol. XXIX. p. 194).]

[2] [See Matthew viii. 32.]

[3] [See below, p. 511.]

"traction engine" snorted and puffed out clouds of black smoke, in the mornings, and then set off crunching up and down the roads, to carry coals for the works, I think; but I never in my life saw anything more incongruous than that great black monster getting its pipes filled at a little spring in the village, while the lads all stood gaping round. The poor little clergyman told us his village had got sadly corrupted since the navvies came into it; and when he pointed out to us a pretty old stone bridge that was being pulled down for the railway, he said, "Yes, I shall miss that, *very* much;" but he would not allow that things so orthodox as railways could be bad on the whole. I never intended, when I began, to trouble you with all this, but Cox's picture set me off, and it really is a great wrong that any set of men can take possession of one of the few peaceful spots left in England, and hash it up like that. Fancy driving along the road up the Slidr valleys and seeing on boards a notice, to "beware when the horn was blowing," and every now and then hearing a great blasting, smoke, and rocks crashing down. Well, you know just as well as I how horrible it all is. Only I can't think why people sit still, and let the beautiful places be destroyed.

The owners of that property,—I forget their name, but they had monuments in the little old church,—never live there, having another "place" in Scotland,—so of course they don't care.*

23. (V.) A fragment to illustrate the probable advantage of sulphurous air, and articles, in the country.

I did not think to tell you, when speaking of the fatality of broken limbs in our little dressmaker and her family, that when in St. Thomas's Hospital with a broken thigh, the doctors said in all probability the tenderness of her bones was owing to the manufacture of sulphur by her *mother's grandfather*. Dr. Simon[1] knows her family through operating on the brother of our dressmaker, and often gave them kindly words at the hospital.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully.

* Will any charitable Christian tell me who the owners are?—in the meantime, "confusion on their banners wait."[2]

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[1] [Ruskin's friend, Sir John Simon, for whom see Vol. XVII. p. 450 *n.*]

[2] ["Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait."
Opening lines of *The Bard*, by Thomas Gray.]

LETTER 62

DOGS OF THE LORD[1]

1. THERE were more, and more harmful misprints in last *Fors* than usual, owing to my having driven my printers to despair, after they had made all the haste they could, by late dubitation concerning the relative ages of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, which forced me to cut out a sentence about them, and displace corrected type. But I must submit to all and sundry such chances of error, for, to prevent them, would involve a complete final reading of the whole, with one's eye and mind on the look-out for letters and stops all along, for which I rarely allow myself time, and which, had I a month to spare, would yet be a piece of work ill spent, in merely catching three t's instead of two in a "lettter." The name of the Welsh valley is wrong, too;[2] but I won't venture on correction of that, which I feel to be hopeless; the reader must, however, be kind enough to transfer the "and," now the sixth word in the upper line of the note at page 509, and make it the fourth word, instead; to put a note of interrogation at the end of clause in the eighteenth line of page 508, and to insert an s, changing "death" into "deaths," in the eleventh line of page 504;—the death in Sheffield being that commended to the Episcopic attention of York, and that in London to the Episcopic attention of London.

And this commendation, the reader will, I hope, perceive to be made in sequel to much former talk concerning

[1] [See below, § 4. Ruskin in his copy adds "Avarice, Covetousness, Frugality."]
[2] [See above, § 22, p. 509; it should be Dolwyddelan. The other corrections here noted by Ruskin are made in the text.]

Bishops, Soldiers, Lawyers, and Squires;[1]—which, perhaps, he imagined me to have spoken jestingly; or, it may be, in witlessness; or, it may be, in voluble incipient insanity. Admitting myself in no small degree open to such suspicion, I am now about to re-word some matters which madness would gambol from; and I beg the reader to observe that any former gambolling on my part, awkward or untimely as it may have seemed, has been quite as serious,[2] and intentionally progressive, as Morgiana's dance round the captain of the Forty Thieves.[3]

2. If, then, the reader will look at the analysis of Episcopacy in *Sesame and Lilies*,[4] the first volume of all my works; next at the chapter on Episcopacy in *Time and Tide;*[5] and lastly, refer to what he can gather in the past series of *Fors*, he will find the united gist of all to be, that Bishops cannot take, much less give, account of men's souls unless they first take and give account of their bodies: and that, therefore, all existing poverty and crime in their dioceses, discoverable by human observation, must be, when they are Bishops indeed, clearly known to, and describable by them, or their subordinates. Of whom the number, and discipline in St. George's Company, if by God's grace it ever take the form I intend, will be founded on the institution of the same by the first Bishop, or more correctly Archbishop,[6] whom the Christian church professes to obey. For what can possibly be the use of printing the Ten Commandments which he delivered, in gold,—framing them above the cathedral altar,—pronouncing them in a prelatically sonorous

[1] [For *Bishops*, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 15, 174; and above, p. 240. For *Soldiers*, Vol. XXVII. pp. 185, 260 *seq.*, 321. For *Lawyers*, Vol. XXVII. pp. 17, 77, 208, 280 *seq.*; and above, pp. 37, 135, 197. For *Squires*, Vol. XXVII. pp. 30, 379–381, 383–387; and above, p. 149.]

[2] [Compare Letter 67, § 15 (p. 650).]

[3] [See Jonathan Scott's *Arabian Nights*, vol. iii. pp. 177–179 ("History of Ali Baba, and of the Forty Robbers, Killed by one Slave"). Compare Letter 81, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 197).]

[4] [*Sesame and Lilies*, §§ 20–22; the first volume in his "Works" Series (see Vol. XVIII. pp. 69–73).]

[5] [See Vol. XVII. p. 376.]

[6] ["*i.e.*, Moses" (*MS. note by Author in his copy*)—referred to, below (§ 3), as "the first bishop of Israel."]

voice,—and arranging the responsive supplications of the audience to the tune of an organ of the best manufacture, if the commanding Bishops institute no inquiry whatever into the physical power of—say this starving shoemaker in Seven Dials,—to obey such a command as "thou shalt not covet" in the article of meat; or of his son to honour in any available measure either the father or mother, of whom the one has departed to seek her separate living, and the other is lying dead with his head in the fireplace.[1]

3. Therefore, as I have just said, our Bishops in St. George's Company will be constituted in order founded on that appointed by the first Bishop of Israel, namely, that their Primate, or Supreme Watchman, shall appoint under him "out of all the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such over them to be rulers (or, at the *least*, observers[2]) of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens;" * and that of these episcopic centurions, captains of fifty, and captains of ten, there will be required clear account of the individual persons they are set over;—even a baby being considered as a decimal quantity not to be left out of their account by the decimal Bishops,—in which episcopacy, however, it is not improbable that a queenly power may be associated, with Norman caps for mitres, and for symbol of authority, instead of the crozier (or crook, for disentangling lost sheep of souls from among the brambles), the broom, for sweeping diligently[3] till they find lost silver of souls among the dust.[4]

4. You think I jest, still, do you? Anything but that; only if I took off the Harlequin's mask for a moment, you would say I was simply mad. Be it so, however, for this time.

* Exodus xviii. 21.

[1] [See above, p. 504.]

[2] [That is, *episcopic* persons: compare Vol. XVII. p. 378, and Letter 10, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 174). See also, for a later reference to § 3 here, Letter 73, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. p. 19).]

[3] [Compare Letter 4, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 76).]

[4] [See Luke xv. 8.]

I simply and most utterly mean, that, so far as my best judgment can reach, the present Bishops of the English Church (with only one exception, known to me,—the Bishop of Natal,[1]) have forfeited and fallen from their Bishoprics by transgression; and betrayal of their Lord, first by simony,[2] and secondly, and chiefly, by lying for God with one mouth, and contending for their own personal interests as a professional body, as if these were the cause of Christ. And that in the assembly and Church of future England, there must be (and shall be so far as this present body of believers in God and His law now called together in the name of St. Michael[3] and St. George are concerned) set up and consecrated other Bishops; and under them, lower ministering officers and true "Dogs of the Lord," who, with stricter inquisition than ever Dominican,[4] shall take knowledge—not of creeds,[5] but of every man's way and means of life; and shall be either able to avouch his conduct as honourable and just, or bound to impeach it as shameful and iniquitous, and this down to minute details; —above all, or before all, particulars of revenue, every companion, retainer, or associate in the Company's work being bound to keep such accounts that the position of his affairs may be completely known to the Bishops at any moment: and all bankruptcies or treacheries in money matters thus rendered impossible. Not that direct inquisition will be often necessary; for when the true nature of Theft, with the other particulars of the Moral Law, are rightly taught in our schools, grown-up men will no more think of stealing in business than in burglary. It is merely through the

[1] [For Ruskin's tribute to Bishop Colenso, see Vol. XXVI. p. lv. Compare above, p. 244.]

[2] [For some explanations of this charge, see (in a later volume) the letters to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe of February 11, 13, 16, 1883.]

[3] [For the sphere of St. Michael, as patron saint, see Letter 35: "with Michael's help to drive the devil of hunger out of poor men's stomachs" (Vol. XXVII. p. 657).]

[4] [The title to this letter is here indicated. For another reference to the association of St. Dominic and his friars with dogs, see Vol. XXIII. p. 444, and compare below, p. 719.]

[5] [Ruskin's note for Index here is "*Creeds*, not to be taken cognizance of (beyond the faith in God and in virtue)."]

quite bestial[1] ignorance of the Moral Law in which the English Bishops have contentedly allowed their flocks to be brought up, that any of the modern English conditions of trade are possible.

5. Of course, for such work, I must be able to find what Jethro of Midian assumes could be found at once in Israel, these "men of truth, hating covetousness,"[2] and all my friends laugh me to scorn for thinking to find any such.

Naturally, in a Christian country, it will be difficult enough; but I know there are still that kind of people among Midianites, Caffres, Red Indians, and the destitute, afflicted, and tormented, in dens and caves of the earth,[3] where God has kept them safe from missionaries:[4]—and, as I above said,[5] even out of the rotten mob of money-begotten traitors calling itself a "people" in England, I do believe I shall be able to extricate, by slow degrees, some faithful and true persons, hating covetousness, and fearing God.

And you will please to observe that this hate and fear are flat opposites one to the other; so that if a man fear or reverence God, he must hate covetousness; and if he fear or reverence covetousness, he must hate God; and there is no intermediate way whatsoever. Nor is it possible for any man, wilfully rich, to be a God-fearing person; but only for those who are involuntarily rich, and are making all the haste they prudently and piously can, to be poor; for money is a strange kind of seed; scattered, it is poison; but set, it is bread: so that a man whom God has appointed to be a sower must bear as lightly as he may the burden of gold and of possessions, till he find the proper places to sow them in. But persons desiring to be rich, and accumulating riches, always hate God, and never fear Him; the

[1] [For Ruskin's defence and explanation of this word, see Letter 81, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. p. 198).]

[2] [Exodus xviii. 21.]

[3] [Hebrews xi. 37, 38.]

[4] [For the condemnation of usury among the Hovas, and Ruskin's suggestion that missionaries should be sent from Madagascar to England, see Letter 60, § 8 (above, p. 468).]

[5] [See Letter 58, § 9 (above, p. 427).]

idol they do fear (for many of them are sincerely religious) is an imaginary, or mind-sculptured God of their own making, to their own liking; a God who allows usury, delights in strife and contention, and is very particular about everybody's going to his synagogues on Sunday.

6. Indeed, when Adam Smith formally, in the name of the philosophers of Scotland and England, set up this opposite God, on the hill of cursing against blessing, Ebal against Gerizim;[1] and declared that all men "naturally" desired their neighbours' goods;[2] and that in the name of Covetousness, all the nations of the earth should be blessed,[3] —it is true, that the half-bred and half-witted Scotchman had not gift enough in him to carve so much as his own calf's head on a whin-stone with his own hand; much less to produce a well molten and forged piece of gold, for old Scottish faith to break its tables of ten commandments at sight of.[4] But, in leaving to every artless and ignorant boor among us the power of breeding, in imagination, each his own particular calf, and placidly worshipping that privately fatted animal; or, perhaps,—made out of the purest fat of it in molten Tallow instead of molten Gold,—images, which may be in any inventive moment, misshapen anew to his mind, Economical Theology has granted its disciples more perfect and fitting privilege.

7. From all taint or compliance with such idolatry, the Companions of St. George have vowed to withdraw themselves; writing, and signing their submission to, the First

[1] [See Joshua viii. 33, 34.]

[2] [See such passages in *The Wealth of Nations* as book iv. ch. ii.: "It is his own advantage, indeed, and not that of the society, which he has in view;" and book iv. ch. ix.: "the natural effort which every man is continually making to better his own condition"—the theory on which Adam Smith's doctrines rest, though it is nowhere expressly presented as the foundation of them, being that, though the individual thus aims only at his private gain, he is yet, in doing so, led by an invisible hand to promote the public good, which was no part of his intention. For other references by Ruskin to Adam Smith, see *A Joy for Ever* (Vol. XVI. p. 10), where he mentions reading the book as a boy; *Unto this Last* (Vol. XVII. p. 20 *n.*), where he quotes Smith's saying that fear is the preventive of fraud; *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 298 (a passage similar to the present one); and *Fors*, Letter 78, § 10 (Vol. XXIX. p. 134).]

[3] [Galatians iii. 8.]

[4] [See Exodus xxxii.]

and great Commandment, so called by Christ,—and the Second which is like unto it.[1]

And since on these two hang all the Law and the Prophets, in signing these two promises they virtually vow obedience to all the Law of which Christ then spoke; and belief of all the Prophets of which Christ then spoke. What that law is; who those prophets are;—whether they *only* prophesied "until John," or whether St. Paul's command to all Christians living, "Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy,"—is an important *little* commandment following the two great ones, I cannot tell you in a single letter, even if I altogether knew myself. Partly I do know;—and can teach you, if you will work. No one can teach you anything worth learning but through manual labour; the very bread of life can only be got out of the chaff of it by "rubbing it in your hands."

You vow, then, that you will at least strive to keep both of these commandments—as far as, what some would call the corruption, but what in honest people is the weakness, of flesh, permits. If you cannot watch an hour, because you don't love Christ enough to care about His agony, that is your weakness; but if you first sell Him, and then kiss Him, that is your corruption. I don't know if I can keep either you or myself awake; but at least we may put a stop to our selling and kissing. Be sure that you are serving Christ, till you are tired and can do no more, for that time: and then, even if you have not breath enough left to say "Master, Master" with,—He will not mind.

8. Begin therefore "to-day"[2]—(which you may, in passing, note to be your present leader's signal-word or watchword)—to do good work for Him,—whether you live or die,—(see first promise asked of you, Letter 2, § 22, explained in

[1] [Matthew xxii. 35–40. The other Bible references in § 7 are Matthew xi. 13; 1 Corinthians xiv. 1; Luke vi. 1; Matthew xxvi. 40, 48; Luke viii. 24.]

[2] [Ruskin's motto: see Vol. I. p. xi.]

Letter 7, § 16, etc.[1]) and see that every stroke of this work —be it weak or strong,—shall therefore be done in love of God and your neighbour, and in hatred of covetousness. Which that you may hate accurately, wisely, and well, it is needful that you should thoroughly know, when you see it, or feel it. What covetousness is, therefore, let me beg you at once clearly to understand, by meditating on these following definitions.

Avarice means the desire to collect money, not goods. A "miser" or "miserable person" desires to collect goods only for the sake of turning them into money. If you can read French or German, read Molière's *L'Avare*, and then get Gotthelf's *Bernese Stories*, and read "Schnitzfritz," with great care.[2]

Avarice is a quite natural passion, and, within due limits, healthy. The addition of coin to coin, and of cipher to cipher, is a quite proper pleasure of human life, under due rule; the two stories I ask you to read are examples of its disease; which arises mainly in strong and stupid minds, when by evil fortune they have never been led to think or feel.

Frugality. The disposition to save or spare what we have got, without any desire to gain more. It is constantly, of course, associated with avarice; but quite as frequently with generosity, and is often merely an extreme degree of housewifely habit. Study the character of Alison Wilson[3] in *Old Mortality*.

Covetousness.[4] The desire of possessing more than we

[1] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 44, 129 *seq.* See also *ibid.*, pp. 95–96, 178.]

[2] ["Schnitzfritz" is the hero in the story called (in the original German) *Die Wege Gottes und der Menschen Gedanken*, and (in the French translation) *L'Homme Propose*. The story, which first appeared in 1848 in Karl Steffens' *Volks-Kalender*, was included in the third part of the author's collected *Erzählungen und Bilder aus dem Volksleben der Schweiz*. See in his *Gesammelte Werke* (1857), vol. ix. pp. 305–342, and pp. 37–80 of *Nouvelles Bernoises*, traduites par Max. Buchon, Première Série, 1854.]

[3] [For other references to the character, see Letter 32, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 591).]

[4] ["Invidia; Letter 7, § 13, and all through."—*MS. note by Author in his copy.* See Vol. XXVII. p. 126; and compare Ruskin's note to *Aratra Pentelici*, § 17 (Vol. XX. p. 212), where he distinguishes "envious covetousness" from innocent.]

have, of any good thing whatsoever of which we have already enough for our uses (adding house to house, and field to field). It is much connected with pride; but more with restlessness of mind and desire of novelty; much seen in children who tire of their toys and want new ones. The pleasure in having things "for one's very own" is a very subtle element in it. When I gave away my Loire series of Turner drawings to Oxford,[1] I thought I was rational enough to enjoy them as much in the University gallery as in my own study. But not at all! I find I can't bear to look at them in the gallery, because they are "mine" no more.

9. Now, you observe, that your creed of St. George[2] says you believe in the nobleness of human nature—that is to say, that all our natural instincts are honourable. Only it is not always easy to say which of them are natural and which not.

For instance, Adam Smith says that it is "natural" for every person to covet his neighbour's goods, and want to change his own for them; wherein is the origin of Trade, and Universal Salvation.

But God says, "Thou shalt *not* covet thy neighbour's goods;"[3] and God, who made you, does in that written law express to you *His* knowledge of your inner heart, and instruct you in the medicine for it. Therefore, on due consideration, you will find assuredly it is quite *un*natural in you to covet your neighbour's goods.

Consider, first, of the most precious, the wife. It is natural for you to think your own the best and prettiest of women; not at all to want to change her for somebody else's wife.[4] If you like somebody else's better than yours, and this somebody else likes yours better than his, and you

[1] [See Vol. XIII. pp. liii., 559.]

[2] [See Letter 58, § 2 (p. 419); and compare *Ethics of the Dust*, § 11, and *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 106 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 218, 474); also *Lectures on Art*, § 94 (Vol. XX. p. 92).]

[3] [Exodus xx. 17.]

[4] [For a reference to this and the following passage as "one of the quite most important pieces of all the book," see Letter 91, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 445).]

both want to change, you are both in a non-natural condition, and entirely out of the sphere of happy human love.

10. Again. It is natural for you to think your own house and garden the nicest house and garden that ever were. If, as should always be, they were your father's before you, and he and you have both taken proper care of them, they are a treasure to you which no money could buy,—the leaving them is always pain,—the return to them, a new thrill and wakening to life.[1] They are a home and place of root to you, as if you were founded on the ground like its walls, or grew into it like its flowers. You would no more willingly transplant yourself elsewhere than the espalier pear-tree of your own grafting would pull itself out by the roots to climb another trellis. That is the natural mind of a man. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house."[2] You are in an entirely non-natural state if you do, and, properly speaking, never had a house in your life.

"Nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant."[2] It is a "natural" thing for masters to get proud of those who serve them; and a "natural" thing for servants to get proud of the masters they serve. (You see above how Bacon connects the love of the master with the love of the country.[3]) Nay, if the service has been true, if the master has indeed asked for what was good for himself, and the servant has done what was good for his master, they cannot choose but like each other; to have a new servant or a new master, would be a mere horror to both of them. I have got two Davids, and a Kate,[4] that I wouldn't change for anybody else's servants in the world; and I believe the only quarrel they have with me is that I don't give them enough to do for me:—this very morning, I must stop writing, presently, to find the stoutest of the Davids some business, or he will be miserable all day.

[1] [Compare Letter 47, § 13 (p. 198).]
[2] [Exodus xx. 17.]
[3] [Letter 61, § 4 (p. 487). On the whole subject, compare the "Letters on Servants and Houses" in Vol. XVII. pp. 518 *seq.*]
[4] [They are named in Ruskin's statement of accounts, below, p. 531.]

"Nor his ox, nor his ass." If you have petted both of your own, properly, from calf and foal, neither these, nor anything else of yours, will you desire to change for "anything that is his." Do you really think I would change my pen for yours, or my inkstand, or my arm-chair, or my Gainsborough little girl, or my Turner Pass of St. Gothard?[1] I would see you——very uncomfortable—first. And that is the natural state of a human being who has taken anything like proper pains to make *himself* comfortable in God's good world, and get some of the right good, and true wealth of it.

11. For, you observe farther, the commandment is only that thou shalt not covet *thy neighbour's* goods. It does not say that you are not to covet *any* goods. How *could* you covet your neighbour's, if both your neighbour and you were forbidden to have any? Very far the contrary; in the first piece of genealogic geography I have given you to learn,[2] the first descriptive sentence of the land of Havilah is,—"where there is gold"; and it goes on to say, "And the gold of that land is of the best: there is bdellium, and the onyx stone."[3] In the Vulgate, "dellium" and "lapis onichinus." In the Septuagint, "anthrax," and the "prase-stone."

Now, my evangelical friends, here is this book which you call "Word of God," and idolatrously print for your little children's reading and your own, as if your eternal lives depended on every word of it. And here, of the very beginning of the world—and the beginning of property—it professes to tell you something. But what? Have you the smallest idea what "dellium" is? Might it not as well be bellium, or gellium, or pellium, or mellium, for all *you* know about it? Or do you know what an onyx is? or an anthrax? or a prase? Is not the whole verse pure and

[1] [The "Gainsborough little girl" is reproduced as the frontispiece to Vol. XXII.; and Turner's "Pass of St. Gothard" in Vol. VI.]

[2] [See above, pp. 497–499.]

[3] [Genesis ii. 11–12: compare *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 169.]

absolute gibberish and gabble to you; and do you expect God will thank you for talking gibberish and gabble to your children, and telling them—*that* is His Word? Partly, however, the verse is only senseless to you, because you have never had the sense to look at the stones which God has made. But in still greater measure, it is necessarily senseless, because it is *not* the word of God, but an imperfectly written tradition, which, however, being a most venerable and precious tradition, you do well to make your children read, provided also you take pains to explain to them so much sense as there *is* in it, and yourselves do reverently obey so much law as there is in it. Towards which intelligence and obedience, we will now take a step or two farther from the point of pause in last *Fors*.[1]

12. Remember that the three sons of Noah are, respectively,

Shem,	the father	of the	Imaginative and Contemplative races.
Japheth,	„	„	Practical and Constructive.
Ham,	„	„	Carnal and destructive.

The sons of Shem are the perceivers of Splendour;—they see what is best in visible things, and reach forward to the invisible.

The sons of Japheth are the perceivers of Justice and Duty; and deal securely with all that is under their hand.

The sons of Ham are the perceivers of Evil or Nakedness; and are slaves therefore for ever — "servants of servants":[2] when in power, therefore, either helpless or tyrannous.

It is best to remember among the nations descending from the three great sires, the Persians, as the sons of Shem; Greeks, as the sons of Japheth; Assyrians, as the sons of Ham. The Jewish captivity to the Assyrian then takes its perfect meaning.

[1] [Letter 61, § 12 (p. 499).]
[2] [Genesis ix. 25.]

This month, therefore, take the first descendant of Ham —Cush; and learn the following verses of Gen. x.:—

"And Cush begat Nimrod; he began to be a mighty one in the earth.
"He was a mighty hunter before the Lord.
"And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel in the land of Shinar.
"Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh."[1]

These verses will become in future a centre of thought to you, whereupon you may gather, as on one root-germ, what you farther learn of the influence of hunting on the minds of men: and of the sources of Assyrian power, and causes of the Assyrian ruin in Birs Nemroud,[2] out of which you have had those hunting-pieces brought to the narrow passage in the British Museum.

13. For further subject of thought, this month, read of Cary's Dante, the 31st canto of the *Inferno*, with extreme care; and for your current writing-lesson, copy these lines of Italics, which I have printed in as close resemblance as I can to the Italics of the Aldine edition of 1502.

P ero che come in su la cerchia tonda
Monte reggion di torri si corona;
Cosi la proda che'l pozzo circonda
T orregiavan di mezza la persona
Gli orribili giganti; cui minaccia
Giove del cielo anchora, quando tona.[3]

The putting of the capital letters that begin the stanza, outside, is a remaining habit of the scribes who wrote for the illuminator, and indicated the letter to be enlarged with ornament at the side of the text.

[1] [Genesis x. 8–11. The study of the chapter is resumed in Letter 64 (p. 561).]
[2] [The traditional site of the Tower of Babel: see Vol. XVI. p. 163. The sculptures found on the site are arranged in the narrow "Nimroud Gallery" at the Museum.]
[3] ["As with circling round
Of turrets, Montereggion crowns his walls;
E'en thus the shore, encompassing the abyss,
Was turreted with giants, half their length
Uprearing, horrible, whom Jove from heaven
Yet threatens, when his muttering thunder rolls."
—(Cary's translation) xxxi. 35–40.]

14. Of these larger capitals, the A given in last *Fors*[1] is of a Byzantine Greek school, in which, though there is much quiet grace, there is no elasticity or force in the lines. They are always languid, and without spring or evidence of nervous force in the hand. They are not, therefore, perfect models for English writers, though they are useful as exercises in tranquillity of line: and I chose, for that and many more reasons, that letter and sentence for our first exercise. But my letter B is to be given from the Northern Schools; and will have spring and power in it, which you cannot at once hope to imitate in a complete letter; and must be prepared for by copying a mere incipient fragment or flourish of ornamental line.

This line has been drawn for you, very leisurely indeed, by one of the gentlest of the animals living on our English south downs,[2]—and yet, quietly done as it is, being the result of wholly consistent energy, it is a line which a Byzantine Greek would never have produced in writing, nor even in architecture, except when he was imitating an Ionian one.

You are to draw a horizontal line through the point in the centre of this figure. Then measure the breadth of the six coils on each side, counting from the centre backwards and forwards.

Then draw a vertical line through centre, and measure the breadths above and below. Then draw the complete curve lightly through these fixed points—alter it to your mind—and then paint over it the determined line, with any dark colour and a camel's hair brush.

The difficulty is to draw it so that there shall not be the smallest portion of it which is not approaching the inner curve, and narrowing the intermediate space. And you will find no trick of compasses will draw it. Choose any number

[1] [Letter 61, § 9 (p. 495). "We never got on as far as B!"—*MS. note in Author's copy.*]

[2] [According to one correspondent, *Helix virgata* (p. 551); according to another, *Helix ericetorum* (p. 584).]

of centres you like, and still I defy you to draw the curve mechanically; it can be done only as I have done it myself, with the free hand, correcting it and correcting till I got it right.*[1]

15. When you have succeeded, to any moderate extent, in doing this, your hand will have begun to receive the

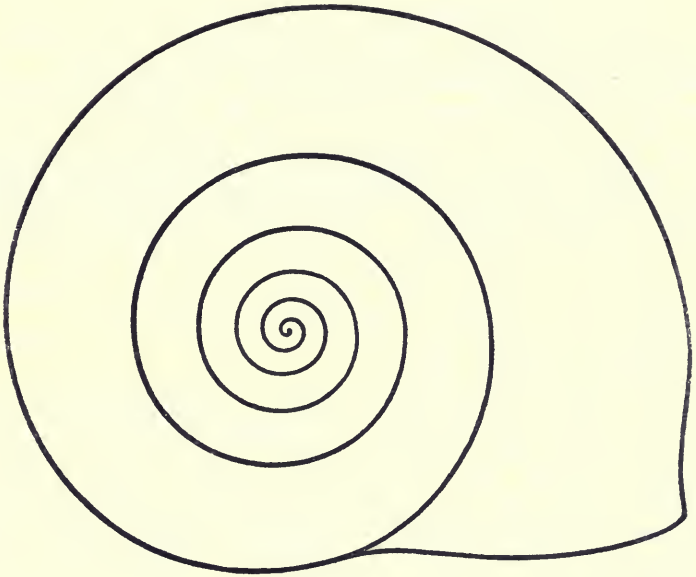

Fig. 8

power of executing a serene and dignified flourish instead of a vulgar "dash." And you may also begin to understand that the word "flourish" itself, as applied to writing, means the springing of its lines into floral exuberance,—therefore, strong procession and growth, which must be in a spiral line, for the stems of plants are always spirals (See *Proserpina*, Number IV.[2]); and that this bursting out

* The law of its course will be given in the *Laws of Fésole*, Plate V.[3]

[1] [For a contradiction of this statement, and Ruskin's reply thereto, see Letter 75, § 24 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 80-81).]

[2] [See in this edition Vol. XXV. p. 308.]

[3] [The reference is to some intended plate in that work (published 1877–1879), which was not in fact given. Plate V. is of a peacock's feather (Vol. XV. p. 411).]

into foliage, in calm swiftness, is a totally different action from the impudent and useless sweeps and loops of vulgar writing.

Further. As your eyes get accustomed to the freely drawn, unmechanical, immeasurable line, you will be able, if you care about architecture, to know a Greek Ionic volute from a vulgar day-labourer's copy of it—done with compasses and calculations. And you will know how the volute of the throne of Lippi's Madonna[1] (though that is studied from the concave side of the shell) shows him to have been Etruscan-bred; and you will begin to see what his power was; and to laugh at the books of our miserable modern builders, filled with elaborate devices for drawing volutes with bits of circles:—the wretches might as well try to draw the lips of Sir Joshua's Circe,[2]—or the smile in her cat's triangular eyes, in that manner. Only in Eleutheria of soul and body, shall any human creature draw so much as one rightly bending line.

16. Any *human* creature, I say. Little freedom, either of body or soul, had the poor architect who drew this our first model line for us; and yet and yet, simple as his life and labours may be, it will take our best wits to understand them. I find myself, at present, without any start-point for attempt to understand them. I found the downs near Arundel,[3] being out on them in a sunny day just after Christmas, sprinkled all over with their pretty white shells (none larger than a sixpence, my drawing being increased as about seven to one, in line, or fifty to one, square), and all empty, unless perchance some spectral remnant of their dead masters remain inside;—and I can't answer a single question I ask myself about them. I see they most of them have six whirls, or whorls. Had they six when

[1] [See the Frontispiece.]

[2] ["Mrs. Nesbitt as Circe;" the picture was lent by the (late) Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley to the Reynolds Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1884 (No. 11).]

[3] [At Peppering, where Ruskin was staying with Dr. Dawtrey Drewitt: see Vol. XXIV. p. xxvi.]

they were young? have they never more when they are old? Certainly some shells have periodical passion of progress,—and variously decorative stops and rests; but these little white continuities, down to this woeful time of their Christmas emptiness, seem to have deduced their spiral caves in peace.[1]

But it's of no use to waste time in "thinking." I shall go and ask some pupil of my dear old friend Dr. Gray at the British Museum,[2] and rejoice myself with a glance at the volutes of the Erectheium—fair home of Athenian thought.[3]

[1] [See Letter 63, §§ 17 *seq.* (pp. 551-555).]
[2] [Dr. Gray himself had recently died: see Letter 52, § 19 (above, p. 308 *n.*).]
[3] [See Vol. XVIII. p. 317.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. (I.) I AM surprised to find that my Index to Vols. I. and II. of *Fors* does not contain the important article "Pockets"; and that I cannot therefore, without too much trouble, refer to the place where I have said that the Companions of St. George are all to have glass pockets;[1] so that the absolute contents of them may be known of all men. But, indeed, this society of ours is, I believe, to be distinguished from other close brotherhoods that have been, or that are, chiefly in this, that it will have no secrets, and that its position, designs, successes, and failures, may at any moment be known to whomsoever they may concern.

More especially the affairs of the Master and of the Marshals,[2] when we become magnificent enough to have any, must be clearly known, seeing that these are to be the managers of public revenue. For although, as we shall in future see, they will be held more qualified for such high position by contentment in poverty than responsibility of wealth; and, if the society is wise, be chosen always from among men of advanced age, whose previous lives have been recognized as utterly without stain of dishonesty in management of their private business,—the complete publication of their accounts, private as well as public, from the day they enter on the management of the Company's funds, will be a most wholesome check on the glosses with which self-interest, in the minds even of the honestest people, sometimes may colour or confuse their actions over property on a large scale; besides being examples to the accountants of other public institutions.

18. For instance, I am myself a Fellow of the Horticultural Society; and, glancing the other day at its revenue accounts for 1874, observed that out of an expenditure of eleven thousand odd pounds, one thousand nine hundred and sixty-two went to pay interest on debts, eleven hundred and ninety to its "salaries"—two hundred to its botanical adviser, a hundred and fifty to its botanical professor, a hundred and twenty-six to its fruit committee, a hundred and twenty to its floral committee, four hundred and twenty to its band, nine hundred and ten to its rates and taxes, a hundred and eighty-five to its lawyers, four hundred and thirty-nine to its printers, and three pounds fifteen shillings to its foreign "importations" account (being interest on Cooper's loan): whereupon I wrote

[1] [See Letter 8, § 8 (Vol. XXVII. p. 139).]
[2] [For these officials, see Letter 58, § 6 (p. 424).]

to the secretary expressing some dissatisfaction with the proportion borne by this last item to the others, and asking for some further particulars respecting the "salaries"; but was informed that none could be had. Whereas, whether wisely or foolishly directed, the expenditure of the St. George's Company will be always open, in all particulars, to the criticism not only of the Companions, but of the outside public. And Fors has so arranged matters that I cannot at all, for my own part, invite such criticism to-day with feelings of gratified vanity; my own immediate position (as I generally stated in last letter[1]) being not in the least creditable to my sagacity, nor likely to induce a large measure of public confidence in me as the Company's Master. Nor are even the affairs of the Company itself, in my estimate, very brilliant, our collected subscriptions for the reform of the world amounting, as will be seen, in five years, only to some seven hundred and odd pounds. However, the Company and its Master may perhaps yet see better days.

19. First, then, for the account of my proceedings in the Company's affairs. Our eight thousand Consols giving us £240 a year, I have appointed a Curator to the Sheffield Museum, namely, Mr. Henry Swan, an old pupil of mine in the Working Men's College in London; and known to me since as an estimable and trustworthy person, with a salary of forty pounds a year, and residence. He is obliged at present to live in the lower rooms of the little house which is to be the nucleus of the museum:—as soon as we can afford it, a curator's house must be built outside of it.[2]

I have advanced, as aforesaid, a hundred pounds of purchase-money,[3] and fifty for current expenses; and paid, besides, the lawyers' bills for the transfer, amounting to £48, 16s. 7d.; these, with some needful comments on them, will be published in next *Fors;* I have not room for them in this.[4]

I have been advised of several mistakes in my subscribers' list, so I reprint it below, with the initials attached to the numbers, and the entire sum (as far as I can find out) hitherto subscribed by each; and I beg of my subscribers at once to correct me in all errors.

The names marked with stars are those of Companions. The numbers 10, 17, 36, 43, and 48 I find have been inaccurately initialled, and are left blank for correction.

[1] [See Letter 61, § 3 (above, p. 485).]
[2] [For particulars of Mr. Swan and the Walkley Museum, see Vol. XXX.]
[3] [See Letter 60, § 7 (p. 468).]
[4] [Not in the *next Fors*, but in Letter 64, § 22 (p. 579).]

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

	£	s.	d.
1. D. L.*	24	0	0
2. R. T.*	80	0	0
3. T. K.	5	0	0
4. C. S.	75	0	0
5. A. R.	20	0	0
6. J. M.*	4	4	0
7. P. S.	45	0	0
8. D. A.[1]	20	0	0
9. A. B.	25	0	0
10. .	1	1	0
11. G. S.*	2	2	0
12. J. A.	4	0	0
13. B. A.	9	0	0
14. A. P.	13	10	0
15. W. P.	5	0	0
16. A. H.*	25	0	0
17. .	1	1	0
18. F. E.	10	0	0
19. J. S.	25	0	0
20. — D.	2	0	0
21. C. W.	10	10	0
22. S. B.*	2	0	0
23. E. G.	6	1	0
24. — L.	1	1	0
25. S. W.	55	0	0
26. B. B.*	2	3	4
27. J. W.	1	1	0
28. E. F.	50	0	0
Carried forward . .	523	14	4

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	523	14	4
29. L. L.	1	5	0
30. A. A.	0	2	6
31. T. D.	5	0	0
32. M. G.	3	3	0
33. J. F.	40	0	0
34. W. S.	10	0	0
35. H. S.	9	0	0
36. .	1	1	0
37. A. H.	10	0	0
38. S. S.[2]	1	0	0
39. H. W.	50	0	0
40. J. F.	8	0	0
41. J. T.	5	0	0
42. J. O.	25	0	0
43. .	1	1	0
44. A. C.	1	0	0
45. J. G.	5	0	0
46. T. M.	5	5	0
47. J. B.*	2	11	0
48. .	1	1	0
49. J. D.	0	5	0
50. G. .	15	15	0
51. F. B.	1	1	0
52. C. B.	6	0	0
53. H. L.	10	0	0
54. A. G.	0	10	0
	£742	16	10

20. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

When I instituted the Company by giving the tenth of my available property to it, I had, roughly, seventy thousand pounds in money or land, and thirty thousand† in pictures and books. The pictures and books I do not consider mine, but merely in my present keeping, for the country, or the persons I may leave them to. Of the seventy thousand in substance, I gave away fourteen thousand in that year of the Company's establishment (see above, Letter 49, § 2), and have since lost fifteen thousand by a relation whom I tried to support in business.[3] As also, during my battle with the booksellers, I have been hitherto losing considerably by my books (last year, for instance, paying three hundred and ninety-eight pounds to

† An under-estimate, at present prices for Turner drawings, and I have hitherto insured for full thirty thousand, but am now going to lower the insurance, for no money would replace the loss of them, and I less and less regard them as exchangeable property.

[1] [For a subsequent correction in the amount of D. A.'s subscriptions, see below, p. 557.]

[2] [Here, again, see below, *ibid.*]

[3] [Compare above, p. 486; and Letter 76, § 18 (Vol. XXIX. p. 101).]

my assistant, Mr. Burgess, alone, for plates and woodcutting, and making a profit, on the whole year's sales, of fifty pounds), and have been living much beyond my income besides, my seventy thousand is reduced to certainly not more than thirty; and it is very clear that I am too enthusiastically carrying out my own principles, and making more haste to be poor than is prudent, at my present date of possible life, for, at my current rate of expenditure, the cell at Assisi, above contemplated as advisably a pious mortification of my luxury,[1] would soon become a necessary refuge for my "holy poverty." The battle with the booksellers, however, is now nearly won; and the publishing accounts will soon show better balance; what changes in my mode of living may, nevertheless, be soon either exemplary or necessary will be better understood after I have given account of it for a year.

Here are my opening expenses, then, from 1st January to 20th, and in each following *Fors*[2] they will be given from 20th to 20th of the month. I content myself, being pressed for space in this number, with giving merely the sums of cheques drawn; somewhat lengthy gossiping explanation of items being also needed, which will come in due place. The four first large sums are, of course, payments of Christmas accounts.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance in Bank, 1st Jan. 1876				1344	17	9
Paid by cheque:						
Jan. 1. Jackson (outdoor Steward, Brantwood)	50	0	0			
1. Kate Smith (indoor Stewardess, Brantwood)	160	0	0			
1. David Downs (Steward in London)	115	0	0			
1. David Fudge (Coachman in London)	60	0	0			
1. Secretary, 1st quarter, 1876	25	0	0			
4. Frederick Crawley, in charge of school-rooms at Oxford	10	0	0			
6. Self, pocket-money	20	0	0			
17. Arthur Burgess, assistant engraver	27	10	0			
20. New carriage[3]	190	0	0			
20. Gift to Carshalton, for care of spring[4]	110	0	0			
20. Madame Nozzoli, charities at Florence	10	0	0			
20. Mrs. Wonnacott,[5] charities at Abingdon	3	10	0			
20. William Ward, for two copies of Turner	21	0	0			
20. Charles Murray, for rubbings of brasses, and copy of Filippo Lippi[6]	15	0	0			
				817	0	0
Balance Jan. 20				£527	17	9

[1] [See Letter 61, § 2 (p. 485).]

[2] [Letter 74 is the last with any details of expenditure; in Letter 75 Ruskin explains that he had decided to discontinue the accounts, but there is a general statement at the end of Letter 76: see Vol. XXIX. pp. 50, 74–75, 99–104.]

[3] [This was a posting carriage built for the driving tour described by Mr. Arthur Severn: see Vol. XXIV. p. xxvii.]

[4] ["Margaret's Well": see Vol. XXII. p. xxiv.]

[5] [The landlady of the "Crown and Thistle." For Ruskin's interest in the poor of Abingdon, see Vol. XX. p. xl.; and below, p. 661.]

[6] [This copy—of the picture which is the subject of Lesson Photograph, No. 1—is in the Sheffield Museum: see Vol. XXX.]

21. (III.) I am gradually rising into greater indignation against the baseness and conceit of the modern scientific mob, than even against the mere money-seekers. The following fragment of a letter from a Companion bears notably on this matter:—

"The only earnest folks I know are cold-hearted 'Freethinkers,' and not very earnest either. My church-going friends are not earnest, except about their form of sound words. But I get on best with them. They are warmer, and would be what I wish, were circumstances not so dead set against it. My 'Freethinking' acquaintances say that with Carlyle the last of the great dreamers *who have impeded the advance of science* will pass away, and that, in fact, he is dead already, for nobody minds him. I don't heed such words now as I used to do. Had I lived when Socrates was condemned, I would have felt hope extinguished; yet Jesus came long after him, and I will not fear that God will fail to send His great and good men, any more than that the sun will forget to rise.

"My Freethinking friends sneer even at the mention of any God; and their talk of methods of reformation that infer any wisdom above their own has long since sickened me. One Sunday evening last year, I accompanied one of them to what they call the 'Eclectic Hall' here, to hear a Mrs. Law speak. There were from two to three hundred present,—few women—almost all toil-worn looking men. Mrs. Law, the lecturess—a stout, coarse-looking lady, or woman who might have been a lady—based her address on another by Mr. Gladstone, M.P. One thing she said will give you an idea of the spirit of her lecture, which was full of sadness to me, because highly appreciated by her audience: 'Jesus tells you,' she shouted, '"Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven," but *I* tell you, Blessed are the rich, for theirs is no myth-world, but *this* substantial one with its tangible, satisfying joys.'

"I got one of them to read the October Letter[1]—and then Volumes I. and IV. of *Fors*.[2] Another young fellow, a Londoner, read them too, and then at leisure moments there was a talk over them for some days. But with the exception of the first referred to, they talked pitifully enough. Your incidental remark about destroying the new town of Edinburgh,[3] and other items of dubious sort, blinded them to any good, and it was a blessing when something else came athwart their vacant minds, and they ceased to remember you."

22. (IV.) I am grateful for the following note on the name "Sheffield":[4]—

"LEEDS, 29*th Dec.*, 1875.

"SIR,—The town, in all probability, took its name from the river 'Sheaf,' which flows into the Don.

"Doncaster is a case in point out of hundreds of others. It may be that the river has been named in recent times, but it is unlikely; for as a rule a river always has some name by which it is known before any settlements are made on its banks."

23. (V.) I must now request my readers' attention somewhat gravely to the questions in debate between my correspondents at Wakefield;[5] not that these are in themselves of any importance, but they are of extreme importance in their general issue. In the first place, observe the extreme difficulty of writing history. You shall have one impertinent coxcomb after another in these days, writing constitutional Histories of England

[1] [Letter 58.]
[2] [Letters 1–12; 37–48.]
[3] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 15.]
[4] [See Letter 59, § 9 (p. 448).]
[5] [See Letters 55, § 9; 57, § 10; and 59, § 15 (pp. 380, 409, 456).]

and the like,[1] and telling you all the relationships and all the motives of Kings and Queens a thousand years dead; and here is question respecting the immediate ancestor of a living lady, which does not appear at once or easily determinable; and which I do not therefore pursue;—here again is question respecting the connection of her husband with the cases of bribery reported in the subjoined evidence on the Wakefield election petition, also indeterminable; here are farther two or three questions respecting the treatment of his workmen, respecting which the evidence is entirely conflicting; and finally, here is the chapel on Wakefield bridge pulled down,* a model of it built in its place, and the entire front of the historical building carried away to decorate a private boat-house; and I, quite as knowing in architecture as most people, am cheated into some very careful and quite useless work,[2] and even into many false conclusions, by the sculpture of the sham front, decayed and broken enough in thirty years to look older than sculpture of 500 years B.C. would, or *does*, in pure air.

Observe, in the second place, how petulant and eager people are, the moment a single word touches themselves, while universal abuses may be set before them enough to bring all the stones in heaven but what serve for the thunder, down about their ears,—and they will go on talking about Shakespeare and the musical glasses[3] undisturbed, to the end of their lives; but let a single word glance at their own windows, or knock at their own doors, and—instantly—"If Mr. Ruskin is what I think him, he will retract," etc., etc. But, alas! Mr. Ruskin is not the least what Mrs. Green thinks him,—does not in the smallest degree care for a lady's "Fie's,"[4] and, publishing the following letters and newspaper extracts for the general reader's satisfaction and E. L.'s justification, very contentedly, for his part, ends the discussion, though of course *Fors* shall be open to any further communication, if not too long, which either Mrs. Green or her husband may desire to have inserted.

In the following letter I have left all the passages containing due apology, while I have removed some which contained matter of further debate, if not offence, thereby much weakening the whole.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I have been away from home, and have only recently seen Mrs. Green's letter in the *Fors* of last month.

"I am sorry to have vexed her; I did not think that you would print the passages referring to her husband in the form in which they stood.†

* I have not space in this *Fors* to give the letter certifying me of this.[5]

† See my reason stated, Letter 59, § 15 [p. 455].

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[1] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 500.]

[2] [Presumably Ruskin had made a drawing of the chapel. He refers to the chapel as the original shrine in Letter 20, § 20 (Vol. XXVII. p. 348). After having long served as a corn-factor's counting-house and lumber-room, it was "restored" in 1847 by Gilbert Scott, "when the original front was removed and set up at Kettlethorpe Park" (see *The Dictionary of Architecture*, Vol. VII., 1887, under "Wakefield"). An engraving of the chapel before restoration may be seen at p. 283, vol. iii., of N. Whitlock's *History of the County of York* (1831).]

[3] ["With other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses" (Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. ix.).]

[4] [See above, p. 457.]

[5] [The letter was not subsequently given, but the general fact of the restoration of the building had already been stated: see above, p. 380.]

"When you said that you would assume my permission to print passages from the letter, I supposed that they would be those relating to the general life of Wakefield. All that I have written is essentially true, but I do not wish to hold any controversy on the matter, for if I defended myself publicly I should have to wound still further the feelings of one who is no doubt a devoted wife.

"It is for your satisfaction alone that I write these lines. I have been inaccurate on two points, on which I wrote too hastily, from hearsay, gleaned on brief visits to Wakefield. Mr. Green has not a Scotch estate, only occasional shooting, and he is not concerned in the forges that stand near the bridge, as I was wrongly informed.

"I did not say, though I may have led your readers to infer it, that the so-called 'American devil' was his. I knew, or rather was told, that it belonged to Whithams, who have the largest foundry. He (Mr. Green) does not forge iron, it seems; he makes it into machines. He can hardly be classed as an engineer; he is a machine-maker. If he is not an 'iron lord,' on what is his wealth based?

"Robin the Pedlar is no myth. I often heard him mentioned, when a girl, as being Mrs. Green's father. I dare say that Mrs. Edward Green never heard of him. She came into the family in its genteeler days; but there are old people in Wakefield who remember all about him. I send by this post a Wakefield paper containing some speeches highly illustrative of the town of which Mr. Green is the hero and model." (These I do not think it necessary to publish.) "Party feeling still runs high at Wakefield, and when the next election occurs, Mrs. Green expects to find big yellow bills on the gate pillars of Heath Common, 'Professor Ruskin on Ned Green,' and she is naturally angry.

"Of course he is not the sole offender. This case occurred to me because he is the most prominent type of the modern successful men who are to inaugurate a new era in the town's history. It is the blind leader of the blind in the downward way that things are going. Everybody wants to get rich like him; everybody who has greed and competence pushes to the front. The town council promise them they will make of Wakefield a second Bradford. Meanwhile they squabble about their duties, the streets are filthy, smallpox breeds there, and they set up a hospital in a tent. It catches fire, and nurse and patients are burnt together. I think that was eight or nine years since. Possibly arrangements are better now.

"You say truly that quickly acquired fortunes must be ill acquired, but you must live on my level to realise fully how the prospect and possibility of such gains are disorganizing middle-class life. English people do not lift their families along with them, as we reproach the 'clannish' Scotch with doing.

"Ignorant pride on the one hand, envy on the other, breed hate between those who should be a mutual stay. As classes are estranged, so are families.

"In conclusion, I must again say that I shall always feel regret at having pained Mrs. Green, but what I have said is true in all essentials.

"He is the hero of the men who are changing Wakefield so rapidly. I liked it better thirty years since, when, if it was poor, it was clean and honest.

"I am, dear Mr. Ruskin, yours truly,

"E. L."

24. I print the following first portion (about the fourth part) of a column and a half of the evidence on the Wakefield election petition,[1] sent me by my correspondent; though I do not suppose it to indicate anything more than compliance on Mr. Green's part with the ordinary customs of English electioneering.

"The trial of the petition against the return of Mr. Green, the Conservative member for Wakefield, was resumed this morning before Mr. Justice Grove. Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Mr. Chandos Leigh again appeared for the petitioners, and

[1] [Reported more briefly in the *Times*, April 22, 23, 24, 25, 1874. The petition ended in the unseating of Mr. Green on the ground of bribery by persons for whom he was legally responsible.]

Mr. C. Russell, Q.C., and Mr. Forbes for the respondent. There was again a crowded attendance.

"John Thompson, a tailor, and a voter in the Northgate Ward, said that about half-past six o'clock on Sunday, the 1st February—the day before the polling—'Counciller Joe' (Mr. J. Howden) called at his house and solicited his vote for Mr. Green. Witness said he did not think that he could give it, but if he did he must 'have something.' Mr. Howden said, 'If it's worth anything I'll let you know.' About half-past one o'clock on the polling day witness again saw him. Mr. Howden said, 'If you vote for Green, I'll send you 10s. for your day's wage.' Witness said, 'No'; and they parted.

"Cross-examined: Witness did not say to Mr. Howden that he had already been offered a couple of pounds. He was a strong Radical. Mr. Howden was at witness's house several times, but he only saw him once. He (witness) voted about half-past two in the afternoon.

"Elizabeth Thompson, wife of the last witness, said that on the Saturday and Sunday before the polling day Mr. J. Howden called to solicit her husband's vote, and he said, 'If he votes for Green, I'll see that he is paid.' On the Monday, when Mr. Howden called, he said, 'If your husband votes for Green I'll give him 5s. out of my own pocket, and see that he is 'tipped' in the committee-room.' Later in the day, her husband was at home when Howden called, and they left the house together.

"Henry Blades, a blacksmith's striker, and a voter in the Westgate Ward, said that on the day of the election Mr. Ough gave him £2 in the Finisher Off public-house, on condition that he voted for Mr. Green. Witness voted in the course of the day.

"Cross-examined: Witness, since he received his subpœna, had met Mr. Gill, the respondent's solicitor, and others, at the Bull Hotel, and put his name to a paper, of the nature of which he was ignorant.

"Mr. Russell: Was it not a statement, made by yourself, and taken down in writing, to the effect that you had never received any bribe or offer of a bribe?

"Witness: I don't know. They asked me to sign the paper, and I signed it. I was not sober.

"Re-examined by Mr. Hawkins: Witness was sent for to the Bull. He received there, after making his statement, two glasses of beer, and 5s. in money—the latter from Mr. Ough.

"Henry Lodge said that on the afternoon of the election he was in Farrar's beer-house, in Westgate. Blades was there 'fresh,' and taking three half-sovereigns from his pocket, he threw them on the table, and said, 'That's the sort to have.'

"James Meeghan, an Irish labourer, said that he was a voter for the borough, and on the polling day was canvassed by Mr. Kay for the Conservatives. He met Mr. Kay in the polling booth, and received from him 10s. Before voting, witness said to Mr. Kay that he was a poor man and could not afford to lose his day's wage. Mr. Kay said, 'I can't give you a bribe—that's against the law; but as you have had to pay your mates for doing your work, you shall have something.' In the polling station Mr. Kay held a half-sovereign in his hand, behind him, and witness took it.

"Cross-examined: Mr. Kay offered witness the 10s. out of his own pocket.

"Mr. Russell (to the Judge): What this man says is quite true. Mr. Kay does not deny that he gave him half a sovereign for his loss of time.

"Patrick M'Hugh, an Irish labourer, and a voter in the Northgate Ward, said that on the polling day he visited the Conservative committee-room at the Zetland School, and saw Mr. Tom Howden. Mr. Howden said, 'Are you going to vote?' Witness replied, 'I suppose so'; and Mr. Howden said, 'Come this way and I'll show you how.' Witness was taken into a back room, and there Mr. Howden said, 'Well, how much?' Witness said, 'Three,' and Mr. Howden took them out of his pocket (three sovereigns), and said, 'See there.' Witness took the money and voted. He had, since receiving his subpœna, been away from Wakefield.

"Cross-examined: Witness had visited Harrogate—staying a week there to take

the waters—(laughter),—and afterwards Thirsk. He paid his own expenses and travelled alone, having been recommended by a doctor to go away for the benefit of his health.

"Mr. Russell: Who was the doctor?

"Witness: Mr. Unthank—(great laughter);—Mr. Unthank being a chemist, and a prominent Liberal. He said that if I could go, and was strong enough, a bit of an out would do me good. (Laughter.) The £3 that I received at the election supported me while I was away.

"James Wright, a police officer of the borough of Wakefield, said that on the polling day he was acting as doorkeeper at the Zetland Street polling station, and observed Mr. Priestly hand some money to one who presented himself as a voter. Witness followed the voter into the booth, and pointed him out to his superior officer. The man voted, and then left. Mr. Priestly was busily employed during the polling hours in conducting voters from the Conservative committee-room to the polling station.

"Cross-examined: At half-past three Priestly was 'fresh' in drink, and it was found necessary to keep him out of the polling station. He was in Mr. Green's employment. Witness could not say what amount of money passed; but some one in the crowd, who also saw the transaction, said to Priestly, 'You are doing it too brown.' (Laughter.)"

25. The letters next following are from an entirely honest engineer workman, a Companion of St. George.

"Dear Master,—I read Mrs. Green's letter in the November *Fors* two or three days ago, and yesterday I adopted the hint in it to inquire amongst the workmen. I asked one working beside me, who I knew came from Yorkshire, if he ever worked in Wakefield, and, curiously enough, he belongs there, and was apprenticed in a workshop close to Mr. Green's. He says he knows the place well, and that certainly when he was there, 'at six o'clock, or some approximate hour,' the firm of Green and Son, 'issued its counter-order' with a horrible noise; and not only at six o'clock, but also after meals.

"He also tells me that the wages of a working engineer in the workshop of Green and Son average 22s. a week, and I know that here, in London, they average 38s. a week, and Wakefield is close to coal and iron, while London is not. It may be, as I once heard it urged, that the workmen in London are superior as workmen to those in the provinces; but my experience, which has been considerable in London and the provinces as a working engineer, enables me to assert that this is not the case. Also it may be urged that low wages prevail in the provinces, but in Glasgow I got 30s. a week two years ago, and this week meant fifty-one hours, while in Wakefield a week's work means fifty-four hours.

"Since Mr. Green derives no pecuniary benefit from Wakefield, it is evident from the above that the London and Glasgow engineers are very ingenious persons indeed, if they contrive to get pecuniary benefit from the cities in which they issue their 'counter-order.'

"Moreover, my fellow-workman tells me that there is a system of piece-work carried on in the workshop of Green and Son, which is extended to the *apprentices*, so that the boys are set to think, not how to learn to work properly, but how to learn to get hold of the greatest number of shillings they can in a week. In the man the desire for more money is tempered with forethought: he knows that if he earns more than a certain amount the price of his job will be cut down; but the boy does not consider this, and *his* price, to use the language of the workshop, is cut down accordingly.

"Mrs. Green in her letter says Mr. Green never had a forge. This means that he never had a place which exclusively turned out forgings. But connected with Mr. Green's establishment, my fellow-workman tells me, are forges, as indeed there are in every engineering work I have seen. Besides, there is constantly

carried on a process of moulding 'pig iron' at Mr. Green's place, which requires the most intense heat, and to which the workmen are exposed, as they are at the forge Mrs. Green speaks of. (In your lectures to the students at Oxford in 1870, you say that work requiring the use of fire must be reduced to its minimum, and speak of its effects in Greek.[1] I know some of its evil effects on the blacksmiths, but I wonder if it is desirable for me to know the meaning of the Greek language you use on that occasion.) (Yes; but you need not be in any hurry about it.)

"It would seem, then, that Mr. Green stays at Heath Hall, and cultivates an ideal refinement in art, while he is instrumental in causing two or three hundred men and boys in Wakefield, from whom he derives no pecuniary benefit, to cultivate there the fine art of music in the shriek and roar of machines all day, to cultivate a trader's eagerness for bargaining, instead of a wish to do good work, and to cultivate an acquaintance with the sort of work which, over ten years' constant experience in it tells me, is the most effective in this country for qualifying themselves and others for admission to the Ophthalmic, Orthopedic, and other institutions mentioned by your correspondent, E. L.

"Last week I had intelligence of the death of a young engineer friend of mine. A boiler burst while he was standing by, and shot him a distance of sixty yards, killing him instantly

"Dear Master, if I have made a mistake in troubling you with these notes on Mrs. Green's letter, I am sorry, but I could not resist the impulse to write to you after what I learned from my fellow-workman. I believe the facts are reliable, and at any rate I can give the workman's name who furnished them, if it is wanted."

"Dear Master,—Since I wrote to you last I chanced on another workman, who has worked in Green's shop. He tells me it is known among the workmen as 'The Port in a Storm.'

"My first informant also, unasked, wrote to Wakefield for further information. He showed me the letter in reply, which says that Green's whistle (it is also called a 'buzzard') was not stopped till force was applied.

"'The Port in a Storm' means that only when assailed by the fierce storm of hunger do the workmen think of applying for work at Green's place; that is, when they can't get work anywhere else in the neighbourhood."

These letters appear to me entirely to justify the impression under which E. L. wrote; but of course I shall be most happy if Mr. Green will furnish me with more accurate indication of the persons who have made Wakefield the horrible spectacle that it is. For although many of my discreet friends cry out upon me for allowing "personalities," it is my firm conviction that only by justly personal direction of blame can any abuse be vigorously dealt with. And, as I will answer for the sincerity and impartiality of attack, so I trust to make it always finally accurate in aim and in limitation.

[1] [*Lectures on Art*, Lecture IV., § 123 (Vol. XX. p. 113).]

LETTER 63

SIT SPLENDOR[1]

1. I FIND it wholly impossible to crush into one *Fors* what I have been gathering of Bible lesson, natural history lesson, and writing lesson, and to leave room enough for what I have to give of immediate explanation to the Companions, now daily increasing in number. My readers must bear with me—I cannot do more than I am doing, though every day I wonder more at there being so many things apparently my duty to do, while I have only two feeble hands for all of them.

But this much of general statement of the meaning of our Companionship is now absolutely necessary.

Of course, the first natural idea taken up by persons who merely hear talk, or read newspapers, about the Company, is that their domain is intended for a *refuge* for the persons who join it—that within its walls the poor are at once to be made rich, and the sorrowful happy.

Alas, this is not by any means the notion of the St. George's Company. It is to be a band of delivering knights —not of churls needing deliverance; of eager givers and servants—not of eager beggars,* and persons needing service. It is only the Rich, and the Strong, whom I receive for Companions,—those who come not to be ministered unto, but to minister.[2] Rich, yet some of them in other kind of riches than the world's; strong, yet some in other than the world's strength. But this much at least of literal wealth

* See note at end of this letter [p. 555].

[1] [Psalms xc. 17 : see below, § 4, and above, Letter 58, § 14. "Rogues' Paradise" (see below, § 8) and "My Aunt Jessie" (see below, § 11) were rejected titles.]

[2] [Matthew xx. 28.]

and strength they *must* have,—the power, and formed habit, of self-support. I accept no Companion by whom I am not convinced that the Society will be aided rather than burdened; and although I value intelligence, resolution, and personal strength, more than any other riches, I hope to find, in a little while, that there are people in the world who can hold money without being blinded, by their possession of it, to justice or duty.

2. The Companions whom I accept will be divided, according to their means and circumstances, into three classes.

The first and highest class will be called "Comites Ministrantes," "Companions Servant." It will be composed of the few who devote their main energy to the work of the Company; and who, as I do myself, and as the Master must always, pursue their private avocations only in subjection to its interests, being at the same time in positions absolutely independent, and openly shown to be so.

The second, or middle class, will be called "Comites Militantes," "Companions Militant."

These will be persons occupied actually in manual labour on the ground, or in any work which the Master may order, for the fulfilment of the Society's functions; being dependent on such labour for their maintenance, under the conditions fixed by the Company's statutes.

The third and lowest order will be called "Comites Consilii" (Friends of, or in, Council), "Companions Consular," who will form the general body of the Society, being occupied in their own affairs as earnestly as before they joined it; but giving it the tenth of their income; and in all points, involving its principles, obeying the orders of the Master. Thus almost any tradesman may continue his trade, being a Companion; but, if a jeweller, he must not sell false jewels; or if a butcher (I have one accepted already,[1] and I very much want to get a butcher's daughter, if I could; but she won't come), must not sell bad meat.

[1] [The Companion in question, though the son of a butcher, was himself a stock-broker.]

I at first meant them to be called "Censors," or "Companions Estimant," because when the Society comes into real work, the sentences of fine, or other disgrace, pronounced by the marshals' officers, and the general modes of determining quality and value of goods, must be always ratified by majority of this order of the Companions, in whom also, by virtue of their number, the election, and therefore censorship, of the Master, will necessarily be vested.

3. To these last, especially, I have now some special matters to write.

Will you please look back to the *Fors* of December 24th, last year,[1] § 15, and tell me,—or rather, which is chiefly needful, answer to yourselves, how far you have reflected, since reading it, on the nature of "unfruitful works of darkness";[2] how many you have abandoned, and how many reproved. It is too probable that you have not, even yet, the slightest idea what works of darkness are. You know,—they can't mean merely murder, or adultery, or theft. You don't, when you go to church, mean to pray that you may have grace to give up committing murder or adultery, or that you may "rather reprove *them*"?[2] But what then is it that you pray to give up? If you don't know, are you not, yet, in the least, ashamed of yourselves, for going every Sunday, if not every day, to pray to God, without having the dimmest idea what you mean to ask Him for?

Well,—not to be farther teasing about it,—in the first and simple sense, works of darkness are useless, or ill-done, or half-done, things, which pretend to be good, or to be wholly done; and so mislead or betray.

In the deeper and final sense, a work of darkness is one that seeks concealment, and conceals facts; or even casts disdain and disgrace on facts.

4. A work of light is one that seeks light, and that, not

[1] [Not last year, but the year before last, Letter 48 (p. 215).]
[2] [Ephesians v. 11.]

for its own sake, but to light all men; so that all workers of good work delight in witnesses; only with true desire that the witnesses' pleasure may be greater than theirs; and that the Eternal witnesses—the Cloud around us, and Powers above—may have chief pleasure of all:—(see on this matter, *Eagle's Nest*, § 53[1]). So that, of these works, what was written of St. Bernard must be always true, "Opera sancti Patris velut Sol in conspectu Dei;" for indeed they are a true Light of the world, infinitely better in the Creator's sight than its dead sunshine; and the discovery by modern science that all mortal strength is from the Sun, while it has thrown foolish persons into atheism, is, to wise ones, the most precious testimony to their faith yet given by physical nature; for it gives us the arithmetical and measurable assurance that men vitally active are living sunshine,[2] having the roots of their souls set in sunlight, as the roots of a tree are in the earth; not that the dust is therefore the God of the tree, but the Tree is the animation of the dust, and the living Soul, of the sunshine. And now you will understand the meaning of the words on our St. George's wealth,—"Sit splendor."[3]

And you must take care that your works do shine before men,[4] as it may be, as a lamp; but at least, as a shield;—nay, if your Captain in Heaven wills it, as a sword.

5. For the failure of all good people nowadays is that, associating politely with wicked persons, countenancing them in their wickedness, and often joining in it, they think to avert its consequences by collaterally labouring to repair the ruin it has caused; and while, in the morning, they satisfy their hearts by ministering to the wants of two or three destitute persons, in the evening they dine with, envy, and prepare themselves to follow the example of, the rich

[1] [Vol. XXII. p. 159.]

[2] [The passage from "what was written of St. Bernard" down to "living sunshine" is repeated, with some alterations, in *Deucalion*, i. ch. vii. § 32 (Vol. XXVI. p. 183).]

[3] [The title to this letter: and see Letter 58, § 14 (p. 430).]

[4] [Compare Matthew v. 16.]

speculator who has caused the destitution of two or three thousand. They are thus destroying more in hours than they can amend in years; or, at the best, vainly feeding the famine-struck populations, in the rear of a devouring army, always on the increase in mass of numbers, and rapidity of march.

Now I call on the St. George's Company, first, to separate themselves clearly, as a body, from persons who practise recognized, visible, unquestionable iniquity.[1] They are to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of Darkness; but to walk as Children of Light.[2]

Literally, observe. Those phrases of the Bible are entirely evaded, because we never apply them to immediate practice.

St. George's Companions are to have *no fellowship* with works of darkness; no companionship whatsoever with recognizable mischief, or mischievous men. Of every person of your acquaintance, you are solemnly to ask yourselves, "*Is* this man a swindler, a liar, a gambler, an adulterer, a selfish oppressor, and task-master?"

6. Don't suppose you can't tell. You can tell with perfect ease; or, if you meet any mysterious personage of whom it proves difficult to ascertain whether he be rogue or not, keep clear of him till you know. With those whom you *know* to be honest, *know* to be innocent, *know* to be striving, with main purpose, to serve mankind and honour their God, you are humbly and lovingly to associate yourselves: and with none others.

"You don't like to set yourselves up for being better than other people? You dare not judge harshly of your fellow-creatures?"

I do not tell you to judge them. I only tell you not to dine with them, and not to deal with them. That they lose the pleasure of your company, or the profit on your

[1] [On this point, see Ruskin's *Abstract of the Objects and Constitution of St. George's Guild*, § 1 (Vol. XXX.).]

[2] [Ephesians v. 8.]

custom, is no crushing punishment. To their own Master they stand or fall ;[1] but to *your* Master, Christ,* *you* must stand, with your best might; and in this manner only, self-asserting as you may think it, can you confess Him before men. Why do you suppose that thundrous word of His impends over your denial of Him, "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before Angels,"[2] but because you are sure to be constantly tempted to such denial?

7. How, therefore, observe, in modern days, are you so tempted. Is not the temptation rather, *as it seems*, to confess Him? Is it difficult and shameful to go to church?—would it not require more courage to stay away? Is it difficult or shameful to shut your shop on Sunday, in the East,—or, to abstain from your ride in the Park on Sunday in the West? Is it dangerous to hold family worship in your house, or dishonourable to be seen with a cross on your Prayer Book? None of these modes or aspects of confession will bring any outcry against you from the world. You will have its good word, on the contrary, for each and all of them. But declare that you mean to speak truth,—and speak it, for an hour; that you mean to abstain from luxury, —and abstain from it, for a day; that you, obeying God's law, will resolutely refuse fellowship with the disobedient; —and be "not at home" to them, for a week: and hear *then* what the High Priests' servants will say to you, round the fire.[3]

8. And observe, it is in charity for them, much more than by duty to others, that you are required to do this. For half, at least, of these Caiaphas' servants sin through pure ignorance, confirmed by custom. The essential difference in business, for instance, between a man of honour

* I have got no Turks yet in the Company: when any join it, I will give them Koran enough for what I ask of them.

[1] [Romans xiv. 4.]
[2] [Matthew x. 33.]
[3] [Mark xiv. 54, 66–72.]

and a rogue, is that the first tries to give as *much* to his customer for his money as he can, and the second to give as *little;* but how many are at present engaged in business who are trying to sell their goods at as high a price as possible, supposing that effort to be the very soul and vital principle of business! Now by simply asserting to these ignorant persons that they *are* rogues, whether they know it or not; and that, in the present era of general enlightenment, gentlemen and ladies must not only learn to spell and to dance, but also to know the difference between cheating their neighbours and serving them; and that, as on the whole it is inexpedient to receive people who don't know how to express themselves grammatically, in the higher circles of society, much more is it inexpedient to receive those who don't know how to behave themselves honestly. And by the mere assertion, practically, of this assured fact to your acquaintance's faces, by the direct intervention of a deal door between theirs and yours, you will startle them out of their Rogues' Paradise in a most healthful manner, and be the most orthodox and eloquent evangelical preacher to them that they have ever heard since they were born.

9. But all this must, of course, be done with extreme tenderness and modesty, though with absolute decision; and under much submission to their elders by young people—especially those living in their fathers' houses. I shall not, of course, receive any Companions under age; but already there are some names on my list of young unmarried women: and, while I have shown in all former writings that I hold the power of such to be the greatest, because the purest, of all social ones, I must as definitely now warn them against any manifestation of feeling or principle tending to break the unity of their home circles. They are bound to receive their father's friends as their own, and to comply in all sweet and subjected ways with the wishes and habits of their parents; remaining calmly certain that the Law of God, for them, is that while they remain

at home they shall be spirits of Peace and Humility beneath its roof. In all rightly ordered households, the confidence between the parent and child is such that in the event of a parent's wish becoming contrary to a child's feeling of its general duty, there would be no fear or discomfort on the child's part in expressing its thoughts. The moment these are necessarily repressed, there is wrong somewhere; and in houses ordered according to the ways of modern fashionable life, there *must* be wrong, often, and everywhere. But the main curse of modern society is that, beginning by training its youth to be "independent" and disobedient, this carefully cultivated independence shows itself, of course, by rejecting whatever is noble and honourable in their fathers' houses, and never by healing or atoning what is faultful.

Of all St. George's young Companions, therefore, he requires first the graces of gentleness and humility; nor, on the whole, much independent action of any kind; but only the quiet resolve to find out what is absolutely right, and, so far as it may be kindly and inoffensively practised, to fulfil it, at home; and so far as it may be modestly and decorously uttered, to express the same abroad. And a well-bred young lady has always personal power enough of favour and discouragement, among persons of her own age, to satisfy the extremest demands of conscience in this direction.

10. And now let me see what room I have left for talk of present matters. Here is a piece printed a fortnight since, which I can't be plagued to keep in type till next month.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *8th February*, 1876.

I am fifty-seven to-day; and may perhaps be allowed to talk a little of myself.

Among several pretty love-letters from my pets, which only make me sorrier that I'm fifty-seven—but I really don't think some of the letters could be nicer if I were

only twenty-seven—there's one with a ghost story in it, more precious to me than all the others, seeing I draw more quickly * near, now, daily, to the Loyal land.[1]

I may as well write it as I read, thus:—

"I heard such a pretty story last night of something that happened at a school in Germany, not long since. It was the custom of one of the masters to go round every night to the dormitories to see that the boys were asleep, all right. One night he was astonished to see a lady go up to one of the boys, stoop over him and kiss him, and then vanish. Next morning, news came that the mother of that particular boy had died at the time. Isn't it lovely? Even A. believes that."

Yes; and A. does wisely; and so may B., and C.: but yet I should much like to know *what* particular boy, in what particular school in Germany.

11. Nevertheless, the story has more value for me because it is written to me by a person[2] who herself saw the shade—or rather light—of her sister, at the time of that sister's death on the other side of the world; being a member of that branch of my family in which some gift of the Scottish second-sight remains, inherited by my paternal grandmother, who ran away with my paternal grandfather when she was not quite sixteen;[3] and my aunt Jessie (my father's only sister) was born a year afterwards; a few weeks after which event my grandmother, not yet seventeen, was surprised (by a friend who came into her room unannounced) dancing a threesome reel, with two chairs for her partners, she having found at the moment no other way of adequately expressing the pleasure she took in this mortal life, and its gifts, and promises.

The latter failed somewhat afterwards; and my aunt Jessie, a very precious and perfect creature, beautiful in her dark-eyed, Highland way, utterly religious, in her quiet

* Every day taking more away than the one before it.

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[1] [For the Land of the Leal, see Vol. XXVII. p. 601.]

[2] [Mrs. Arthur Severn.]

[3] [See *Præterita*, i. ch. iii. §§ 69, 70, where the remainder of § 11 here and the whole of § 12 were repeated, with some revisions.]

Puritan way, and very submissive to Fates mostly unkind, married, or was married to—I never could make out exactly which, or why,—a somewhat rough tanner, with a fairly good business, in the good town of Perth; and, when I was old enough to be taken first to visit them, as aforesaid, my aunt and my uncle the tanner lived in a good square-built grey stone house at the "Bridge End" of Perth, some fifty yards north of the bridge; their garden sloping steeply to the Tay, which eddied, three or four feet deep of sombre crystal, round the steps where the servants dipped their pails.

12. My aggrieved correspondent of Wakefield thought to cure me with her delicate "Fie," of what she supposed my coarse habit of sneering at people of no ancestry.[1] I have it not; yet might have fallen into it in my youth, for I remember now, with more grief and shame than I can speak, being once ashamed of my own father and mother in Mr. Ryman's shop[2] here in Oxford; nor am I entirely at ease, at this moment, in writing of my uncles the baker and the tanner; yet my readers may trust me when I tell them that, in now remembering my dreams in the house of the entirely honest chief baker of Market Street, Croydon; and of Peter—not Simon—the tanner, whose house was by the riverside of Perth, I would not change the dreams, far less the tender realities, of those early days, for anything I hear now remembered by lords or dames, of their days of childhood in castle halls, and by sweet lawns and lakes in park-walled forest.

13. I do not mean this for a republican sentiment; quite the opposite. I hate republicans, as I do all other manner of fools. I love Lords and Ladies (especially unmarried ones, with beautiful three-syllabled Christian-names. I know a simple two-syllabled one, also, very charming); and Earls, and Countesses, and Marquises and Marchionesses, and Honourables, and Sirs; and I bow down before

[1] [See Letter 59, § 15 (p. 457).]
[2] [The well-known printseller's, in the High Street.]

them and worship them, in the way that Mr. Thackeray thought "snobs" did:[1] he never perceiving with all the wit of him (being mostly spent in mean smell-fungus[2] work which spoiled its scent), that it is *himself* the snob truly worships, all the time, and not the Lord he looks at. But my way of worship was Walter Scott's, which my father taught me (always excepting such recreance as that in Mr. Ryman's shop). And therefore, when I say I would not change my dreams of Market Street, and Bridge End, and Rose Terrace (where we used to live after my uncle died, briefly apoplectic, at Bridge End), for anything that the Palatial and Maxime-Pontifical abodes of Nobles and Bishops give them—I mean simply that I had a home, being a child, and loved it, and did not then, and do not now, covet my neighbour's house:* but cling to every likeness findable in these ruinous days to the places of peace given me in that lowly time.

Peace, and the knowledge of God it gave me. For, by the way, observe in that sacredest of benedictions, which my Dean gave me in my own cathedral last Sunday (I being an honorary student of Christ Church;—and there *are* only nine altogether, if you please to look in the Oxford Calendar[3]), "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God;"[4]—observe, I say, for we do not always think of this, it is not the knowledge that is to give peace, but the peace which is to give knowledge; so that as long as we fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of

* Compare Letter 21, § 16 [Vol. XXVII. p. 362].

[1] [For Ruskin on Thackeray, see Vol. XVIII. p. 130 *n.*, and Vol. XX. p. 208.]

[2] [Adapted by Ruskin from "Smelfungus" of Carlyle's *Friedrich*.]

[3] [For Ruskin's election to this honour in 1858, see Vol. XVI. p. xix. Four other honorary students were elected at the same time—namely, Acland, Cornewall Lewis, Gladstone, and Gore-Ouseley. The nine at this time were (in addition to Acland, Gladstone, Gore-Ouseley and Ruskin), Lord Hatherley, Lord Selborne, Lord Carlingford, Sir J. T. Coleridge, and Dr. C. B. Scott. "Nine altogether" is here substituted for "eight" (in all previous editions) in accordance with a correction made by Ruskin in Rawdon Brown's copy of this letter, now in the Library of St. Mark at Venice.]

[4] [The Blessing in the Order of Holy Communion.]

wickedness,[1] and bite and devour one another, and are consumed one of another[2]—every traveller paying an eight per cent. tax in his fare, for dividend to a consuming railroad company—we can't know anything about God at all. And compare again *Eagle's Nest*, §§ 195, 204–206.[3]

14. There, then, at Rose Terrace, I lived in peace in the fair Scotch summer days, with my widowed aunt, and my little cousin Jessie, then traversing a bright space between her sixth and ninth year; dark-eyed deeply, like her mother, and similarly pious; and she and I used to compete in the Sunday evening Scriptural examinations; and be as proud as two little peacocks because Jessie's elder brothers, and sister Mary, used to get "put down," and either Jessie or I was always "Dux." We agreed upon this that we would be married, when we were a little older; not considering it preparatorily necessary to be in any degree wiser.[4]

9th February.

15. I couldn't go on about my cousin Jessie, for I was interrupted by the second post with more birthday compliments, from young ladies now about Jessie's age—letters which of course required immediate answer,—some also with flowers, which required to be immediately put into water, and greatly worried me by upsetting themselves among my books all day afterwards; but I let myself be worried, for love;—and, from a well-meaning and kindly feeling friend, some very respectful and respectable poetry, beautifully written (and I read part of it, for love, but I had much rather he had sent me sixpence, for I hate poetry, mostly, and love pence, always); and to-day, half-past seven before chapel, my mind is otherwise set altogether, for I am

[1] [Isaiah lviii. 4.]
[2] [Galatians v. 15.]
[3] [Vol. XXII. pp. 253, 262–264.]
[4] [§ 14 here was repeated, with some revision, as part of § 70 in *Præterita*, vol. i. The author continued the subject of his Aunt Jessie in Letter 65, §§ 17–19 (pp. 602–605).]

reading Leviticus carefully now, for my life of Moses;[1] and, in working out the law of the feast of harvest, chanced on the notable verse, xxiii. 24: "In the seventh month, in the first day of the month, shall ye have a Sabbath, a memorial of blowing of trumpets, an holy convocation;" and then flashed on me, all in a minute, the real meaning of Holbein's introduction to the Dance of Death[2] (the fifth woodcut in the first edition), which till this moment I only took for his own symbol of the Triumph of Death, adopted from Orcagna and others, but which I see now, in an instant, to be the *un*-Holy Convocation; the gathering together to their temple of the Tribes of Death, and the blowing of trumpets on their solemn feast day, and sabbath of rest to the weary in evil doing.

16. And, busy friends, in the midst of all your charming preparations for the Spring season, you will do well to take some method of seeing that design, and meditating, with its help, upon the grave question, what kind of weariness *you* will have to rest from. My own thoughts of it are disturbed, as I look, by that drummer-death, in front,*

* I have desired Mr. Ward to prepare small photographs of this design, in case any reader cares to have it,—but mind, it is not altogether done according to Mr. Stopford Brooke's notion of the object of true art, "to please"—(see page 88 of the *Manual of English Literature*, just published by that omniscient divine—under the auspices of the all-and-sundry-scient Mr. J. R. Green, M.A.[3])—so, if you only want to be pleased, you had better not order it. But at any rate, order, if you wish to understand the next coming *Fors*, the Etruscan Leucothea, for comparison with your Lippi Madonna. Mr. Ward will have it ready, with my signature, about the next time *Fors* comes out;—or you can get it, unmounted, for a shilling, from Mr. Parker's agent in Rome.

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[1] [See above, p. 500. Ruskin read, and reread, the Bible narrative, and made many notes in his diaries; but the "Life of Moses" was never written.]

[2] [See Plate III.—which is an enlargement from Holbein's woodcut (the actual size being that of Fig. 2 in Vol. XXVII. (p. 78). The first edition was published at Lyons in 1538, quarto, containing forty-one cuts; in the third and subsequent editions there were fifty-three.]

[3] [*English Literature*, one of a series of "Literature Primers" published under the general editorship of J. R. Green, p. 88 of the first edition, 1876: "Shakespeare made men and women whose dramatic action on each other, and towards a catastrophe, was intended to please the public, not to reveal himself. He was altogether,

The Drummer Boy

Enlarged from Holbein's "Dance of Death"

with his rattling and ringing kettledrums (*he* the chief Musician in the Psalm for the sons of Korah[1]—Dathan and Abiram, because his sounding is on Skin with sticks of Bone), not always because of my general interest in drummers, but because, after being much impressed, when I was a child, by the verses I had to learn about the last trump, out of the 15th of 1st Corinthians,—when I became a man, and put away childish things,[2] I used often to wonder what we should all say of any sacred Saga among poor Indians whose untutored mind sees God in clouds,[3] if it told them that they were all to rise from the dead at the sound of the last drum.

17. And here I'm interrupted again by a delightful letter about the resurrection of snails, Atropos really managing matters, at present, like the daintiest and watchfullest housewife for me,[4]—everything in its place, and under my hand.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—As I have just read the last part of February *Fors*,[5] I want to say what I know about the little shells—(Helix virgata—I suppose). I think—indeed, am pretty sure, nearly, if not quite, all those shells had little live snails in them. I have found them in quantities on the South Downs near Lewes, on Roundway Hill near Devizes, near Lyme Regis, in North Wales; and before any of those places, on our own Hampton Common in Gloucestershire, where my sisters and myself used to gather those and other pretty ones when we were children. If you have any stored by, in a few months I think you will find them (if not shut up) walk away.

"When I was a girl I once had to choose a birthday present from one of my aunts, and asked for 'Turton's British Shells,' for I always wanted to know the name and history of everything I found; then I collected all the land and freshwater shells I could find, as I could not get *sea* shells—one of my longings—for I never saw the sea till after I was twenty, except for a few hours at Munsley in Norfolk, when I was eight years old. I have my little shells still; and have four or five varieties of Helix virgata: I think the number of rings increases as the shell goes on growing.

"'In the autumn these shells are often suddenly observed in such great numbers as to give rise to the popular notion of their having fallen from

from end to end, an artist." In later editions Mr. Brooke introduced qualifying words: "the true definition of the artist's aim, if the pleasure he desires to give be noble" (p. 102, 1880 edition).]

[1] [Psalm xlix., which, with several preceding Psalms, is headed "To the chief Musician for the sons of Korah."]

[2] [1 Corinthians xv. 52; xiii. 11.]

[3] [Pope, *Essay on Man*, I. 99.]

[4] [Compare, above, pp. 443, 451.]

[5] [Letter 62, §§ 14–16 (pp. 524–527).]

the clouds. This shell is very hardy, and appears nearly insensible to cold, as it does not hybernate even when the ground is covered with snow.'

"I always fancied the Lord let them lie about in such numbers to be food for some little birds, or may be rooks and starlings, robins, etc., in cold weather when there was so little to eat.

"I dare say you know how the blackbirds and thrushes eat the larger snails. I have often seen in the woods a very pretty coloured shell lying on a white stone,—the birds had put it there to crack a hole in it and to take out the snail. The shell looked such a pretty clear colour because it was alive, and yet empty."

Yes; the Holy Ghost of Life, not yet finally departed, can still give fair colours even to an empty shell. Evangelical friends,—worms, as you have long called yourselves,[1] here is a deeper expression of humility suggested possible: may not some of you be only painted shells of worms,—alive, yet empty?

18. Assuming my shell to be Helix virgata, I take down my magnificent French—(let me see if I can write its title without a mistake)—"Manuel de Conchyliologie et de Paléontologie Conchyliologique,"[2] or, in English, "Manual of Shell-talking and Old-body-talking in a Shell-talking manner." Eight hundred largest octavo—more like folio—pages of close print, with four thousand and odd (nearly five thousand) exquisite engravings of shells; and among them I look for the creatures elegantly, but inaccurately, called by modern naturalists Gasteropods; in English, Belly-feet (meaning, of course, to say Belly-walkers, for they haven't got any feet); and among these I find, with much pains, one that is rather like mine, of which I am told that it belongs to the sixteenth sort in the second tribe of the second family of the first sub-order of the second order of the Belly-walkers, and that it is called "Adeorbis subcarinatus,"—Adeorbis by Mr. Wood, and subcarinatus by Mr. Montagu; but I am not told where it is found, nor what sort of creature lives in it, nor any single thing whatever about it, except that it is "sufficiently depressed" ("assez déprimée"), and "deeply enough navelled" ("assez

[1] [In the often adopted language of Psalm xxii. 6.]
[2] [By Le Dr. J. C. Chenu, Paris, 1859. Ruskin quotes from vol. i. p. 352.]

profondement ombiliquée,"—but how on earth can I tell when a shell is navelled to a depth, in the author's opinion, satisfactory?), and that the turns (taken by the family) are "little numerous" ("peu nombreux"). On the whole, I am not disposed to think my shell is here described, and put my splendid book in its place again.

19. I next tried my English Cuvier,[1] in sixteen octavo volumes; in which I find no notice whatever taken of these minor snails, except a list of thirty-three species, finishing with an etc.; out of which I mark "Cretacea," "Terrestris," and "Nivea," as perhaps likely to fit mine; and then I come, by order of Atropos, on this amazing account of the domestic arrangements of a little French snail, "Helix decollata" (Guillotined snail?) with references to "Cm. Chemn. cxxxvi. 1254–1257," a species which "has the singular habit of successively fracturing the whorls at the top (origin, that is,—snails building their houses from heaven towards earth), of the spire, so that at a particular epoch, of all the whorls of the spire originally possessed by this bulimus, not a single one remains." Bulimus,—what's a bulimus? Helix is certainly a screw, and bulimus—in my Riddle's dictionary—is said to be "empty-bellied."[2] Then this French snail, revolutionary in the manner of a screw, appears to be a belly-walker with an empty belly, and no neck,—who literally "breaks up" his establishment every year! Query—breaks? or melts? Confraction, or confusion?

20. I must put my fine English book back in its place, too;—but here, at last, comes a "work of light"[3] to help us, from my favourite pupil, who was out with me that day on the Downs,[4] and nearly killed himself with keeping a fox in sight on foot, up and down them;—happily

[1] [*The Animal Kingdom arranged in Conformity with its Organisation, by the Baron Cuvier, with additional descriptions* . . . by Edward Griffith and others, 16 vols., London, 1827–1835. Ruskin quotes from vol. xii. pp. 30, 31. "*Helix decollata*, Gm.," *i.e.*, as explained in vol. xvi. ("Table of Authors quoted"), so called in E. Germar's *Magazin der Entomologie*; "Chemn." refers to J. J. Chemnitz's *Conchyliology*.]

[2] [See below, p. 709 *n.*]

[3] [See above, § 3 (p. 540).]

[4] [See above, Letter 62, § 16 (p. 526).]

surviving, he has pursued the slower creature for me to its cave of silver earth; and writes thus:—

"I have sent you two little boxes—one containing common garden snail shells of various ages, and the other black striped Down shells; and you will see that in Box 1 the full-grown ones, with the strong finished lip, have four whorls each, and all the full-grown garden shells I have noticed had the same number, though they varied a little in size. The next largest in the box have only three and a half turns, but if they had lived longer they would have added on another half turn, bigger than all the rest of the shell put together. In fact, if one looks at this shell, one sees that any half whorl is half as large again as all the rest of the shell before it. Then, besides these, there are four or five younger shells, the smallest of which has only two and a half whorls, which exactly correspond to two and a half whorls taken from any of the larger shells; so

Fig. 9

I think we may conclude that a shell grows by adding on *length only* to the large end of a tapering tube, like a dunce's cap, which, however, is curled up like a ram's horn, to look prettier, take up less room, and allow the occupant to beat a retreat round the corner when a robin comes. By-the-bye, I wonder some birds don't grow bills like corkscrews, to get at the snails with.

"Then in Box No. 2 there are several black striped Down shells, and the full-grown ones have six whorls, and the smallest ones, which died young, some four and some five, according to age; but the dunce's cap is longer, and so there are more whorls.

"I couldn't get these facts clearly stated in two handbooks which I read. I suppose they took it for granted that one knew; but I found, what after all would lead one to infer the rest, that the young snail at birth corresponds to the colourless APEX of the shell, and that the colour only comes in that part which grows under the influence of light and air."

Wednesday, Feb. 9.

"Another fact is, that all the shells I ever remember looking at grow in the direction of the sun.

"Another fact. Since the shells have been in this room, my chimney-piece has been full of sleepy, small, long-bodied spiders, which had gone to sleep for the winter in these black and white caverns, out of the reach of flocks of half-starved larks and starlings."

21. I drew the three advancing stages of the common snail's houses, thus sent me, forthwith; and Mr. Burgess swiftly and rightly engraves them. Note that the apparent irregularities in the spirals are conditions of perspective, necessarily affecting the deeply projecting forms; note also that each whorl is partly hidden by the subsequent one, built with its edge lapping over it; and finally, that there is really, I believe, a modification, to some extent, and enlargement, of the inner whorls; until the domestic creature is satisfied with its length of cave, and expresses its rest in accomplished labour and full age, by putting that binding lip round its border, and term to its hope.

Wherein, building for the earth, we may wisely imitate it. Of other building, not with slime for mortar,[1] yet heavenward, we may perhaps conceive in due time.[2]

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22. I beg all my readers, but especially my Companions, to read with their best care the paper by Mr. Girdlestone,[3] which, by the author's kindly gift, I am enabled to send them with this *Fors*. It is the most complete and logical statement of Economic truth, in the points it touches, that I have ever seen in the English language: and to master it will be the best possible preparation for the study of personal duties to which I shall invite my Companions in my next letter.[4]

[1] [Genesis xi. 3; quoted also in Vol. XIX. p. 75.]

[2] [For a letter from another correspondent on the subject of these shells, see Letter 64, § 24 (p. 584).]

[3] [*Society Classified: in reply to the question, "How far is the saying true that every one lives either by Working, or by Begging, or by Stealing?"* A paper read at a meeting of the Weston-super-Mare Social Science Club, February 8, 1876, by E. D. Girdlestone, B.A., Weston-super-Mare, 1876. A penny tract, pp. 12. On the title-page of a second edition (pp. 16) Ruskin's words of commendation were printed.]

[4] [See pp. 564 *seq.*]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

23. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I give below our banker's account to the end of last year, drawn up by my friend Mr. W. Walker,[1] whom I asked to take salary as the Company's accountant, but who, as will be seen by the part of his letter I take leave here to print, gives us his work in true sympathy.

18, Yonge Park, Holloway, N.,
Nov. 11*th*, 1875.

Dear Sir,—I am of the same opinion as your printseller, and agree with him that "it is delightful to do business with you,"[2]—so you must please let me volunteer to be of any practical service so far as keeping accounts, etc., can be useful to you or the St. George's Company.

I readily accept the duties as *honorary* but not *titled* accountant, and as the labour is light, entailing very little trouble, my reward shall be the self-satisfaction in thinking I have done very little in the cause wherein you have done and are doing so very much.

Nevertheless, your kindly worded offer was gratefully received, and I was really pleased.

The enclosed accounts are a mere copy of the ledger items. I would have put all the names of the donors (I found a few), but you have a record, if I may judge from the notices in the December number of *Fors*.

With sincere respect, yours faithfully,

John Ruskin, Esq., LL.D. Wm. Walker.

[1] [The following is an earlier letter to Mr. William Walker (of the Union Bank of London), here reprinted from pp. 82–83 of the privately-issued *Letters from John Ruskin to F. J. Furnivall and other Correspondents* (1897):—]

"Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
"*April* 6*th*, 1875.

"Dear Mr. Walker,—I do not know when I have received more pleasure than from your kind letter to-day, and I very sincerely thank you for it, and for the interest you express in *Fors*, which is especially encouraging to me when I can meet with it in practical men.

"I do not feel less ashamed for trespassing on your time because you give it me so willingly, and I must indeed in future be more regular in my business proceedings—both in the facts and the notification of them. I suppose it is a long-established principle in human nature that men accumulating money are careful of it, and men diminishing it, careless; and I do not wonder that my friends begin to inquire of me with grave faces 'whether I am not ruining myself?' However, it will be some time yet before I come to my last ten thousand; and when I do—I must stop my gift-giving, and live, like the rest of my college fellows, on three hundred a year. At that rate my ten thousand will last me till I'm ninety-five. If my flesh and bones do as much—it's more than I expect of them. "Ever very gratefully yours,

"J Ruskin."]

[2] [See above, p. 458.]

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH)

Dr. IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND *Cr.*

1872.		£	s.	d.	1872.		£	s.	d.
Nov. 27.	To Cash	100	0	0	Dec. 4.	By Cheque Book	0	4	2
Dec. 11.	,, Draft at Peckham	25	0	0	Dec. 27.	Power of Attorney to receive Dividend on Consols	0	5	0
					Dec. 31.	By Balance	124	10	10
		£125	0	0			£125	0	0

1873.		£	s.	d.	1873.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance	124	10	10	March 13.	By Postage	0	0	3
Jan. 2.	,, John Ruskin, Esq.	30	0	0					
Feb. 10.	,, Ditto	20	0	0					
	,, Dividend on Consols, Jan., 1872	29	5	0					
	,, Dividend on Consols, July, 1872	103	5	0					
	,, Dividend on Consols, Jan., 1873	103	5	0					
April 15.	,, Draft at Blackheath	7	0	0					
June 10.	,, Draft at Bury St. Edmund's	13	10	0					
July 8.	,, R. J. Tyrwhitt	20	0	0					
July 9.	,, Dividend on £7000 Consols	103	13	9					
July 29.	,, John Ruskin, Esq.	20	0	0					
July 30.	,, No. 18	5	0	0		By Balance	579	9	4
		£579	9	7			£579	9	7

1874.		£	s.	d.	1874.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance	579	9	4	Dec. 10.	By Postage	0	0	3
	,, Interest on Current Account Balance	2	13	4		,, Purchase of £1000 Consols	918	15	0
	,, Draft at Durham by A. Hunt	25	0	0					
Jan. 7.	,, Dividend on £7000 Consols	103	13	9					
Jan. 17.	,, John Ruskin, Esq.	31	10	0					
Feb. 13.	,, Cash	10	0	0					
July 1.	,, Interest on Current Account Balance	7	4	8					
July 8.	,, Dividend on £7000 Consols	104	2	6					
Dec. 3.	,, John Ruskin, Esq.	20	0	0					
Dec. 6.	,, Ditto	*40	0	0					
Dec. 9.	,, Draft at Bilston (Wilkins)	5	0	0					
Dec. 11.	,, H. F. Smith	9	0	0					
	,, E. R. Gill	5	0	0					
	,, Mrs. Barnard	1	13	4					
	,, J. Temple	5	0	0					
Dec. 28.	,, Draft at Sheffield (Fowler)	20	0	0		By Balance	50	11	8
		£969	6	11			£969	6	11

* The £40 here acknowledged was an additional subscription from No. 8 subscriber, whose total subscription is therefore £60, not £20, as in above subscriber's account [p. 530]: in which also the initials of No. 38 should be S. G., and the sum £2, 2s. These errors will be corrected in next *Fors* [see p. 578], in which also I will separate the interest from the subscriptions.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Dr. *Cr.*

1875.		£	s.	d.	1875.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance . . .	50	11	8	Nov. 13.	By Cheque to John Ruskin, Esq. . .	500	0	0
Jan. 7.	,, Dividend on £7000 Consols . . .	104	2	6					
Feb. 4.	,, John Ruskin, Esq. .	105	10	0					
Feb. 8.	,, Draft at Manchester (Walker) . .	1	1	0					
March 1.	,, John Ruskin, Esq. .	17	2	0					
March 5.	,, Ditto . .	8	17	0					
	,, Draft at Bilston (Wilkins) . .	8	3	4					
April 23.	,, Irvine . . .	1	0	0					
May 1.	,, John Ruskin, Esq. .	20	0	0					
July 7.	,, Dividend on £8000 Consols . . .	119	0	0					
July 15.	,, John Ruskin, Esq. .	50	0	0					
Sept. 11.	,, G. Gilbert . .	5	0	0					
Sept. 28.	,, Draft at Bridgwater (Talbot) . . .	11	0	4					
Nov. 23.	,, By G. Allen . .	12	14	0	Dec. 31.	By Balance . . .	14	1	10
		£514	1	10			£514	1	10

1876.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance . . .	14	1	10

24. (II.) Affairs of the Master.*

* My friends (see a really kind article in the *Monetary Gazette*[1]) much doubt, and very naturally, the wisdom of this exposition. I indeed expected to appear to some better advantage; but that the confession is not wholly pleasant, and appears imprudent, only makes it the better example. Fors would have it so.

[1] [A review of Letter 62 in the number for February 16, 1876: "We are struck with the frankness with which Mr. Ruskin discloses his own personal wealth and expenses, and also the affairs of the St. George's Company, the members of which he is determined shall have 'glass pockets.' Society could never have expected so much as this from him; nor are we sure that in the present state of things such frankness is absolutely wise, especially in relation to his private affairs. But the act itself, and the manner of doing it, show a lofty courage that could only be inspired by purity of motive. Were the same spirit of frankness to pervade directors generally, and those who are charged with the responsibility of submitting accounts to the public, the miserable shams that afflict and oppress the community, both commercial and social, would within twelve months dissolve, and there would be some chance for the inauguration of the reign of truth. It is probably this consummation that Mr. Ruskin seeks to influence by his personal example."]

				£	s.	d.
Balance in Bank, 20th Jan., 1876				527	17	9
Received: Mr. Allen, on Publishing Account				50	0	0
Mr. Ellis, on ditto				7	0	0
Lecture, London Institution				10	10	0
				595	7	9
Jan. 24. Royal Insurance Company (*a*)	37	10	0			
27. F. Crawley (*b*)	25	0	0			
31. Taxes on Armorial Bearings, etc.	7	19	0			
Feb. 4. Warren and Jones—Tea for Shop	36	1	0			
6. Buying a lad off who had enlisted and repented	20	0	0			
7. Christmas Gifts in Oxford	14	10	0			
7. Klein (*c*)	5	0	0			
7. Pocket Money	10	10	0			
7. Crawley	5	0	0			
8. Miss Rudkin, Clifford Street (*d*)	14	14	0			
11. Dr. Parsons (*e*)	21	0	0			
11. The Bursar of Corpus (*f*)	27	7	3			
13. Professor Westwood (*g*)	50	0	0			
14. Mr. Sly (*h*), Coniston, Waterhead Inn	33	0	0			
19. Downs (*i*)	25	0	0			
20. Subscriptions to Societies, learned and other (*k*)	37	11	0			
				370	2	3[1]
Balance Feb. 20				£225	5	6

(*a*) Insurance on £15,000 worth of drawings and books in my rooms at Oxford.

(*b*) Particulars of this account to be afterwards given;[2] my Oxford assistant having just lost his wife, and been subjected to unusual expenses.

(*c*) My present valet, a delightful old German, on temporary service.

(*d*) Present, on my birthday, of a silk frock to one of my pets. It became her very nicely; but I think there was a little too much silk in the flounces.[3]

(*e*) My good doctor at Coniston. Had to drive over from Hawkshead every other winter day, because I wouldn't stop drinking too much tea—also my servants were ill.

(*f*) About four times this sum will keep me comfortably—all the year round—here among my Oxford friends—when I have reduced myself to the utmost allowable limit of a St. George's Master's income—366 pounds a year (the odd pound for luck).

(*g*) For Copies of the Book of Kells, bought of a poor artist. Very beautiful, and good for gifts to St. George.[4]

[1] [Hitherto printed "£360 2 0": see the correction made below, p. 585. The balance (hitherto printed £225 5s. 9d.) is here also corrected, as marked by Ruskin in Rawdon Brown's copy in the Library of St. Mark. Ruskin's note of correction is dated "J. R. Venice. 7th Nov., 1876."]

[2] [This, however, was not done.]

[3] [See below, p. 610.]

[4] [There are no examples of the Book of Kells in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, but there are some in his Drawing School at Oxford (see Vol. XXI. p. 50 *n.*), and others were placed by him at Whitelands College, Chelsea.]

(*h*) My honest host (happily falsifying his name), for friends when I haven't houseroom, etc. This bill chiefly for hire of carriages.

(*i*) Downs shall give account of himself in next *Fors*.[1]

		£	s.
(*k*)	Athenæum	7	7
	Alpine Club	1	1
	Early English Text Society	10	10
	Horticultural	4	4
	Geological	2	2
	Architectural	1	1
	Historical	1	1
	Anthropological	2	2
	Consumption Hospital	3	3
	Lifeboat	5	0
		£37	11

[1] [This, however, was not done. But see Letter 66, § 22 (pp. 631-632), for a "typical example of one of Downs's weekly bills."]

LETTER 64[1]

THE THREE SARCOPHAGI[2]

1. I WILL begin my letter to-day with our Bible lesson, out of which other necessary lessons will spring. We must take the remaining three sons of Ham together,[3] in relation to each other and to Israel.

Mizraim, the Egyptian; Phut, the Ethiopian; Sidon, the Sidonian:[4] or, in breadth of meaning, the three African powers,—A, of the watered plain, B, of the desert, and C, of the sea; the latter throning itself on the opposite rocks of Tyre, and returning to culminate in Carthage.

A. Egypt is essentially the Hamite slavish *strength* of body and intellect.

B. Ethiopia, the Hamite slavish *affliction* of body and intellect; condemnation of the darkened race that can no more change its skin than the leopard its spots;[5] yet capable, in its desolation, of nobleness. Read the "What doth hinder me to be baptized?—If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest"[6] of the Acts; and after that the description in the *Daily Telegraph* (first Monday of March[7]) of the Nubian king, with his sword and his Bible at his right hand, and the tame lioness with her cubs, for his playmates, at his left.

[1] [With this Letter was issued another of Mr. Girdlestone's pamphlets: see below, § 19 *n.*, p. 576.]

[2] [See below, § 10.]

[3] [The analysis of Genesis is here continued from Letter 62, p. 523.]

[4] [See Genesis x. 6 and 15.]

[5] [Jeremiah xiii. 23.]

[6] [Acts viii. 36, 37.]

[7] [Ruskin refers to Johannes, King of Abyssinia, against whom an Egyptian expedition was at this time proceeding. A special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* (Monday, *February* 26, 1876) describes "this royal warrior" as "regularly attended by three loose lions who are always on hand when he receives his nobility or foreigners of distinction."]

C. Tyre[1] is the Hamite slavish *pleasure* of sensual and idolatrous art, clothing her nakedness with sea purple. She is lady of all beautiful carnal pride, and of the commerce that feeds it,—her power over the Israelite being to beguile, or help for pay, as Hiram.[2]

But Ethiopia and Tyre are always connected with each other: Tyre, the queen of commerce; Ethiopia, her gold-bringing slave; the redemption of these being Christ's utmost victory. "They of Tyre, with the Morians—*there*, even *there*, was He born." "Then shall princes come out of Egypt, and Ethiopia stretch forth her hands unto God." "He shall let go my captives, not for price; and the *labour* of Egypt, and *merchandise* of Ethiopia, shall come over unto thee, and shall be thine." *

2. Learn now, after the fifteenth, also the sixteenth verse of Genesis x.,[3] and read the fifteenth chapter with extreme care.[4] If you have a good memory, learn it by heart from beginning to end; it is one of the most sublime and pregnant passages in the entire compass of ancient literature.

Then understand generally that the spiritual meaning of Egyptian slavery is *labour without hope*, but having all the reward, and all the safety of labour absolute. Its beginning is to discipline and adorn the body,—its end is to embalm the body; its religion is first to restrain, then to judge, "whatsoever things are done in the body, whether they be good or evil."[5] Therefore, whatever may be well done by

* Psalm lxviii. 31; lxxxiii. 7 and 8; lxxxvii. 4;[6] Isaiah xlv. 13, 14. I am not sure of my interpretation of the 87th Psalm; but, as far as any significance exists in it to our present knowledge, it can only be of the power of the Nativity of Christ to save Rahab the harlot,[7] Philistia the giant, Tyre the trader, and Ethiopia the slave.

[1] [Compare the notes on Tyre, appended in this edition to *St. Mark's Rest* (Vol. XXIV. pp. 447 *seq.*).]

[2] [See 1 Kings v.]

[3] [Compare Letter 65, § 11 (p. 596).]

[4] [For the author's exposition of Genesis xv., see Letter 65, §§ 1 *seq.* (pp. 587 *seq.*).]

[5] [2 Corinthians v. 10.]

[6] [Prayer-book version.]

[7] [For correction of this interpretation, see Letters 66, §§ 8 and 26 (pp. 618, 637), and 75, § 12 (Vol. XXIX. p. 69). See also *St. Mark's Rest*, § 26 (Vol. XXIV. p. 228).]

measure and weight,—what force may be in geometry, mechanism, and agriculture, bodily exercise, and dress; reverent esteem of earthly birds, and beasts, and vegetables; reverent preparation of pottage, good with flesh;—these shall Egypt teach and practise, to her much comfort and power. "And when Jacob heard that there was corn in Egypt he called his sons."[1]

3. And now remember the scene at the threshing-floor of Atad (Gen. 50th, 10 and 11[2]).

"A grievous mourning." They embalmed Jacob. They put him in a coffin. They dutifully bore him home, for his son's sake. Whatsoever may well be done of earthly deed, they do by him and his race. And the end of it all, for *them*, is a grievous mourning.

Then, for corollary, remember,—all fear of death, and embalming of death, and contemplating of death, and mourning for death, is the pure bondage of Egypt.

4. And whatsoever is formal, literal, miserable, material, in the deeds of human life, is the preparatory bondage of Egypt; of which, nevertheless, some formalism, some literalism, some misery, and some flesh-pot comfort, will always be needful for the education of such beasts as we are. So that, though, when Israel was a child, God loved him, and called his son out of Egypt,[3] He preparatorily sent him *into* Egypt. And the first deliverer of Israel had to know the wisdom of Egypt before the wisdom of Arabia; and for the last deliverer of Israel, the dawn of infant thought, and the first vision of the earth He came to save, was under the palms of Nile.[4]

[1] [Genesis xlii. 1.]

[2] ["And they came to the threshing-floor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan, and there they mourned with a great and very sore lamentation: and he made a mourning for his father seven days. And when the inhabitants of the land, the Canaanites, saw the mourning in the floor of Atad, they said, This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians: wherefore the name of it was called Abel-mizraim, which is beyond Jordan."]

[3] [Hosea xi. 1.]

[4] [Matthew ii. 14, 15: "He took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt; and was there until the death of Herod, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son." Compare Appendix 15 (Vol. XXIX. p. 563).]

Now, therefore, also for all of us, Christians in our nascent state of muddy childhood, when Professor Huxley is asking ironically, "Has a frog a soul?"[1] and scientifically directing young ladies to cut out frogs' stomachs to see if they can find it,—whatsoever, I say, in our necessary education among that scientific slime of Nile, is formal, literal, miserable, and material, is necessarily Egyptian.

As, for instance, brickmaking, scripture, flogging, and cooking,—upon which four heads of necessary art I take leave to descant a little.

5. And first of brickmaking. Every following day the beautiful arrangements of modern political economists, obeying the law of covetousness instead of the law of God, send me more letters from gentlemen and ladies asking me "how they are to live?"

Well, my refined friends, you will find it needful to live, if it be with success, according to God's Law; and to love that law, and make it your meditation all the day.[2] And the first uttered article in it is, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread."[3]

"But you don't really expect us to work with our hands, and make ourselves hot?"[4]

[1] [On November 8, 1870, Huxley read a paper to the Metaphysical Society, entitled "Has a Frog a Soul? and if so, Of what Nature is that Soul?" A brief abstract of the paper is given in Leonard Huxley's *Life and Letters of Huxley*, vol. i. pp. 458–459 (ed. 1903); its purport was "to give pause to current theories on the supposed relations of soul and body in the human subject," by arguing that a frog also may be credited with "a soul distributed along its spinal marrow." For another reference to Huxley's paper, see Vol. XXII. p. 504 (where the note should be cancelled). Ruskin describes the meeting of the Society at which the paper was read in a letter to Professor Norton of November 10, 1870 (see a later volume of this edition).]

[2] [Psalms cxix. 97.]

[3] [Genesis iii. 19.]

[4] [A sheet of MS. gives another draft of this passage, which seems to have been first written for the Letter to Girls (p. 608):—

> "My dear, neither your father, nor all your ancestors back to Noah or Deucalion—though every one of them had been a king and every one left you a king's treasury—could all together, with any command or gift of theirs, give you the right to live an hour in idleness. To every daughter, to every son of man, the same absolute command is given, 'Child, go work *to-day* in my vineyard.' In death only shall you find permitted rest.
>
> "I will suppose that you are a girl of rank, and a Christian; and that

Why, who, in the name of Him who made you, are you then, that you shouldn't? Have you got past the flaming sword, back into Eden; and is your celestial opinion, there, that we miserable Egyptians are to work outside, here, for *your* dinners, and hand them through the wall to you at a tourniquet? or, as being yet true servants of the devil, while you are blessed, dish it up to you, spiritually hot, through a trap-door?

Fine anti-slavery people you are, forsooth! who think it is right not only to make slaves, but *accursed* slaves, of other people, that you may slip your dainty necks out of the collar!

"Ah, but we thought Christ's yoke had *no* collar!"

It is time to know better. There may come a day, indeed, when there shall be no more curse;[1]—in the meantime, you must be humble and honest enough to take your share of it.

6. So what *can* you do, that's useful? Not to ask too much at first; and, since we are now coming to particulars, addressing myself first to gentlemen,—Do you think you can make a brick, or a tile?[2]

> you have been doing, hitherto, a more or less embarrassed and doubtful duty, partly to your relations and the world, partly to the poor. But your duty is at present, believe me, to your relations and your own class, only through the poor. Your superiority to them consists in your power of helping them; to that end, and to that only, you are rich, titled, or lovely, and in none of these powers have you any right to rest, while this suffering of others is around you. I am sick of repeating this to deaf ears. Strange and very frightful it is to me, that after speaking what I know to be truth to this class of women, in books which many of them assuredly read with some pleasure and assent, I have not the name of so much as *one* for a helper in any plan or purpose that I have at heart.
>
> "First Article of the Law. 'In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread.'
>
> "Now therefore—What can you do? 'But, you don't expect us really to work with our hands and make ourselves hot'? Why, who are *you*, I wonder, that you shouldn't?
>
> "Did you ever get into Eden again, or anywhere out of the way of the curse, outside?"

For the Bible reference in this passage, see Matthew xxi. 28; for "death the only freedom," see *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 79 (Vol. XIX. p. 126).]

[1] [Revelation xxii. 3.]

[2] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 304), where Ruskin says that "the best academy for English architects . . . would be the brick-field."]

You rather think not? Well, if you are healthy, and fit for work, and can do nothing better,—go and learn.

You would rather not? Very possibly: but you can't have your dinner unless you do. And why would you so much rather not?

"So ungentlemanly!"

No; to beg your dinner, or steal it, is ungentlemanly. But there is nothing ungentlemanly, that I know of, in beating clay, and putting it in a mould.

"But my wife wouldn't like it!"

Well, that's a strong reason: you shouldn't vex your wife, if you can help it; but why will she be vexed? If she is a nice English girl, she has pretty surely been repeating to herself, with great unction, for some years back, that highly popular verse,—

> "The trivial round, the common task,
> Will give us all we ought to ask,—
> Room to deny ourselves; a road
> To bring us daily nearer God."[1]

And this, which I recommend, is not a trivial round, but an important square, of human business; and will certainly supply any quantity of room to deny yourselves in; and will bring you quite as near God as, for instance, writing lawyers' letters to make appointments, and charging five shillings each for them.[2] The only difference will be that, instead of getting five shillings for writing a letter, you will only get it for a day and a half's sweat of the brow.

7. "Oh, but my wife didn't mean *that* sort of 'common task' at all!"

No; but your wife didn't know what she meant; neither did Mr. Keble. Women and clergymen have so long been in the habit of using pretty words without ever troubling themselves to understand them, that they now revolt from

[1] [Keble, *The Christian Year* ("Morning"). The second line is in the original "Would furnish all we ought to ask." For a letter of comment by Coventry Patmore on this passage in *Fors*, and Ruskin's rejoinder, see Letters 80, § 7, and 81, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 177, 194).]

[2] [See below, § 22 (pp. 579–582).]

the effort, as if it were an impiety. So far as your wife had any meaning at all, it was that until she was made an angel of, and had nothing to do but be happy, and sing her flattering opinions of God for evermore,—dressing herself and her children becomingly, and leaving cards on her acquaintances, were sufficiently acceptable services to Him, for which, trivial though they were, He would reward her with immediate dinner, and everlasting glory. That was your wife's real notion of the matter, and modern Christian women's generally, so far as they have got any notions at all under their bonnets, and the skins of the dead robins they have stuck in them,—the disgusting little savages.[1] But that is by no means the way in which either your hands are to be delivered from making the pots, or her head from carrying them.

8. Oh, but you will do it by deputy, and by help of capital, will you? Here is the Grand Junction Canal Brick, Tile, and Sanitary Pipe Company, Limited; Capital, £50,000, in 10,000 shares of £5 each; "formed for the purpose of purchasing and working an estate comprising fifty-eight acres of land known as the 'Millpost Field,' and 'The Duddles,' situate at Southall, in the county of Middlesex." You will sit at home, serene proprietor, not able, still less willing, to lift so much as a spadeful of Duddles yourself; but you will feed a certain number of brickmaking Ethiopian slaves thereon, as cheap as you can; and teach them to make bricks, as basely as they can; and you will put the meat out of their mouths into your own, and provide for their eternal salvation by gracious ministries from Uxbridge. A clerical friend of mine in that neighbourhood[2] has, I hear, been greatly afflicted concerning the degenerate natures of brickmakers. Let him go and make, and burn, a pile or two with his own hands; he will thereby receive apocalyptic visions of a nature novel to his soul. And if he ever succeeds in making one

[1] [Compare "Readings in *Modern Painters*," § 32 (Vol. XXII. p. 518), where Ruskin refers to this passage.]

[2] [The Rev. J. C. Hilliard, Vicar of Cowley, near Uxbridge.]

good brick (the clay must lie fallow in wind and sun two years before you touch it, my master Carlyle tells me), he will have done a good deed for his generation which will be acknowledged in its day by the Stone of Israel,[1] when the words of many a sermon will be counted against their utterers, every syllable as mere insolent breaking of the third commandment.

In the meantime, it seems that no gracious ministries from Uxbridge, or elsewhere, can redeem this untoward generation of brickmakers. Like the navvies of Furness (Letter 11, § 3[2]), they are a fallen race, fit for nothing but to have dividends got out of them, and then be damned. My fine-lady friends resign themselves pacifically to that necessity, though greatly excited, I perceive, at present, concerning vivisection.[3] In which warmth of feeling they are perfectly right, if they would only also remember that England is spending some thirty millions of pounds a year in making machines for the vivisection, not of dogs, but men; nor is this expenditure at all for anatomical purposes; but, in the real root of it, merely to maintain the gentlemanly profession of the Army, and the ingenious profession of Engineers.

9. "Oh, but we don't want to live by soldiering, any more than by brickmaking; behold, we are intellectual persons, and wish to live by literature."

Well, it is a slavish trade,—true Hamite; nevertheless, if we will learn our elements in true Egyptian bondage, some good may come of it.

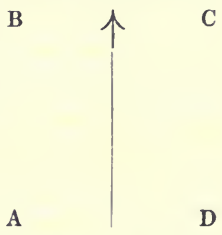
For observe, my literary friends, the essential function of the slavish Egyptian, in the arts of the world, is to lose the picture in the letter; as the essential function of the Eleutherian Goth[4] is to illuminate the letter into the picture.

The Egyptian is therefore the scribe of scribes,—the

[1] [See Matthew xxi. 42.]
[2] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 182–183.]
[3] [For Ruskin's views on vivisection, see Vol. XXVI. p. 179; and compare Letter 75, § 10 (Vol. XXIX. p. 67).]
[4] [Compare above, p. 526.]

supremely literary person of earth. The banks of Nile give him his rock volume: the reeds of Nile his paper roll. With cleaving chisel, and cloven reed, he writes thereon, exemplarily: the ark which his princess found among the paper reeds,[1] is the true beginning of libraries,—Alexandrian, and all other.[2] What you call Scripture, in special, coming out of it; the first portion written in Egyptian manner (it is said) with the finger of God.[3] Scribe and lawyer alike have too long forgotten the lesson,—come now and learn it again, of Theuth, with the ibis beak.*

10. When next you are in London on a sunny morning, take leisure to walk into the old Egyptian gallery of the British Museum, after traversing which for a third of its length, you will find yourself in the midst of a group of four massy sarcophagi,—two on your left, two on your right. Assume that they are represented by the letters at the side, and that you are walking in the direction of the arrow, so that you have the sarcophagi A and B on your left, and the sarcophagi C and D on your right.



In my new *Elements of Drawing*,[4] I always letter the corners of a square all round thus, so that A C is always the diagonal, A B the upright side on the left, and A D the base.

The sarcophagus A is a king's; B, a scribe's; C, a queen's; and D, a priest's.

A is of a grand basaltic rock with veins full of agates, and white onyx,—the most wonderful piece of crag I know; B and C are of grey porphyry; D of red granite.[5]

* Letter 17, § 5. [Vol. XXVII. p. 294.]

[1] [Exodus ii. 5.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XXV. p. 280.]
[3] [Exodus xxxi. 18: "And he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon Mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God."]
[4] [That is, the *Laws of Fésole:* see Vol. XV. p. 358.]
[5] [These four sarcophagi are in the Southern Egyptian Gallery. A is of King Nectanebus; B, of the royal scribe, Hâpimen; C, of Anchnesneferabra, daughter of Psammetichus II., and wife of Amasis II.; D, of Naskatu, a priest of Memphis.]

The official information concerning sarcophagus A (Nectanebus) is to the effect that it dates from the 30th dynasty, or about 380 B.C.[1]

B (Hapimen), of the 26th dynasty, or about 525.

C (the queen's), of the same dynasty and period.

D (Naskatu), of the 27th dynasty, or about 500 B.C.

11. The three sarcophagi, then, B, C, and D, were (we are told) cut exactly at the time when, beyond the North Sea, Greek art, just before Marathon, was at its grandest.

And if you look under the opened lid of the queen's, you will see at the bottom of it the outline portrait, or rather symbol, of her, engraved, with the hawk for her crest, signifying what hope of immortality or power after death remained to her.[2]

But the manner of the engraving you must observe. This is all that the Egyptian Holbein could do on stone, after a thousand years at least of practised art; while the Greeks, who had little more than begun only two hundred years before, were already near to the strength of carving their Theseus, perfect for all time.[3]

This is the Hamite bondage in Art: of which the causes will teach themselves to us as we work, ourselves. Slavery is good for us in the beginning, and for writing-masters we can find no better than these Mizraimites:[4] see what rich lines of Scripture there are, along the black edges of those tombs. To understand at all how well they are done, we must at once begin to do the like, in some sort, ourselves.

12. By the exercise given in *Fors* of January,[5] if you

[1] [This is the sarcophagus described in *Ethics of the Dust* (see Vol. XVIII. p. 332), and referred to in Ruskin's Catalogue of Minerals shown at Edinburgh (Vol. XXVI. p. 523).]

[2] [The figure of the queen is engraved on Plate H in Vol. XX. p. 411; see also *Ariadne Florentina*, § 146 (Vol. XXII. p. 394).]

[3] [For the Theseus, see Plate X. in Vol. XXVII. (p. 396).]

[4] [Genesis x. 6: "And the sons of Ham; Cush, Mizraim, and Phut, and Canaan."]

[5] [Letter 61, §§ 8, 9 (p. 492).]

have practised it, you have learned something of what is meant by merit and demerit in a pure line, however produced. We must now consider of our tools a little.

You can make a mark upon things in three ways—namely, by scratching them, painting on them with a brush, or letting liquid run on them out of a pen. Pencil or chalk marks are merely a kind of coarse painting with dry material.

The primitive and simplest mark is the scratch or cut, which shall be our first mode of experiment. Take a somewhat blunt penknife, and a composition candle; and scratch or cut a fine line on it with the point of the knife, drawing the sharp edge of the knife towards you.

Examine the trace produced through a magnifying glass, and you will find it is an angular ditch with a little ridge raised at its side, or sides, pressed out of it.

13. Next, scratch the candle with the point of the knife, turning the side of the blade forwards: you will now cut a broader furrow, but the wax or composition will rise out of it before the knife in a beautiful spiral shaving, formed like the most lovely little crimped or gathered frill; which I've been trying to draw, but can't; and if *you* can, you will be far on the way to drawing spiral staircases, and many other pretty things.

Nobody, so far as I have myself read, has yet clearly explained why a wood shaving, or continuously driven portion of detached substance, should thus take a spiral course; nor why a substance like wax or water, capable of yielding to pressure, should rise or fall under a steady force in successive undulations. Leaving these questions for another time, observe that the first furrow, with the ridge at its side, represents the entire group of incised lines ploughed in soft grounds, the head of them all being the plough furrow itself. And the line produced by the flat side of the knife is the type of those produced by complete *ex*cision, the true engraver's.

14. Next, instead of wax, take a surface of wood, and,

drawing first as deep and steady a furrow in it as you can with the edge of the knife, proceed to deepen it by successive cuts.

You will, of course, find that you must cut from the two sides, sloping to the middle, forming always a deeper angular ditch; but you will have difficulty in clearing all out neatly at the two ends.

And if you think of it, you will perceive that the simplest conceivable excision of a clear and neat kind must be that produced by three cuts given triangularly.* For though you can't clear out the hollow with two touches, you need not involve yourself in the complexity of four.

And unless you take great pains in keeping the three sides of this triangle equal, two will be longer than the third. So the type of the primitive incised mark is what grand persons call "cuneiform"—wedge-shaped.

Fig. 10

15. If you cut five such cuneiform incisions in a star group, thus, with a little circle connecting them in the middle, you will have the element of the decorative upper border both on the scribe's coffin and the queen's. You will also have an elementary picture of a starfish—or the portrait of the pentagonal and absorbent Adam and Eve who were your ancestors, according to Mr. Darwin.[1]

You will see, however, on the sarcophagi that the rays are not equidistant, but arranged so as to express vertical position,—of that afterwards;[2] to-day observe only the manner of their cutting; and then on a flat surface of porphyry,—do the like yourself.

You don't know what porphyry is—nor where to get

* You may indeed dip softly into the ground and rise gradually out of it; but this will give you not a clear, but an infinitely graduated excision, exquisite in drawing, but not good for writing.

[1] [The starfish figures in *The Descent of Man* (part i. ch. iv.), in the "Comparison of the Mental Powers of Man and the Lower Animals" as showing parental affection.]

[2] [For further instructions, see Letter 65, § 20 (p. 605).]

it? Write to Mr. Tennant, 149, Strand,[1] and he will send you a little bit as cheap as he can. Then you must get a little vice to fix it, and a sharp-pointed little chisel, and a well-poised little hammer; and, when you have cut your asterisk, you will know more about Egypt than nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand,—Oxford scholars and all. Awaiting the result of your experiment,[2] I proceed to the other instrument of writing, the reed, or pen.

Of which the essential power is that it can make a narrow stroke sideways, and a broad one when you press it open.

16. Now our own current writing, I told you,[3] is to be equal in thickness of line. You will find that method the quickest and serviceablest. But in quite beautiful writing, the power of the pen is to be exhibited with decision; and of its purest and delicatest exertion, you will see the result on the opposite page; facsimile by Mr. Burgess, coloured afterwards by hand, from a piece of Lombardic writing, of about the eleventh century,—(I shall not say where the original is, because I don't want it to be fingered[4])—which the scribe has entirely delighted in doing, and of which every line and touch is perfect in its kind. Copy it, with what precision you can (and mind how you put in the little blue dash to thicken the s of Fides), for in its perfect uprightness, exquisite use of the diamond-shaped touches obtained by mere pressure on the point, and reserved administration of colour, it is a model not to be surpassed; standing precisely half-way between old Latin letters and mediæval Gothic. The legend of it is—

> "Fides catholica edita ab Athanasio Alexandrie sedis episcopo."

[1] [Thus in the original edition of 1876. Mr. Tennant died in 1881: see Vol. XXVI. p. 451, and compare Vol. XII. p. 438.]

[2] [For a "result of the experiment," see below, Letter 69, § 23 (p. 709): "Week's Diary of a Companion of St. George."]

[3] [See above, p. 495.]

[4] [The manuscript referred to is not in the British Museum, nor in the Bodleian. For another reference to this specimen of writing, see Letter 94, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 486).]

17. Towards the better understanding of which Catholic faith, another step may be made, if you will, by sending to Mr. Ward for the Etruscan Leucothea,* with Dionysus on her knees,[1] which also stands just half-way in imagination, though only a quarter of the way in time, between the Egyptian Madonna (Isis with Horus[2]), of fifteen hundred years before Christ, and the Florentine Madonna by Lippi, fifteen hundred years after Christ. Lippi, being true-bred Etruscan, simply raises the old sculpture into pure and sacred life, retaining all its forms, even to the spiral of the throne ornament, and the transgression of the figures on the bordering frame, acknowledging, in this subjection to the thoughts and laws of his ancestors, a nobler Catholic Faith than Athanasius wrote: faith, namely, in that one Lord by whose breath, from the beginning of creation, the children of men are born; and into whose hands, dying, they give up their spirit.

18. This photograph of Etruscan art is therefore to be the second of our possessions, and means of study; affording us at once elements of art-practice in many directions, according to our strength; and as we began with drawing

* I take the title of this relief from Mr. Parker's catalogue, not being certain of the subject myself, and rather conceiving it to be Latona with Apollo.

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[1] [Plate V. here. "Bas-relief of Leucothea and Bacchus, a female figure in a chair with a child. In the Villa Albani, Rome (980)." So described under No. 2828 in Mr. Parker's Catalogue (*Historical Photographs*, by J. H. Parker). The work, however, is not Etruscan; rather does it recall the style of the archaic Attic reliefs (for Ruskin's remarks on the resemblance between Attic and Etruscan art, see Preface to Xenophon's *Economist*, § 19). "The former view, which saw in this relief a representation of the education of the young Dionysus by Leucothea, scarcely requires refutation at the present stage of archæological science. All authorities now recognize it as a tomb-relief, in which the deceased is represented as a happy mother, seated in a chair and caressing her little daughter. A relative or servant hands her a ribbon, either for her own decoration or for that of the child. The two other smaller female figures are either older daughters or servant-maids; their outstretched hands seem to express their delight in the gaiety of the little one. The wool-basket below the chair indicates that the deceased was a thrifty and diligent housekeeper" (see the English translation of W. Helbig's *Guide to the Public Collections of Classical Antiquities in Rome*, 1896, vol. ii. pp. 33-34).]

[2] [The woodcut here inserted (Fig. 11) is from a bronze in the Third Egyptian Room of the British Museum; it is of the twelfth century B.C.]

V

Lesson Photograph No 2 Allen & Co. Sc

"Leucothea"

From a relief in the Villa Albani, Rome

the beads of cap, and spiral of chair, in the Lippi,[1] rather than the Madonna, so here it will be well to be sure we can draw the throne, before we try the Leucothea. Outline it first by the eye, then trace the original, to correct your drawing; and by the time next *Fors* comes out, I hope your power of drawing a fine curve, like that of the back of this throne, will be materially increased; by that time also I shall have got spirals to compare with these Etruscan ones, drawn from shells only an hour or two old, sent me by my good friend Mr. Sillar[2] (who taught me the wrongness of the infinite spiral of money interest), by which I am at present utterly puzzled, finding our conclusions in last *Fors*[3] on this point of zoology quite wrong; and that the little snails have no less twisted houses than the large. But neither for drawing nor architecture is there to-day more time, but only to correct and clarify my accounts, which I have counted a little too far on my

Fig. 11

[1] [See Letter 59, § 8 (p. 447).]
[2] [See Letter 65, § 16 (p. 601).]
[3] [See above, pp. 554-555; and below, p. 601.]

power of keeping perspicuous without trouble; and have thereby caused my subscribers and myself a good deal more than was needful.

19. Henceforward I must ask their permission, unless I receive definite instruction to the contrary, to give names in full, as the subscriptions come in, and give up our occult notation.[1]

---

20. I have to acknowledge a quite magnificent gift of modern Japanese inlaid work to our Sheffield Museum, from my kind friend Mr. Henry Willett, of Arnold House, Brighton.[2] A series of some fifty pieces was offered by him for our selection: but I have only accepted a tithe of them, thinking that the fewer examples of each school we possess, the better we shall learn from them. Three out of the five pieces I have accepted are of quite unsurpassable beauty, and the two others of extreme interest. They are sent to the Curator at Sheffield.[3]

[1] [The first edition contained here the following additional passage:—

> "I am not quite so well pleased with my good friend Mr. Girdlestone's pamphlet on luxury as I was with that on classification of society, though I am heartily glad to be enabled by him to distribute it to my readers, for its gentle statements may be more convincing than my impatient ones. But I must protest somewhat against their mildness. It is not now merely dangerous, but criminal, to teach the lie that the poor live by the luxury of the rich. Able men—even Pope himself—have been betrayed into thinking so in old times (blaming the luxury, however, no less), but the assertion is now made by no intelligent person, unless with the deliberate purpose of disguising abuses on which all the selfish interests of society depend."

The pamphlet is entitled *Thoughts on Luxury and Poverty*, by E. D. Girdlestone, B.A., Weston-super-Mare, 1876. The author (p. 4) characterises as false and dangerous "the statement that the poor live by the luxury of the rich." For Ruskin's reference to Pope, see in the *Essay on Man* such lines as "The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n" (Epistle II., 264), and the whole argument of Epistle III.]

[2] [For notices of Mr. Willett, see Letter 85, § 5 (Vol. XXIX. p. 323); Vol. XVI. p. 255 *n.*; Vol. XVIII. p. 203 *n.*; and *Deucalion*, i. ch. ix. § 3 (Vol. XXVI. p. 206).]

[3] [In writing to Mr. Willett in acknowledgment of this gift, Ruskin said (Oxford, March 13, 1876):—

> "Well,—this would be indeed a magnificent gift of yours, but I cannot accept more than the twentieth part of it. I have no room, for one thing; but chiefly, I think this Japanese art, however interesting in itself, not good to be long looked at, or in many examples. I have kept the exquisite inlaid flock black—what should I call them? (there now, I've mislaid the catalogue, and must finish this note without finding it)—the three coloured pictures in pearl, I mean, and three of the bird trays."

For the examples accepted for the Museum, see Vol. XXX.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

21. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I give on the next page our banker's account to 14th March of this year. Calling this "Account B," and that given to the end of last year, in last *Fors*,[1] "Account A," the following abstract of both is, I hope, accurate.

	£	s.	d.	
By Account A:				
Cash paid into bank	653	1	0	
Interest accumulated	780	5	6	
By Account B:				
Cash paid into bank	324	11	1	
Interest	119	0	0	
Giving total to our credit				£1876 17 7

Per contra, we have—

Petty expenses	0	10	9	
Purchase of £1000 Consols	918	15	0	
Cheques to myself	800	0	0	
Balance	157	11	10	
				£1876 17 7

Of the cheques for £800 I will give account presently; but first, we must compare the cash paid in with the subscription list.

The total cash paid in is—Account A	653	1	0	
Account B	324	11	1	
				£977 12 1

Now see subscription list, after banker's account.

[1] [See above, p. 558.]

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Dr. *Cr.*

1876.		£	s.	d.	1876.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance	14	1	10	Feb. 22.	By Charges on two local notes	0	0	10
Jan. 6.	,, Dividend on £8000 Consols	119	0	0	Feb. 25.	,, Postage of Pass Book	0	0	3
Jan. 13.	,, Geo. Allen	24	11	1	March 3.	,, John Ruskin, Esq.	300	0	0
Feb. 15.	,, John Ruskin, Esq.	25	0	0					
Feb. 15.	,, Draft at Sheffield	8	0	0					
Feb. 15.	,, ,, Ambleside	6	0	0					
Feb. 15.	,, ,, Bridgwater	100	0	0					
Feb. 15.	,, ,, Birmingham	5	0	0					
Feb. 22.	,, Cash	35	0	0					
March 4.	,, Draft at Windsor	20	0	0					
March 7.	,, Cash	25	0	0					
March 7.	,, Draft at Oxford	50	0	0					
March 14.	,, Cash	6	0	0					
March 14.	,, Draft at Sheffield	20	0	0	March 15.	By Balance	157	11	10
		£457	12	11			£457	12	11

1876.		£	s.	d.
March 15.	To Balance	157	11	10

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

To March 14th of this Year

	£	s.	d.
Total in *Fors* of February[1]	741	14	10
(Corrections received note of)			
No. 8. Additional	40	0	0
,, 26. ,,	1	5	0
,, 38. Subscriptions 1875, 1876	2	2	0
	£785	1	10
Now continuing the list.			
No. 55. J. W.	50	0	0
,, 56. The mother of the first donor of land to St. George[2]	100	0	0
,, 57. The Curator of our Museum	8	0	0
,, 58. B. A., Subscription, 1876	3	0	0
,, 59. J. T. S.	50	0	0
,, 60. E. L.	20	0	0
,, 61. S. I.	2	0	0
,, 62. R. R.	5	0	0
,, 63. L. L.	0	10	0
	1023	11	10
Cash paid in	977	12	1
Balance in my hands	£45	19	9

[1] [Letter 62, § 19 (p. 530), where the amount given is £742, 16s. 10d., amended on p. 557, by the correction of a subscription, to £741, 14s. 10d.]

[2] Mrs. Talbot: see above, p. 395.]

The sum in my hands, thus amounting to £845, 19s 9d., has been distributed as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Purchase of land and house at Sheffield	600	0	0
Henry Swan—Two quarters' salary to 31st March, 1876	20	0	0
Expenses of repair, Sheffield	41	0	0
Prints (Colnaghi). See November *Fors*[1]	29	10	0
Messrs. Tarrant and Mackrell, 29th December, 1875 £20 17 5[2]			
26 15 11			
	47	13	4
Balance in my hands	107	16	5[3]
	£845	19	9

22. Messrs. Tarrant and Mackrell's accounts follow. I had an offer from Sheffield to do this legal work for nothing; but I wanted to be sure that everything was in due form, and I can trust this London firm. My very good friend Mr. Tarrant must, however, pardon my pointing out to him how much more pleasantly, for all parties, he might be employed, as suggested in *Fors*, Letter 16, §§ 6, 7,[4] than in taxing this transfer of property to the amount of nearly fifty pounds—(seven pounds odd worth of letters merely).[5] For, were the members of the legal profession employed generally in illuminating initials, and so got out of our way, and the lands of the country properly surveyed and fenced, all that would be really needful for the sale of any portion of them by anybody to anybody else, would be the entry in a roll recording the tenure of so many square miles round each principal town. "The piece of land hitherto belonging to A B, is this day sold to and henceforward belongs to C D, whereof, we (city magistrate and a head of any county family) are witnesses."[6]

THE ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY,
To TARRANT & MACKRELL,

Costs of Purchase of Freehold Land and Messuage in Bell Haig Road, Sheffield

1875.	£	s.	d.
Sept. 20. On receipt of letters from Messrs. Webster, and from Mr. Ruskin, as to purchase of land and a house at Sheffield, writing Messrs. Webster, the vendor's solicitors, to send us contract	0	5	0
Writing Mr. Ruskin as to amount of purchase money, he having stated it to be £600, and Messrs. Webster £630	0	3	6
Oct. 4. On receipt of draft contract for approval from Messrs. Webster, with abstract of title for inspection, looking through abstract, when we found it would be			
Carry forward	£0	8	6

[1] [Letter 59, § 16 (p. 457).]

[2] [The amount as given in the detailed account is, however, £22, 0s. 8d.: see p. 582. Yet on p. 628 Mr. Tarrant seems to accept the total £47, 13s. 4d. as correct; presumably a small amount was waived.]

[3] [The amount was originally misprinted £106, 16s. 5d.: see Letter 65, § 27 (p. 611).]

[4] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 282–284.]

[5] [For Mr. Tarrant's reply, see below, p. 628.]

[6] [For a later reference to this subject, see Letter 77, § 11 (Vol. XXIX. p. 118).]

1875.	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	0	8	6
necessary to have a copy of plan on deed of 1st May, 1857, and an abstract of the Rivelin View Society's Deed of Covenants, before investigating the title, or approving contract	0	13	4
Writing Messrs. Webster accordingly	0	5	0
Copy contract to keep, fo. 15	0	5	0
Oct. 11.			
Perusing abstract of title, nine sheets	1	0	0
Perusing the Rivelin View Company's Deed of Covenants, four sheets	0	10	0
Perusing and approving draft contract	0	6	8
Writing vendor's solicitors with contract approved and thereon, and for plan which they had omitted to send	0	5	0
Oct. 13.			
Writing Messrs. Webster, acknowledging letter approving of our alterations in contract, and asking for plan which they had omitted to send, although in their letter they stated it was enclosed	0	5	0
Engrossing one part of the contract for signature of Mr. Ruskin, and paid stamp thereon	0	10	6
Drawing plan thereon	0	7	6
Writing Mr. Ruskin, with contract for his signature, and fully thereon, and as to the contents of the Rivelin View Society's Deed of Covenants, and as to Trustees of the Company to whom the property might be conveyed, and for cheque for £60 for deposit	0	5	0
Oct. 18.			
On receipt of letter from Mr. Ruskin with contract signed and cheque for deposit, writing him acknowledging receipt	0	3	6
Writing with appointment to exchange contracts and pay deposit	0	3	6
Attending exchanging contracts, and paying deposit	0	6	8
Oct. 19.			
Writing our agents at Sheffield (Messrs. Broomhead and Co.) with abstract of title to examine, with deeds, and instructing them	0	5	0
Oct. 20.			
Writing vendor's solicitors that contract exchanged and deposit paid to their London agent, and as to examination of title deeds	0	5	0
Oct. 21.			
On receipt of abstract from Messrs. Broomhead and Co., with remarks on title, writing them to examine probate of H. Norton's will in hands of Messrs. Tattershall, and on subject of duties, etc., under that will, and returning abstract to them	0	3	6
Oct. 23.			
Attending perusing conditions of sale under which Mr. Bagshawe bought the property before drawing requisitions on title	0	6	8
Oct. 29.			
Drawing requisitions and copy	0	10	0
Writing vendor's solicitors therewith	0	3	6
Nov. 5.			
Instructions for deed of conveyance	0	6	8
Drawing same, fo. 16	0	16	0
Fair copy for perusal	0	5	4
Writing Messrs. Webster therewith and fully thereon	0	5	0
Nov. 10.			
Engrossing conveyance	0	13	4
Paid parchment	0	5	0
Writing Mr. Ruskin on subject of completion, and for cheque for £540 balance of purchase money, and with consent to be signed by him to conveyance being taken to the Right Hon. W. C. Temple and Sir T. D. Acland as Trustees for the Company, Mr. Ruskin having entered into the contract	0	5	0
Writing vendor's solicitors, with engrossment for examination, and fully thereon	0	5	0
Writing Messrs. Broomhead, our agents, instructing them to make proper searches in the Land Registry at Wakefield, and as to completion of purchase	0	3	6
Nov. 12.			
Writing our agents at Sheffield, with cheque for £540 purchase money, and very fully as to registering deed of conveyance, searches, and settling	0	5	0
Writing Mr. Ruskin acknowledging receipt of his two letters, with two cheques for, together, £540	0	3	6
Carry forward	£11	2	2

1875		£	s.	d.
Nov. 15.	Brought forward	11	2	2
	Attending examining certificates of searches, with abstract, when we found same satisfactory	0	6	8
Nov. 16.				
	On receipt of conveyance executed by the vendor and his mortgagee, attending stamping, and afterwards, for same	0	6	8
	Paid stamp	3	0	0
	Writing our agents, with stamped deed conveyance for registration, and fully thereon	0	3	6
Nov. 22.				
	Making schedule of documents received from agents (Messrs. Broomhead), and writing them acknowledging receipt of deeds, and for account of their charges	0	3	6
Nov. 29.				
	On receipt of account of agents' charges, amounting to £10, 14s. 11d., writing them with cheque	0	3	6
	Writing Mr. Ruskin on subject of insurance	0	5	0
	Incidentals	0	10	0
		16	1	0
	Paid Messrs. Broomhead's charges	10	14	11
		£26	15	11

THE ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

To WM. B. TARRANT

General Bill of Costs to 10th December, 1875

1875.		£	s.	d.
Feb. 13.				
	On receipt of letter from Mr. Ruskin, attending him at Herne Hill, and conferring on course to be taken on subject of letter from Messrs. Griffith and Son, of Dolgelly, as to conveyance of cottage property at Barmouth, and on the necessity of trust deed for the purpose of such conveyance, so as to carry out the wishes of Mr. Ruskin and others for improving the condition of agriculturists, and paid rail	1	2	0
Feb. 15.				
	Writing Messrs. Griffith and Son, as arranged	0	5	0
Feb. 18.				
	Attending Sir Sydney Waterlow, Mr. W. J. Thompson, and others, as to the Industrial Dwellings Company, of which they had been promoters, with a view to obtaining information to guide me in the formation of the St. George's Company	0	6	8
Feb. 22.				
	Instructions to counsel to advise in conference on course to be adopted to carry out the scheme	0	6	8
	Making copy of Mr. Ruskin's letter to accompany instructions	0	5	0
	Attending counsel therewith, when it was arranged that conference should be postponed until Mr. Ruskin could attend	0	6	8
	Writing Mr. Ruskin to let me know on what day he could attend conference	0	5	0
Feb. 23.				
	On receipt of letter from Messrs. Griffith and Son, writing them fully in reply	0	5	0
March 10.				
	Attending counsel, Mr. Barber appointing conference for 3.30 on Monday	0	6	8
	Writing Mr. Ruskin, with appointment	0	3	6
March 15.				
	Attending conference with Mr. Ruskin at Mr. Barber's, when it was decided that he should draw a deed for the purpose of carrying out Mr. Ruskin's wishes, and paid cab	1	3	0
	Paid counsel's fee and clerk	1	6	0
	Drawing proposed circular	0	12	0
	Carry forward	£6	13	2

1875.		£	s.	d.
March 21.	Brought forward	6	13	2
	Attending counsel therewith to settle	0	6	8
	Paid his fee and clerk	1	3	6
March 26.				
	Attending counsel, appointing conference on draft	0	6	8
April 26.				
	Attending conference	0	13	4
	Paid counsel's fee and clerk	1	6	0
April 29.				
	Fair copy of proposed circular as settled	0	4	0
	Letter to Mr. Ruskin therewith and thereon	0	5	0

To TARRANT & MACKRELL

June 9.				
	On receipt of letter from Mr. Ruskin on draft circular, making copy of Mr. Ruskin's suggestions to place before counsel three brief sheets	0	10	0
	Perusing and considering same	0	10	0
	Drawing memoranda of constitution of the Company to take place of the circular	1	10	0
June 10.				
	Instructions to counsel to settle same, and with Mr. Ruskin's suggestions, etc.	0	6	8
	Attending counsel therewith	0	6	8
	Paid his fee and clerk	2	4	6
June 11.				
	Long letter to Mr. Ruskin in reply to his of the 27th and 28th ult., and 8th inst.	0	5	0
June 15.				
	Fair copy memoranda of constitution of the Company, as settled by counsel, fo. 30	0	10	0
	Writing Mr. Ruskin therewith and thereon	0	5	0
June 23.				
	Attending Mr. Ruskin on his calling and handing us print of the proposed memoranda in a number of his *Fors Clavigera*, and with Mr. Ruskin's suggestions for some alterations; and we were to submit same to counsel, and obtain a conference with him in about a month's time, which Mr. Ruskin would attend	0	6	8
Oct. 7.				
	On receipt of the July and October *Fors* from Mr. Ruskin, attending, perusing, and considering remarks and suggestions contained therein, and bearing on the formation of the St. George's Company, and also your letter to us of the 2nd inst., returning us the draft memoranda sent you on the 15th June, with your remarks thereon, and letter you had received from a correspondent on the subject, attending, perusing, and considering the several letters and documents to enable us to revise the memoranda as desired	1	1	0
Oct. 15.				
	Writing Mr. Ruskin very fully on subject of revision of memoranda and statutes, and for further information as to marshals, etc.	0	5	0
Oct. 24.				
	On receipt of letter from Mr. Ruskin withdrawing all reference to marshals from the proposed memoranda, making fresh copy of the memoranda as drawn, and adding in the margin thereof all suggestions and comments thereon contained in the *Fors*, and the several letters we had received in connection with the matter	0	10	0
Oct. 30.				
	Instructions to counsel to revise memoranda	0	6	8
	Attending him therewith and thereon	0	6	8
	Paid his fee and clerk	1	3	6
Dec. 10.				
	Writing Mr. Ruskin, with draft memoranda and counsel's amendments, and with counsel's opinion at foot thereof, and also as to insurance of the Sheffield premises	0	5	0
	Petty disbursements and incidentals	0	10	0
		£22	0	8

23. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

		£	s.	d.
Balance, Feb. 20th		225	5	9
Cash (Portsdown mortgage, paid March 2nd)		1522	12	4
		£1747	18	1
Feb. 28. Klein (*a*)	40 0 0			
March 1. Raffaelle Carloforti (*b*)	15 0 0			
2. Thomas Wade, Esq. (*c*)	31 10 0			
6. Self (*d*)	35 0 0			
6. Arthur Burgess	30 0 0			
9. F. Crawley (*e*)	40 0 0			
10. Charles F. Murray, Esq. (*f*)	10 0 0			
11. Antonio Valmarana (*g*)	50 0 0			
16. Antonio Coletti (*h*)	25 0 0			
		276	10	0
Balance		£1471	8	1

(*a*) Travelling and personal expenses since January 1st, of which I have no space for the details in this *Fors;* it will be given in its place.[1] Klein[2] has ten pounds a month himself, besides his expenses in Oxford when I've no rooms for him.

(*b*) A youth, whom I am maintaining in art-study at Venice.[3] He has £7, 10s. monthly. This payment is to end of April.

(*c*) Water-colour drawing of a cottage at Coniston, likely to be soon destroyed by "improvements."

(*d*) £10 pocket-money, £25 to St. George, money of his in my hands included in my banker's January balance, acknowledged in St. George accounts, March 7th.

(*e*) £21 of this, my own upholsterer's and other bills at Oxford; the rest, Crawley will account for.[4]

(*f*) Drawings made for me at Siena.[5]

(*g*) Fifty drawings made for me by Signor Caldara of Venice, being part of a complete Venetian Herbal in process of execution.[6] I count none of my money better spent than this.

[1] [This, however, was not done.]
[2] [Ruskin's valet and courier: see above, p. 559.]
[3] [For studies by him placed in St. George's Museum, see Vol. XXX.; and see below, pp. 633, 729, 769; also Vol. XXIX. p. 50.]
[4] [No account, however, was published.]
[5] [Not at Sheffield.]
[6] [Many of these drawings are now in the Oxford Collection: see Vol. XXI. p. 231. For other references to Signor Caldara's work, see Letters 71, § 17 (p. 749), and 74, § 2 *n.* (Vol. XXIX. p. 31). In his set of *Fors*, in the Library of St. Mark at Venice, Rawdon Brown has inserted two letters from Ruskin, thus:—

"I. BRANTWOOD, 17 *Oct.*, '73.

"I should be very much obliged to him, when he has finished the Herbal work, to begin drawing the plants from nature, a flower and leaf separately on white paper—so as to be unplagued by light and shade.

(*h*) Annual gift to monastery of Assisi,[1] for 1875; not sent last year because I meant to go there. Due always on the Corpus Domini.

24. (III.)

"6, Moira Place, Southampton, 15*th Feb.*, 1876.

"Dear Sir,—On referring to *Helix ericetorum* (the species I take your outline[2] to be enlarged from) in Dr. Turton's *British Land and Fresh-water Shells*, with additions by Dr. Gray, I find it stated, on the authority of M. Bouchard, that the eggs of *H. ericetorum* are laid from July to November, and are from forty to sixty in number, the time of hatching being twenty days after laying, and the length of the snail's life is eighteen months. It is not, however, stated whether these particulars refer to *H. ericetorum* in England or France.

"The only extra information I can get from my other book is that heavy rains kill great numbers of them.

"Your drawing refers to the shell of a full-grown snail, shown by its having six whorls, and by the slight reflex curve at the outer end of the spiral.*

"With regard to the formation of the shell, I can state that it was formed by successive additions during the life of the snail, the small dark transparent portion in the centre of the spiral being the nucleus, and the lines and ridges crossing the spiral indicate the different rings or layers of shell added to suit the convenience of the snail.

"I enclose specimens of *H. ericetorum* from Deal,† to enable you to compare them with those from Arundel, to make sure that they are the same species.[3]

"I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

"R. L."[4]

25. (IV.) "A Swedish newspaper contains a lengthy account of the gallant rescue of a Swedish steamer by the people of the village of Cresswell, Northumberland. Thirteen out of the fifteen male inhabitants manned the boat, to launch which the women waded to their waists. A fisher-girl named Bella Brown ran ten miles to the next lifeboat station for assistance, and had to wade through several bays on an icy January

* Exaggerated a little, I'm afraid.—J. R.

† The shells sent, for which I heartily thank my correspondent, are, I think, the same as mine, only not so white. [J. R.]

I have only thought of this to-day, and am packing for Oxford, so cannot say more; but with next parcel Mr. Caldara might do any Lombardic species, that grows or lives in winter, for specimen."

"II. Palermo, 29 *Ap.*, '74.

"I cannot make a better pattern drawing for Caldara than the Venetian ones. I want him to paint the natural flower, in exactly the same method as the Venetian, *only noticing any differences in form and distribution of colours.* You will at once feel that my object—the ascertaining if any difference in the plant itself has taken place in four centuries—will be better accomplished by retaining the style of the Venetian representation than by adopting a more modern one."]

[1] [For Ruskin's friendship with the monks at Assisi, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxxix.]

[2] [See above, p. 525.]

[3] [See Letters 62, §§ 14–16, and 63, §§ 17–21 (pp. 524–527, 551–555).]

[4] [Robert Leslie; for whom, see Vol. XXV. p. 179.]

night. The brave girl was seized with cramp on returning, and nearly lost her life."

26. (V.) Part of a letter from one of my best friends, Fellow and Tutor of Corpus, communicating some recent notes on English scenery:—

"I next went to the Isle of Wight, which is very pretty, but all over-builded. It threatens soon to become a mere suburb of London. Portsmouth detained me a day,—all too brief a time for its beauties and horrors, its relics of past naval glories and picturesque bits on land and sea, its nightmare sea-going caldrons, misnamed men-of-war, at the present. I went on board the *Thunderer*, twin ship of the *Devastation*.[1] I had expected something ugly and horrible, both inside and out; but my expectations were surpassed tenfold, especially with regard to the inside of the ship. The crew are confined altogether in utterly dark dungeons at each end of the ship, wholly under water, and hardly high enough for a man to walk in upright. An iron-shielded and very high deck in the middle of the ship is the only place where a man can see the light of day, and live, when this witch's kettle is at sea, as the ends of the vessel cut under the waves. The bull of Phalaris would have been an eligible prison to me in comparison of this; victims, at any rate, were not sent to sea in it."

27. (VI.)

"LAXEY, ISLE OF MAN, *March 4th*, 1876.

"DEAR SIR,—In this month's *Fors*, page 107[2]—'Affairs of the Master,'—if you add up the amounts paid out, I think you will find instead of £360, 2s. 0d., the amount should be £370, 12s. 3d., and leaves a proper balance of £225, 5s. 6d.

"I hope you will not be offended at me for troubling you with these trifling errors, of no moment; but I have got a singular habit—that I can never pass over a column of added figures, no matter what length, without testing their correctness.

"Yours truly,
"E. RYDINGS."

(If only my good correspondent—now a Companion—will indulge himself constantly in this good habit as respects the *Fors* accounts, I shall be much more at ease about them. But his postscript is more important.)

"*P.S.*—You say that the girls of St. George's Company shall learn to *spin* and *weave*, etc.[3] There is a good deal of hand-spinning done on this little island, but I am sorry to say that there are no young girls learning now to spin; and in a few years more, the common spinning-wheel here will be as great a curiosity as it s in Lancashire, where one is never seen—only at the theatre. I have gone to some little trouble to ascertain why the young girls are not learning now to spin; and the principal reason I can gather is that home-spun 'Manks-made dresses,' as they are called, last *too long*, and therefore do not give the young women a chance of having four or five new dresses in the year. I could give you some interesting information about hand-spinning and weaving here, but must reserve it for another time, and will send you patterns of cloth, etc. All our blankets, sheets, flannels,

[1] [See above, p. 214.]
[2] [See now, p. 559.]
[3] [See Letter 8, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 143).]

skirts, jacket cloth, stockings, and yarns, have been spun by my wife and her mother before her. We have now linen sheets in wear, not a hole or a tear in them, that were spun by my wife's mother,—and she, poor body, has been dead twenty-eight or twenty-nine years,—the flax grown on their own farm. Fine and white they are, and would compare favourably in *fineness* with machine-made Irish linen. The daughters of Lord Auckland, when he was bishop here, used to go every Saturday afternoon to my wife's mother's (who lived just behind Bishop Court) to learn to spin.

"But I must write you a special letter on the subject when I have got my patterns ready."[1]

[1] [For a further reference to the "Laxey homespun" industry, see below, p. 768; and for a general account of it, see Vol. XXX.]

LETTER 65

THE MOUNT OF THE AMORITES[1]

1. I TOLD you in last *Fors* to learn the 15th chapter of Genesis by heart.[2] Too probably, you have done nothing of the sort; but, at any rate, let us now read it together, that I may tell you, of each verse, what I wanted (and still beg) you to learn it for.

Verse 1. "The word of God came to Abram." Of course you can't imagine such a thing as that the word of God should ever come to *you!* Is that because you are worse, or better, than Abram?—because you are a more, or less, civilized person than he? I leave you to answer that question for yourself;—only as I have told you often before, but cannot repeat too often, find out first what the Word *is;* and don't suppose that the printed thing in your hand, which you call a Bible, is the Word of God, and that the said Word may therefore always be bought at a pious stationer's for eighteen-pence.

2. Farther, in the "Explanatory and Critical Commentary and Revision of the Translation" (of the Holy Bible) by Bishops and other Clergy of the Established Church, published in 1871, by Mr. John Murray, you will find the interesting statement, respecting this verse, that "This is the first time that the expression—so frequent afterwards —'The Word of the Lord' occurs in the Bible." The expression *is* certainly rather frequent afterwards; and one might have perhaps expected from the Episcopal and clerical commentators on this, its first occurrence, some slight

[1] [For the title, see §§ 8, 11.]
[2] [See Letter 64, § 2 (p. 562).]

notice of the probable meaning of it. They proceed, however, without farther observation, to discuss certain problems, suggested to them by the account of Abram's vision, respecting somnambulism; on which, though one would have thought few persons more qualified than themselves to give an account of that condition, they arrive at no particular conclusion.[1]

But even their so carefully limited statement is only one-third true. It is true of the Hebrew Law; not of the New Testament:—of the entire Bible, it is true of the English version only; not of the Latin, nor the Greek. Nay, it is very importantly and notably *un*true of those earlier versions.

3. There are three words in Latin, expressive of utterance in three very different manners; namely "verbum," a word, "vox," a voice, and "sermo," a sermon.

Now, in the Latin Bible, when St. John says "the Word was in the beginning,"[2] he says the "Verbum" was in the beginning. But here, when somebody (nobody knows who, and that is a bye question of some importance) is represented as saying, "the word of the Lord came to Abram,"[3] what somebody really says is that "There was made to Abram a 'Sermon' of the Lord."

Does it not seem possible that one of the almost unconscious reasons of your clergy for not pointing out this difference in expression, may be a doubt whether you ought not rather to desire to hear God preach, than them?

But the Latin word "verbum," from which you get "verbal" and "verbosity," is a very obscure and imperfect rendering of the great Greek word "Logos," from which you get "logic," and "theology," and all the other logies.

And the phrase "word of the Lord," which the Bishops, with unusual episcopic clairvoyance, have really observed to

[1] [The gist of §§ 1, 2, and the latter part of § 9, were read by Ruskin in one of his Oxford lectures of 1875: see the article in the *Century Magazine*, referred to in Vol. XXII. pp. 492, 506, 507.]

[2] [John i. 1.]

[3] [Genesis xv. 1.]

"occur frequently afterwards" in the English Bible, is, in the Greek Bible, always "the Logos of the Lord." But this Sermon to Abraham is only "rhema," an actual or mere *word;* in his interpretation of which, I see, my good Dean of Christ Church quotes[1] the Greek original of Sancho's proverb, "Fair words butter no parsnips."[2] Which we shall presently see to have been precisely Abram's—(of course cautiously expressed)—feeling, on this occasion. But to understand his feeling, we must look what this sermon of the Lord's was.

4. The sermon (as reported) was kind, and clear. "Fear not, Abram, I am thy Shield, and thy exceeding great Reward" ("reward" being the poetical English of our translators—the real phrase being "thy exceeding great pay, or gain"). Meaning, "You needn't make an iron tent, with a revolving gun in the middle of it, for I am your tent and artillery in one; and you needn't care to get a quantity of property, for *I* am your property; and you needn't be stiff about your rights of property, because nobody will dispute your right to *Me.*"

To which Abram answers, "Lord God, what wilt Thou give me, seeing I go childless?"

Meaning,—"Yes, I know that;—but what is the good of *You* to me, if I haven't a child? I am a poor mortal: I don't care about the Heavens or You; I want a child."

Meaning this, at least, if the Latin and English Bibles are right in their translation—"*I* am thy great gain." But the Greek Bible differs from them; and puts the promise in a much more tempting form to the modern English mind. It does not represent God as offering Himself; but something far better than Himself, actually exchangeable property! Wealth, according to Mr. John Stuart Mill. Here is indeed a prospect for Abram!—and something to refuse, worth thinking twice about. For the Septuagint

[1] [Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, *s.* ῥῆμα—the proverb being ῥήματα ἀντ' ἀλρίτων.]

[2] [Not in *Don Quixote;* see note at Vol. XVIII. p. 417.]

reads, "Fear not, Abram. I am thy Protector, and *thou shalt have* an exceeding great pay." Practically, just as if, supposing Sir Stafford Northcote[1] to represent the English nation of the glorious future, a Sermon of the Lord should come just now to him, saying, "Fear not, Sir Stafford, I am thy Devastation;[2] and thou shalt have an exceeding great surplus."

On which supposition, Abram's answer is less rude, but more astonishing. "Oh God, what wilt Thou give me? What good is money to me, who am childless?"

Again, as if Sir Stafford Northcote should answer, in the name of the British people, saying, "Lord God, what wilt Thou give me? What is the good to me of a surplus? What can I make of surplus? It is children that I want, not surplus!"

5. A truly notable parliamentary utterance on the Budget, if it might be! Not for a little while yet, thinks Sir Stafford; perhaps, think wiser and more sorrowful people than he, not until England has had to stone, according to the law of Deuteronomy xxi. 18,[3] some of the children she has got: or at least to grapeshot them. I couldn't get anything like comfortable rooms in the Pea Hen at St. Alban's, the day before yesterday,[4] because the Pea Hen was cherishing, for chickens under her wings, ever so many officers of the Royal Artillery; and some beautiful sixteen-pounders,—exquisite fulfilments of all that science could devise, in those machines; which were unlimbered in the market-place, on their way to Sheffield—where I am going myself, as it happens. I wonder much, in the name of my mistress, whose finger is certainly in this pie, what

[1] [Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1874–1880.]

[2] [See above, p. 214.]

[3] [Deuteronomy xxi. 18, 21: "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them. . . . And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die: so shalt thou put evil away from among you; and all Israel shall hear, and fear."]

[4] [Ruskin was at St. Albans on April 20–21 (Thursday to Friday), the first stage on a driving tour from London to Sheffield: see next letter, § 22, p. 631.]

business we have there (both of us), the black machines, and I. As Atropos would have it, too, I had only been making out, with good Mr. Douglas's help, in Woolwich Repository on Wednesday last,[1] a German Pea Hen's inscription on a sixteen-pounder of the fourteenth century:—

Ich bin furwahr, ein Grober Baur
Der frist mein agr, es wurd ihm Saur.[2]

6. Verse 5th. "And He brought him forth abroad, and said, Tell now the stars, if thou be able to number them. So shall thy seed be."

Of course *you* would have answered God instantly, and told Him the exact number of the stars, and all their magnitudes. Simple Abram, conceiving that, even if he did count all he could see, there might yet be a few more out of sight, does not try.

Verse 6th. "And he believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness."

That, on the whole, is the primary verse of the entire Bible. If that is true, the rest is worth whatever Heaven is worth; if that is untrue, the rest is worth nothing. You had better, therefore, if you can, learn it also in Greek and Latin.

"Καὶ ἐπίστευσεν Ἀβρὰμ τῷ Θεῷ, καὶ ἐλογίσθη αὐτῷ εἰς δικαιοσύνην."

"Credidit Abram Deo, et reputatum est illo in justitiam."

If, then, that text be true, it will follow that you also, if you would have righteousness counted to you, must believe God. And you can't believe Him if He never says anything to you. Whereupon it will be desirable again to

[1] [The diary says, "To Woolwich, gave lecture badly: horrid headache. Saw Repository." The lecture, delivered on April 18, was on Minerals. It is not reported, but was probably the same that he had given on April 13 at Christ's Hospital: see Vol. XXVI. p. 563.]

[2] [The inscription may be rendered (*Ayr* for *Eier*, *i.e.*, cannon-balls):—

"I be a churl both rough and rude;
Who tastes my eggs will get no good."

(Note by W. G. Collingwood in the Small Edition of *Fors*.)]

consider if He ever *has* said anything to you; and if not, why not.

After this verse, I don't understand much of the chapter myself—but I never expect to understand everything in the Bible, or even more than a little; and will make what I can of it.

7. Verses 7th, 8th. "And He said, I the Lord brought thee, to give thee this land, to inherit it.

"But he said, Lord, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?"

Now, I don't see how he could know it better than by being told so; nor how he knew it any better, after seeing a lamp moving between half-carcases. But we will at least learn, as well as we can, what happened; and think it over.

The star-lesson was of course given in the night; and, in the morning, Abram slays the five creatures, and watches their bodies all day.

"Such an absurd thing to do—to cut rams and cows in two to please God!"

Indeed it seems so; yet perhaps is better than cutting men in two to please ourselves; and we spend thirty millions a year in preparations for doing that. How many more swiftly divided carcases of horses and men, think you, my Christian friends, have the fowls fed on, *not* driven away,—finding them already carved for their feast, or blown into small and convenient morsels, by the military gentlemen of Europe, in sacrifice to—their own epaulettes (poor gilded and eyeless idols!), during the past seventy and six years of this *one* out of the forty centuries since Abram?

"The birds divided he not." A turtle dove, or in Greek "cooing dove"; and a pigeon, or in Greek "dark dove"; or black dove, such as came to Dodona;[1]—these were not to be cut through breast and backbone! Why? Why,

[1] [See the account given to Herodotus (ii. 55) by the priestesses of the oracle at Dodona: "They say that two black doves flew from Thebes in Egypt, and one of them came to Libya and the other to their land. And this latter settled upon an oak-tree and spoke with human voice, saying that it was necessary that a prophetic seat of Zeus should be established in that place."]

indeed, any of this butchery and wringing of necks? Not wholly, perhaps, for Abram's amusement, or God's; like our coursing and pigeon-shooting;—but then, all the more earnestly one asks, Why?

The Episcopal commentary tells you (usefully this time) that the *beasts* were divided, because among all nations it was then the most solemn attestation of covenant to pass between halves of beasts. But the birds?

8. We are not sure, by the way, how far the cleaving might reach, without absolute division. Read Leviticus i., 15 to 17, and v., 6 to 10.[1] "You have nothing to do with those matters," you think? I don't say you have; but in my schools you must know your Bible, and the meaning of it, or want of meaning, at least a little more definitely than you do now, before I let you throw the book away for ever. So have patience with it a little while; for indeed until you know something of this Bible, I can't go on to teach you any Koran, much less any Dante or Shakespeare. Have patience, therefore,—and you will need, probably, more than you think; for I am sadly afraid that you don't at present know so much as the difference between a

[1] ["And the priest shall bring it unto the altar, and wring off his head, and burn it on the altar; and the blood thereof shall be wrung out at the side of the altar:

"And he shall pluck away his crop with his feathers, and cast it beside the altar on the east part, by the place of the ashes:

"And he shall cleave it with the wings thereof, but shall not divide it asunder: and the priest shall burn it upon the altar, upon the wood that is upon the fire: it is a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the Lord" (Leviticus i. 15–17).

"And he shall bring his trespass offering unto the Lord for his sin which he hath sinned, a female from the flock, a lamb or a kid of the goats, for a sin offering; and the priest shall make an atonement for him concerning his sin.

"And if he be not able to bring a lamb, then he shall bring for his trespass, which he hath committed, two turtledoves, or two young pigeons, unto the Lord; one for a sin offering, and the other for a burnt offering.

"And he shall bring them unto the priest, who shall offer that which is for the sin offering first, and wring off his head from his neck, but shall not divide it asunder:

"And he shall sprinkle of the blood of the sin offering upon the side of the altar; and the rest of the blood shall be wrung out at the bottom of the altar: it is a sin offering.

"And he shall offer the second for a burnt offering, according to the manner: and the priest shall make an atonement for him for his sin which he hath sinned, and it shall be forgiven him" (Leviticus v. 6–10).]

burnt-offering and a sin-offering; nor between a sin-offering and a trespass-offering,—do you? (Lev. v., 15[1]); so how can you possibly know anything about Abram's doves, or afterwards about Ion's,—not to speak of the Madonna's? The whole story of the Ionic migration, and the carving of those Ionic capitals, which our architects don't know how to draw to this day, is complicated with the tradition of the saving of Ion's life by his recognition of a very small "trespass"—a servant's momentary "blasphemy." Hearing it, he poured the wine he was about to drink out upon the ground. A dove, flying down from the temple cornice, dipped her beak in it, and died, for the wine had been poisoned by—Ion's mother.[2] But the meaning of all that myth is involved in this earlier and wilder mystery of the Mount of the Amorite.

9. On the slope of it, down to the vale of Eshcol, sat Abram, as the sun ripened its grapes through the glowing day; the shadows lengthening at last under the crags of Machpelah;—the golden light warm on Ephron's field, still Ephron's, wild with wood. "And as the sun went down, an horror of great darkness fell upon Abram."[3]

Indigestion, most likely, thinks modern philosophy. Accelerated cerebration, with automatic conservation of psychic force, lucidly suggests Dr. Carpenter.[4] Derangement of the sensori-motor processes, having certain relations of nextness, and behaviour uniformly depending on that nextness, condescendingly explains Professor Clifford.[5]

Well, my scientific friends, if ever God does you the

[1] ["If a soul commit a trespass, and sin through ignorance, in the holy things of the Lord; then he shall bring for his trespass unto the Lord a ram without blemish out of the flocks, with thy estimation by shekels of silver, after the shekel of the sanctuary, for a trespass offering."—Leviticus v. 15.]

[2] [For other references to Euripides's play, see Vol. XX. p. 365 and Vol. XXI. p. 113.]

[3] [Genesis xv. 12.]

[4] [W. B. Carpenter (1813–1885), F.R.S. See his lectures on "The Unconscious Action of the Brain" and "Epidemic Delusions" in *Manchester Science Lectures for the People*, third series, 1871.]

[5] [See such articles as "Body and Mind" (*Fortnightly Review*, December 1874) and "The Ethics of Belief" (*Contemporary Review*, January 1877), both republished in his posthumous *Lectures and Essays* (1879); for "sensory" and "motor" nerves,

grace to give you experience of the sensations, either of horror, or darkness, even to the extent your books and you inflict them on my own tired soul, you will come out on the other side of that shadow with newer views on many subjects than have occurred yet to you,—novelty-hunters though you be.

10. "Behold, thy seed shall be strangers, in a land not theirs."[1] Again, the importunate question returns, "When was this written?" But the really practical value of the passage for ourselves, is the definite statement, alike by the Greeks and Hebrews, of dream, as one of the states in which knowledge of the future may be distinctly given. The truth of this statement we must again determine for ourselves. Our dreams are partly in our power, by management of daily thought and food; partly, involuntary and accidental—very apt to run in contrary lines from those naturally to be expected of them; and partly (at least, so say all the Hebrew prophets, and all great Greek, Latin, and English thinkers), prophetic. Whether what Moses, Homer, David, Daniel, the Evangelists and St. Paul, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Bacon, think on this matter, or what the last-whelped little curly-tailed puppy of the Newington University thinks, is most likely to be true—judge as you will.

11. "In the fourth generation they shall come hither again, for the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full."[2]

What *was* the iniquity of the Amorites, think you, and what kind of people were they? Anything like ourselves? or wide-mouthed and goggle-eyed,—terrifically stalking above the vineyard stakes of Eshcol? If like us, in any wise, is it possible that we also may be committing iniquity, capable of less and more fulness, through such a space as

and their processes, see, especially, vol. ii. pp. 39 *seq.*, 45, 50: "Two actions of the brain which occur together form a link between themselves, so that the one being called up, the other is called up," etc. For another reference to W. K. Clifford (1845–1879), F.R.S., see Vol. XXIV. p. 448.]

[1] [Genesis xv. 13.]

[2] [Genesis xv. 16. For Eschol, the Amorite, see Genesis xiv. 13, 24; for the grapes of Eschol, Numbers xiii. 23.]

four hundred years? Questions worth pausing at; and we will at least try to be a little clear-headed as to Amorite personality.

We habitually speak of the Holy Land as the Land of "Canaan." The "promised" land was indeed that of Canaan, with others. But Israel never got it. They got only the Mount of the Amorites; for the promise was only to be perfected on condition of their perfect obedience. Therefore, I asked you to learn Genesis x. 15, and Genesis x. 16, separately.[1] For *all* the Canaanites were left, to prove Israel (Judges iii. 3[2]), and a good many of the Amorites and Jebusites too (Judges iii. 5–7[3]), but in the main Israel subdued the last two races, and held the hill country from Lebanon to Hebron, and the capital, Jerusalem, for their own. And if instead of "Amorites," you will read generally "Highlanders" (which the word means[4]), and think of them, for a beginning of notion, simply as Campbells and Macgregors of the East, getting themselves into relations with the pious Israelites closely resembling those of the Highland race and mind of Scotland with its evangelical and economical Lowlanders, you will read these parts of your Bible in at least an incipiently intelligent manner. And above all, you will, or may, understand that the Amorites had a great deal of good in them: that they and the Jebusites were on the whole a generous and courteous people,—so that, when Abram dwells with the Amorite princes, Mamre and Eshcol, they are faithful allies

[1] [See Letter 64, § 2 (p. 562). "And Canaan begat Sidon his firstborn, and Heth, And the Jebusite, and the Amorite, and the Girgasite" (Genesis x. 15, 16).]

[2] ["Namely, five lords of the Philistines, and all the Canaanites, and the Sidonians, and the Hivites that dwelt in Mount Lebanon, from Mount Baal-hermon unto the entering in of Hamath" (Judges iii. 3).]

[3] ["And the children of Israel dwelt among the Canaanites, Hittites, and Amorites, and Perizzites, and Hivites, and Jebusites:

"And they took their daughters to be their wives, and gave their daughters to their sons, and served their gods.

"And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and forgat the Lord their God, and served Baalim and the groves" (Judges iii. 5–7).]

[4] [The name has been ordinarily supposed to mean "mountaineers," but this interpretation is disputed by Sayce (who interprets it as derived from an ancient place-name): see his article in Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible,* vol. i. p. 84.]

to him;[1] and when he buys his grave from Ephron the Hittite, and David the threshing-floor from Araunah the Jebusite, both of the mountaineers behave just as the proudest and truest Highland chief would. "What is that between me and thee?" "All these things did Araunah, as a King, give unto the King—and Araunah said unto the King, The Lord thy God accept thee." Not *our* God, you see;—but giving sadly, as the Sidonian widow begging,—with claim of no part in Israel.

"Mere oriental formulæ," says the Cockney modern expositor—"offers made in fore-knowledge that they would not be accepted."

No, curly-tailed bow-wow; it is only you and other such automatic poodles who are "formulæ." Automatic, by the way, you are not; we all know how to wind you up to run with a whirr, like toy-mice.

12. Well, now read consecutively, but quietly, Numbers xiii. 22–29, xxi. 13–26, Deuteronomy iii. 8–13, and Joshua x. 6–14, and you will get a notion or two, which with those already obtained you may best arrange as follows.

Put the Philistines, and giants, or bulls, of Bashan, out of the way at present; they are merely elements of physical malignant force, sent against Samson, Saul, and David, as a half-human shape of lion or bear,—carrying off the ark of God in their mouths, and not knowing in the least what to do with it. You already know Tyre as the trading power, Ethiopia as the ignorant—Egypt as the wise—slave; then the Amorites, among the children of Ham, correspond to the great mountain and pastoral powers of the Shemites; and are far the noblest and purest of the race: abiding in their own fastnesses, desiring no conquest, but as Sihon, admitting no invader;[2]—holding their crags so that nothing can be taken out of the hand of the Amorite but with the sword and bow (Gen. xlviii. 22); yet living chiefly

[1] [Genesis xiv. 13; for the other references, see Genesis xxiii. 3–20; 2 Samuel xxiv. 24; Genesis xxiii. 15; 2 Samuel xxiv. 23; and Matthew xv. 21–28.]

[2] [Numbers xxi. 23.]

by pasture and agriculture; worshipping, in their early dynasties, the one eternal God; and, in the person of their great high priest, Melchizedec,[1] but a few years before this vision, blessing the father of the faithful, and feeding him with the everlasting sacraments of earth,—bread and wine,—in the level valley of the Kings, under Salem, the city of peace.[2]

Truly, "the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full."[3]

13. I have given you enough to think of, for this time; but you can't work it out rightly without a clearly intelligible map of Palestine, and raised models of the districts of Hebron and Jerusalem, which I will provide as soon as possible, according to St. George's notions of what such things should be, for the Sheffield museum:[4] to the end that at least, in that district of the Yorkshire Amorites, singularly like the Holy Land in its level summits and cleft defiles, it may be understood what England also had once to bring forth of blessing in her own vales of peace; and how her gathering iniquity may bring upon her,—(and at this instant, as I write, early on Good Friday, the malignant hail of spring time, slaying blossom and leaf, smites rattling on the ground that should be soft with flowers), such day of ruin as the great hail darkened in the going down to Beth-horon, and the sun, that had bronzed their corn and flushed their grape, prolonged on Ajalon, implacable.[5]

14. "And it came to pass, when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold, a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp which passed between those pieces."[6]

What a lovely vision, half of it, at any rate, to the eye of modern progress! Foretelling, doubtless, smoking furnaces, and general civilization, in this Amorite land of

[1] [Compare Letter 76, § 14 (Vol. XXIX. p. 96).]
[2] [Hebrews vii. 2.]
[3] [Genesis xv. 16.]
[4] [For Ruskin's plans about maps, see further Letter 95 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 504–506); and compare the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. (pp. lxx.–lxxiii.).]
[5] [See Joshua x. 11-14.]
[6] [Genesis xv. 17.]

barbarous vines and fig-trees! Yes—my progressive friends. That was precisely what the vision *did* foretell,—in the first half of it; and not very many summer mornings afterwards, Abram, going out for his walk in the dew round his farm,* saw its fulfilment in quite literal terms, on the horizon. (Gen. xix. 28.) The smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.[1] But what do you make of the other part of the night-vision? Striking of oil?[2] and sale of numerous patent lamps? But Abram never did strike any oil—except olive, which could only be had on the usual terms of laborious beating and grinding, and in moderate quantities. What do you make of the second half of the vision?

Only a minute part of its infinite prophecy was fulfilled in those flames of the Paradise of Lot. For the two fires were the sign of the presence of the Person who accepted the covenant, in passing between the pieces of the victim. And they shone, therefore, for the signature of His Name; that name which we pray may be hallowed; and for what that name entirely means;—"the Lord, merciful and gracious,—and that will by no means clear the guilty."[3]

For as on the one side He is like a refiner's fire, so

* Abram's mountain home seems to have been much like Horace's, as far as I can make out: but see accounts of modern travellers. Our translation "in the plain of Mamre" (Genesis xiii. 18; xiv. 13) is clearly absurd; the gist of the separation between Lot and Abram being Lot's choice of the plain, as "the Paradise of God," and Abram's taking the rock ground. The Vulgate says "in the ravine" of Mamre; the Septuagint, "by the oak."[4] I doubt not the Hebrew is meant to carry both senses, as of a rocky Vallombrosa; the Amorites at that time knew how to keep their rain, and guide their springs. Compare the petition of Caleb's daughter when she is married, after being brought up on this very farm, Joshua xv. 17, 18; comparing also xiv. 14, 15, and of the hill country generally, xvii. 15, and Deut. xi. 10–12, 17.

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[1] ["And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace" (Genesis xix. 28).]

[2] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 215.]

[3] [Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7; for the other references, see Malachi iii. 2; John i. 9; and Psalms cxix. 105.]

[4] [In the Revised Version, "by the oaks."]

that none may abide the day of His coming,—so on the other He is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. And all the pain of grief and punishment, temporal or eternal, following on the broken covenant; and all the sweet guidance of the lamp to the feet and the light to the path, granted to those who keep it, are meant by the passing of the darkened and undarkened flames.

15. Finish now the learning this whole chapter accurately, and when you come to the eighteenth verse, note how much larger the *promised* land was,[1] than we usually imagine it; and what different manner of possession the Israelites got of its borders, by the waters of Babylon, and rivers of Egypt (compare Jeremiah xxxix. 9, with xliii. 6 and 7[2]), than they might have had, if they had pleased.

And now, when you have got well into your heads that the Holy Land is, broadly, the mountain or highland of the Amorites (compare Deut. i. 7, 20, 44; Numbers xiii. 29[3]), look to the verse which you have probably quoted often, "Behold upon the mountains the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings,"[4]—without ever asking *what* mountains, or what tidings. The mountains are these Amorite

[1] ["From the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates."]

[2] ["Then Nebuzar-adan the captain of the guard carried away captive into Babylon the remnant of the people that remained in the city, and those that fell away, that fell to him, with the rest of the people that remained" (Jeremiah xxxix. 9).

"Even men, and women, and children, and the king's daughters, and every person that Nebuzar-adan the captain of the guard had left with Gedaliah the son of Ahikam the son of Shaphan, and Jeremiah the prophet, and Baruch the son of Neriah.

"So they came into the land of Egypt: for they obeyed not the voice of the Lord: thus came they even to Tahpanhes" (Jeremiah xliii. 6, 7).]

[3] ["Turn you, and take your journey, and go to the mount of the Amorites, and unto all the places nigh thereunto, in the plain, in the hills, and in the vale, and in the south, and by the sea side, to the land of the Canaanites, and unto Lebanon, unto the great river, the river Euphrates.

"And I said unto you, Ye are come unto the mountain of the Amorites, which the Lord our God doth give unto us.

"And the Amorites, which dwelt in that mountain, came out against you, and chased you, as bees do, and destroyed you in Seir, even unto Hormah" (Deuteronomy i. 7, 20, 44).

"The Amalekites dwell in the land of the south: and the Hittites, and the Jebusites, and the Amorites, dwell in the mountains: and the Canaanites dwell by the sea, and by the coast of Jordan" (Numbers xiii. 29).]

[4] [Nahum i. 15.]

crags, and the tidings are of the last destruction of the Hamite power, in the other three great brethren, Cush, Mizraim, and Phut. Read your Nahum through slowly;[1] and learn the eighth and ninth verses of the third chapter, to be always remembered as the completion of the fifteenth, which you know the first half of so well already—though I suppose you rarely go on to its practical close, "O Judah, keep thy solemn feasts, perform thy vows; for the wicked shall no more pass through thee"—this "passing," observe, being the ruinous war of the bitter and hasty nation (compare Habakkuk i. 6–8, with the last verse of Nahum[2]), which spiritually is the type of all ruinous and violent passion, such as now passes continually to and fro in this English land of ours.

16. I am not much in a humour to examine further to-day the passing of its slower molluscous Assyrians; but may at least affirm what I believe at last to be the sure conclusion of my young hunter of Arundel;[3]—that the spiral of the shell uniformly increases its coil from birth to maturity. Here are examples of the minute species, sent me by Mr. Sillar,[4] in three stages of growth; the little black spots giving them in their natural size (with much economic skill of Mr. Burgess' touch). The three magnified spirals you may as well copy, and find out how many these little creatures may have. I had taken them for the young of the common snail when I wrote last; but we

[1] [Compare *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 43 *n.*, where Ruskin refers to this passage and speaks of "the Achillean force of this most terrible of the prophets."]

[2] ["For, lo, I raise up the Chaldeans, that bitter and hasty nation, which shall march through the breadth of the land, to possess the dwellingplaces that are not their's.

"They are terrible and dreadful: their judgment and their dignity shall proceed of themselves.

"Their horses also are swifter than the leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves: and their horsemen shall spread themselves, and their horsemen shall come from far; they shall fly as the eagle that hasteth to eat" (Habakkuk i. 6–8).

"There is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous: all that hear the bruit of thee shall clap the hands over thee: for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?" (Nahum iii. 19).]

[3] [See Letter 63, § 20 (pp. 553–554). In Letter 64, § 18 (p. 575), Ruskin had doubted the previous explanation.]

[4] [See Letter 64, § 18 (p. 575).]

will have all our facts clear some day, both concerning bees, and slugs, and the larger creatures, industrious or lazy, whom they are meant to teach.

17. But I want to finish my letter for this time with a word or two more of my Scottish Amorite aunt, after she was brought down into Lowland life by her practical tanner.[1] She, a pure dark-eyed dove-priestess, if ever there was one, of Highland Dodona. Strangely, the kitchen servant-of-all-work in the house of Rose Terrace[2] was a very old "Mause" who might well have been the prototype of the Mause[3] of *Old Mortality*,* but had even a more solemn, fearless, and patient faith, fastened in her by extreme suffering; for she had been nearly starved to death when she was a girl, and had literally picked the bones out of cast-out dust-heaps to gnaw; and ever afterwards, to see the waste of an atom of food was as shocking to her as blasphemy. "Oh, Miss Margaret!" she said once to my mother, who had shaken some crumbs off a dirty plate out of the window, "I had rather you had knocked

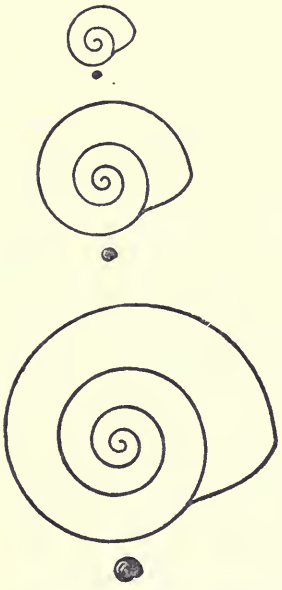

Fig. 12

* Vulgar modern Puritanism has shown its degeneracy in nothing more than in its incapability of understanding Scott's exquisitely finished portraits of the Covenanter. In *Old Mortality*, alone, there are four which cannot be surpassed; the typical one, Elizabeth,[4] faultlessly sublime and pure; the second, Ephraim Macbriar, giving the too common phase of the character,

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[1] [See Letter 63, §§ 11–14 (p. 546). Part of this Letter, from "She, a pure . . ." down to "without being quite so zealous" in § 19, was partly used (but very much revised) in *Præterita*, i. §§ 71–73.]

[2] [See above, p. 549.]

[3] [For other references to Mause Headrigg, see *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 296.]

[4] [Bessie Maclure. For the correction of a slip of the pen (in the first edition) in giving this name, see Letter 66, § 24 (p. 634).]

me down." She would make her dinner upon anything in the house that the other servants couldn't eat;—often upon potato skins, giving her own dinner away to any poor person she saw; and would always stand during the whole church service (though at least seventy years old when I knew her, and very feeble), if she could persuade any wild Amorite out of the streets to take her seat. Her wrinkled and worn face, moveless in resolution, and patience; incapable of smile, and knit sometimes perhaps too severely against Jessie[1] and me, if we wanted more creamy milk to our porridge, or jumped off our favourite box on Sunday, —("Never mind, John," said Jessie to me, once, seeing me in an unchristian state of provocation on this subject, "when we're married, we'll jump off boxes all day long, if we like!") may have been partly instrumental in giving me that slight bias against the Evangelical religion which I confess to be sometimes traceable in my later works: but I never can be thankful enough for having seen, in her, the Scottish Puritan spirit in its perfect faith and force; and been enabled therefore afterwards to trace its agency in the reforming policy of Scotland with the reverence and honour it deserves.

18. My aunt was of a far gentler temper, but still to me remained at a wistful distance. She had been much

which is touched with ascetic insanity; the third, Mause, coloured and made sometimes ludicrous by Scottish conceit, but utterly strong and pure at heart; the last, Balfour, a study of supreme interest, showing the effect of the Puritan faith, sincerely held, on a naturally and incurably cruel and base spirit. His last battle-cry—"Down with the Amorites,"[2] the chief Amorite being Lord Evandale, is intensely illustrative of all I have asked you to learn to-day. Add to these four studies, from this single novel, those in the *Heart of Midlothian*, and Nicol Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice from *Rob Roy*,[3] and you have a series of theological analyses far beyond those of any other philosophical work that I know, of any period.

[1] [See above, p. 549.]

[2] [In a note for his intended Index, Ruskin says "Correct his battle-cry." The actual cry was "Down with Dagon and all his adherents": see *Old Mortality*, ch. xvi.]

[3] [For the "analysis of the pure Protestant faith in the *Heart of Midlothian*," see Letter 83, § 10 (Vol. XXIX. p. 267); for Ruskin's notes on the characters of Nicol Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice, see Vol. XXV. p. 296 (and the other passages there noted).]

saddened by the loss of three of her children, before her husband's death. Little Peter, especially, had been the corner-stone of her love's building; and it was thrown down swiftly:—white-swelling came in the knee; he suffered much; and grew weaker gradually, dutiful always, and loving, and wholly patient. She wanted him one day to take half a glass of port wine,—and took him on her knee, and put it to his lips. "Not now, mamma;—in a minute," said he; and put his head on her shoulder, and gave one long, low sigh, and died. Then there was Catherine; and —I forget the other little daughter's name,—I did not see them; my mother told me of them;—eagerly always about Catherine, who had been her own favourite. My aunt had been talking earnestly one day with her husband about these two children; planning this and that for their schooling and what not: at night, for a little while she could not sleep; and as she lay thinking, she saw the door of the room open; and two spades come into it, and stand at the foot of her bed. Both the children were dead within brief time afterwards. I was about to write "within a fortnight"—but I cannot be sure of remembering my mother's words accurately.

19. But when I was in Perth there were still—Mary, her eldest daughter, who looked after us children when Mause was too busy,—James and John, William and Andrew (I can't think whom the unapostolic William was named after; he became afterwards a good physician in London, and Tunbridge Wells; his death, last year, is counted among the others that I have spoken of as recently leaving me very lonely[1]). But the boys were then all at school or college,—the scholars, William and Andrew, only came home to tease Jessie and me, and eat the biggest jargonel pears; the collegians were wholly abstract; and the two girls and I played in our quiet ways on the North Inch, and by the "Lead," a stream "led" from the Tay past

[1] [See Letter 61, § 3 (p. 486).]

Rose Terrace, into the town for molinary purposes; and long ago, I suppose, bricked over, or choked with rubbish;[1] but then lovely, and a perpetual treasure of flowing diamond to us children. Mary, by the way, was nearly fourteen—fair, blue-eyed, and moderately pretty; and as pious as Jessie, without being quite so zealous. And I scarcely know if those far years of summer sunshine were dreams, or if this horror of darkness is one, to-day, at St. Albans, where, driven out of the abbey, unable to bear the sight of its restorations, and out of the churchyard, where I would fain have stayed to draw, by the black plague-wind, I take refuge from all in an old apple-woman's shop, because she reminds me of my Croydon Amorite aunt,—and her little window of the one in the parlour beside the shop in Market Street. She sells comic songs as well as apples. I invest a penny in "The Union Jack," and find, in the course of conversation, that the result of our unlimited national prosperity upon *her* is, that where she used to take twopence from one customer, she now takes five farthings from five,—that her rates are twelve shillings instead of six,—that she is very tired of it all, and hopes God will soon take her to heaven.

20. I have been a little obscure in direction about the Egyptian asterisk in last *Fors*.[2] The circle in the middle is to be left solid; the rays round are to be cut quite shallow; not in deep furrows, as in wood, but like rising sharp, cliff-edged harbours with flat bottoms of sand; as little of the hard rock being cut away as may be.

21. The Etrurian Leucothea has come at last;[3] but please let my readers observe that my signature to it means only that it will answer our purpose, not that it is a good print.[4]

[1] [But see Letter 66, § 25 (p. 637).]
[2] [Letter 64, §§ 14, 15 (pp. 571–572).]
[3] [See Letter 64, § 17 (p. 574).]
[4] [Ruskin in his copy has here struck out the words (in previous editions), "for Mr. Parker's agent is a 'Grober Baur,' and will keep neither time nor troth in impressions." For "Grober Baur," see above, p. 591.]

Farther, I have now put into Mr. Ward's hands a photograph from a practice-sketch of my own at Oxford,[1] in pure lead pencil, on grey paper secured with ink, on the outlines, and touched with white on the lights. It is of a stuffed Kingfisher,—(one can't see a live one in England nowadays), and done at full speed of hand: and it is to be copied for a balance practice to the slow spiral lines.[2]

[1] [Rudimentary Series, No. 202: see Vol. XXI. p. 227, and Plate LVIII. (*ibid.*, p. 262).]

[2] [With this letter was issued another of Mr. Girdlestone's pamphlets—namely, *Our Misdirected Labour considered as a Grave, National, and Personal Question, in regard to its Amount, Consequences, and Causes. A Paper read at a Meeting of the Weston-super-Mare Social Science Club.* By E. D. Girdlestone, B.A. Price one Penny. 1876.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

22. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I have given leave to two of our Companions to begin work on the twenty acres of ground in Worcestershire,[1] given us by Mr. George Baker, our second donor of land (it was all my fault that he wasn't the first). The ground is in copsewood; but good for fruit trees; and shall be cleared and brought into bearing as soon as the two Companions can manage it. We shall now see what we are good for, working as backwoodsmen, but in our own England.

I am in treaty for more land round our Sheffield museum;[2] and have sent down to it, for a beginning of the mineralogical collection, the agates on which I lectured in February at the London Institution.[3] This lecture I am printing, as fast as I can, for the third number of *Deucalion;* but I find no scientific persons who care to answer me any single question I ask them about agates; and I have to work all out myself; and little hitches and twitches come, in what one wants to say in print. And the days go.

Subscriptions since March 14th to April 16th. I must give names, now; having finally resolved to have no secrets in our Company,—except those which must be eternally secret to certain kinds of persons, who can't understand either our thoughts or ways:—

		£	s.	d.
March.	F. D. Drewitt (tithe of a first earning)	1	4	1
	Miss M. Guest	2	2	0
April.	James Burdon (tithe of wages)	2	10	0
	Wm. B. Graham (gift)	1	0	0
	Anonymous (post stamp, Birkenhead)	1	10	0
		£8	6	1

[1] [In September 1871 Mr. Baker offered to give seven acres (Vol. XXVII. p. 160). Subsequently he enlarged his offer to twenty acres, but Ruskin in October 1875 had delayed his inspection of the land (above, p. 424). Hence the gift of Mrs. Talbot in August 1875 was the first, formally accepted (above, p. 395).]

[2] [See below, p. 658.]

[3] ["Precious Stones: And the Gold of that Land is good: there is Bdellium and the Onyx Stone." Delivered at the London Institution on February 17, and March 28, 1876. Included in *Deucalion* (part iii.) as ch. vii. of vol. i. (Vol. XXVI. pp. 165–196), where references to the places of the specimens in the Museum are given.]

23. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

			£	s.	d.
March	16.	Balance	1471	8	1
	21.	Miss O. Hill, 1½ year's rent on Marylebone Freehold	90	15	0
	28.	R. Forsyth (tea-shop)	54	0	0
April	7.	Dividend on £7000 Bank Stock	315	0	0
	8.	Petty cash (Dividends on small shares in Building Societies and the like)	25	3	3
			£1956	6	4
March	21.	Jackson	£50 0 0		
	22.	Self*	100 0 0		
	23.	Warren and Jones	56 16 3		
	25, and *April* 7.	Crawley	40 0 0		
April	1.	Secretary	25 0 0		
	1.	Downs	25 0 0		
	2.	Kate (and 11th April)	45 0 0		
	6.	Burgess	50 0 0		
	6.	David	53 0 0		
			444	16	3
		Balance, April 16	£1511	10	1

24. (III.) I have promised an answer this month to the following pretty little letter; and will try to answer fully, though I must go over ground crossed often enough before. But it is often well to repeat things in other times and words:[1]—

"16*th March*, 1876.

"Sir,—Being very much interested in the St. George's Society, we venture to write and ask you if you will be so kind as to send us the rules, as, even if we could not join it, we should so like to try and keep them. We hope you will excuse our troubling you, but we do not know how else to obtain the rules.

We remain, yours truly."

My dear children, the rules of St. George's Company are none other than those which at your baptism your godfather and godmother promised to see that you should obey—namely, the rules of conduct given to all His disciples by Christ, so far as, according to your ages, you can understand or practise them. But the Christian religion being now mostly obsolete (and worse, falsely professed) throughout Europe, your godfathers

* For accounts in London, to save drawing small cheques. I have not room for detail this month,[2] the general correspondence being lengthy.

[1] [§§ 24 and 25 were reprinted in the *Letter to Young Girls* (see Bibliographical Note, above, p. xxvi.). In lines 1 and 2 "this month" was omitted, and "initial-signed petition" was substituted for "letter." Some other revisions made by Ruskin in the *Letter* are here followed, viz. in lines 6 and 7, "godfathers and godmothers" for "godfather and godmother"; line 14, the italicising of "*He*"; in § 25, line 10, "one" was italicised; in § 25, line 11, the transposition of "is" from after "mind"; for an alteration in line 1 of "6th," see p. 610 *n.*]

[2] [For the details, see below, p. 631.]

and godmothers, too probably, had no very clear notion of the Devil or his works, when they promised you should renounce them; and St. George hereby sends you a splinter of his lance, in token that you will find extreme difficulty in putting any of Christ's wishes into practice, under the present basilisk power of society.

Nevertheless, St. George's first order to you, supposing you were put under his charge, would be that you should always, in whatever you do, endeavour to please Christ[1] (and *He* is quite easily pleased if you try), but in attempting this, you will instantly find yourself likely to displease many of your friends or relations; and St. George's second order to you is that in whatever you do, you consider what is kind and dutiful to them also, and that you hold it for a sure rule that no manner of disobedience to your parents, or of disrespect and presumption towards your friends, can be pleasing to God. You must therefore be doubly submissive; first in your own will and purpose to the law of Christ; then in the carrying out of your purpose, to the pleasure and orders of the persons whom He has given you for superiors. And you are not to submit to them sullenly, but joyfully and heartily; keeping nevertheless your own purpose clear, so soon as it becomes proper for you to carry it out.

25. Under these conditions, here are a few of St. George's orders for you to begin with:—

1st. Keep absolute calm of temper, under all chances; receiving everything that is provoking and disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand: and the more it is like to provoke you, thank Him for it the more; as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember, it does not in the least matter what happens to you,—whether a clumsy schoolfellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The one thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind, at this time of your youth, is crystallizing like sugar-candy; and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently.

2nd. Say to yourselves every morning, just after your prayers: "Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be My disciple."[2] That is exactly and completely true: meaning that you are to give all you have to Christ to take care of for you. Then if He doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if He takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not indeed, at your age,

[1] [In "Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford," by "Peter" (*St. George*, vol. vi. p. 107), the following passages are given from "a letter to Mrs. Hilliard":—

> "The plan of a refined education, founded on agriculture and seamanship, cannot be sketched out with charcoal instantaneously. Still, the slow and provoking way in which I go on is that the enemy may not be able to get hold of any assailable point till I have taken my ground thoroughly.
>
> "Love to Connie; and tell her, in Utopia young ladies won't think of imitating Christ, but of imitating wiser young ladies than themselves, and street sweepers won't think of imitating Christ, but of saving pence enough to keep them from pawning their boots."

The references are to the present passage in *Fors*.]

[2] [Luke xiv. 33.]

have to give up houses, or lands, or boats, or nets; but you may perhaps break your favourite teacup, or lose your favourite thimble, and might be vexed about it, but for this second St. George's precept.

3rd. What, after this surrender, you find entrusted to you, take extreme care of, and make as useful as possible. The greater part of all they have is usually given to grown-up people by Christ, merely that they may give it away again: but school-girls, for the most part, are likely to have little more than what is needed for themselves: of which, whether books, dresses, or pretty room-furniture, you are to take extreme care, looking on yourself, indeed, practically, as a little housemaid set to keep Christ's books and room in order; and not as yourself the mistress of anything.

4th. Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you: but in bright colours (if they become you), and in the best materials,—that is to say, in those which will wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion: but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colours or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation), as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of; nor drag them behind you over the ground. And your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common-sense and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average English women, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers.

5th. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker, with utmost attainable precision and perfection: but let this good dressmaker be a poor person, living in the country; not a rich person living in a large house in London. "There are no good dressmakers in the country." No: but there soon will be if you obey St. George's orders, which are very strict indeed, about never buying dresses in London. "You bought one there, the other day, for your own pet!"[1] Yes; but that was because she was a wild Amorite, who had wild Amorites to please; not a Companion of St. George.

6th. Learn dressmaking yourself, with pains and time; and use a part of every day in needlework,[2] making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people, who have not time nor taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing what is modestly right, and graceful; and to help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station. If they see that you never try to dress above yours, they will not try to dress above theirs. Read the little scene between Miss Somers and Simple Susan, in the draper's shop, in Miss Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant;* and by the way, if you have not that book, let it be the next birthday present you ask papa or uncle for.

7th. Never seek for amusement, but be always ready to be amused.

[1] [See above, p. 559; author's note (*d*).]

[2] [In the reprint (*Letter to Young Girls*) this reads: "6th. Devote a part of every day to thorough needlework, in making . . ." In line 4 of "6th" "most" was corrected to "modestly," and the correction is here followed, as "most" was probably a misprint.]

The least thing has play in it—the slightest word, wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh. Play actively and gaily; and cherish, without straining, the natural powers of jest in others and yourselves;—remembering all the while that your hand is every instant on the helm of the ship of your life, and that the Master, on the far shore of Araby the blest,[1] looks for its sail on the horizon,—to its hour.[2]

I can't tell you more till next letter.

26. (IV.) Extract from a letter of one of my own girl-pupils and charges:[3]—

"What *is* to be done with town children? Do you remember going with me to see Mrs. G——, our old servant? She has died since, and left two children for us to love and care for, for her. The elder, Louie, is thirteen; unusually intelligent and refined; I was helping her last night in her work for an examination. She had Tennyson's 'Dora' to learn by heart, and said it beautifully, with so much spirit,—and then, *asked me what the harvest was.* She said she had such a vague idea about it, she shouldn't know how to explain it, if the Inspector asked her.

"I am just going to take her down to the picture gallery, to give her a geography lesson on moors and lakes, etc., which is the best I can do for her here; but isn't that dreadful?

"Much love, dear Godfather,
"Ever your loving Godchild."

27. (V.) I accept the offer of subjoined letter thankfully. Our Companion, Mr. Rydings, is henceforward to be answerable for our arithmetic; and all sums below fifty pounds are to be sent to him, not to me.

"LAXEY, *April 14th*, 1876.

"MY DEAR MASTER,—At page 579, April *Fors* Subscription List, balance in hand £106, 16s. 5d., should be £107, 16s. 5d.

"Yours, ever truly,
"EGBERT RYDINGS.

"*P.S.*—Would it be possible to have these items checked before being printed? I should feel it a pleasure if I could be of use."

[1] [*Paradise Lost*, Book IV., l. 163.]

[2] [Here the reprint in the *Letter to Young Girls* ends, resuming at Letter 66, § 24 (p. 635).]

[3] [Miss Oldham; for Ruskin's visit to her nurse, see Letter 59, § 1 (p. 439).]

LETTER 66[1]

MIRACLE

BRANTWOOD, 14*th May*, 1876.

1. THOSE of my readers who have followed me as far as I have hitherto gone in our careful reading of the Pentateuch, must, I think, have felt with me, in natural consequence of this careful reading, more than hitherto, the life and reality of the record; but, in the degree of this new life, new wonderfulness, and difficult credibility! For it is always easy to imagine that we believe what we do not understand; and often graceful and convenient to consent in the belief of others, as to what we do not care about. But when we begin to know clearly what is told, the question if it be fable or fact becomes inevitable in our minds; and if the fact, once admitted, would bear upon our conduct, its admission can no longer be made a matter of mere social courtesy.

Accordingly, I find one of my more earnest readers already asking me, privately, if I really believed that the hail on Good Friday last had been sent as a punishment for national sin?—and I should think, and even hope, that

[1] [In the first edition the following notice was printed in italics at the head of this Letter:—

"(All Signed Petitions against Rydal Railway to be sent immediately to me at Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.)"

This refers to an advertisement by "The author of *Modern Painters*" which was inserted in Mr. Robert Somervell's *Protest against the Extension of Railways in the Lake District*, first issued towards the end of 1875. In it Ruskin "earnestly requested all persons who may have taken interest in his writings, or who have any personal regard for him," to sign Mr. Somervell's *Protest*. To a later edition of the *Protest* Ruskin contributed a Preface (dated June 22, 1876); this is reprinted in a later volume of this edition, where also will be found a circular of thanks issued by Ruskin for the petitions sent in to him in consequence of the present notice.]

other of my readers would like to ask me, respecting the same passage, whether I believed that the sun ever stood still?[1]

2. To whom I could only answer, what I answered some time since in my paper on Miracle for the Metaphysical Society (*Contemporary Review*[2]), that the true miracle, to my mind, would not be in the sun's standing still, but IS in its going on! We are all of us being swept down to death in a sea of miracle; we are drowned in wonder, as gnats in a Rhine whirlpool: unless we are worse, —drowned in pleasure, or sloth, or insolence.

Nevertheless, I do not feel myself in the least called upon to believe that the sun stood still, or the earth either, during that pursuit at Ajalon.[3] Nay, it would not anywise amaze me to find that there never had been any such pursuit—never any Joshua, never any Moses; and that the Jews, "taken generally," as an amiable clerical friend told me from his pulpit a Sunday or two ago, "were a Christian people."

But it does amaze me—almost to helplessness of hand and thought—to find the men and women of these days careless of such issue; and content, so that they can feed and breathe their fill, to eat like cattle, and breathe like plants, questionless of the Spirit that makes the grass to grow for them on the mountains, or the breeze they breathe on them, its messengers, or the fire that dresses their food, its minister.[4] Desolate souls, for whom the sun—beneath, not above, the horizon—stands still for ever.

3. "Amazed," I say, "almost to helplessness of hand and thought"—quite literally both. I was reading yesterday, by Fors' order, Mr. Edward B. Tylor's idea of the Greek faith in Apollo: "If the sun travels along its course like a glittering chariot, forthwith the wheels, and the driver,

[1] [See Letter 65, § 13 (p. 598).]
[2] [March 1873; reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. ii. §§ 267-277; and in a later volume of this edition.]
[3] [Joshua x. 12, 13; compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 202 (Vol. XXII. p. 438).]
[4] [Psalms civ. 4: quoted and discussed in Vol. XXIV. p. 102.]

and the horses are there;"* and Mr. Frederic Harrison's gushing article on Humanity, in the *Contemporary Review*;[1] and a letter about our Cotton Industry (hereafter[2] to be quoted †), and this presently following bit of Sir Philip Sidney's 68th Psalm;—and my hands are cold this morning, after the horror, and wonder, and puzzlement of my total Sun-less-day, and my head is now standing still, or at least turning round, giddy, instead of doing its work by Shrewsbury clock;[3] and I don't know where to begin with the quantity I want to say,—all the less that I've said a great deal of it before, if I only knew where to tell you to find it. All up and down my later books, from *Unto this Last* to *Eagle's Nest*, and again and again throughout *Fors*, you will find references to the practical connection between physical and spiritual light[4]—of which now I would fain state, in the most unmistakable terms, this sum: that you cannot love the real sun, that is to say physical light and colour, rightly, unless you love the spiritual sun, that is to say justice and truth, rightly. That for unjust and untrue persons, there is no real joy in physical light, so that they don't even know what the word means. That the entire system of modern life is so corrupted with the ghastliest forms of injustice and untruth, carried to the point of not recognizing themselves as either—for as long as Bill Sykes[5] knows that he is a robber, and Jeremy

* *Early History of Mankind* (a book of rare value and research, however), p. 379.

† In the meantime, if any of my readers will look at the leading articles of the *Monetary Gazette*, whose editor I thank with all my heart and soul, for the first honest commercial statements I ever saw in English journals,[6] they will get sufficient light on such matters.

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[1] ["Humanity: a Dialogue," in the *Contemporary Review* for May 1876, vol. 27, pp. 862–885. See below, p. 619 *n.*]

[2] [This, however, was not done.]

[3] [*1 King Henry IV.*, Act v. sc. 4.]

[4] [See *Unto this Last*, § 44 (Vol. XVII. p. 59), and *Eagle's Nest*, §§ 115, 116 (Vol. XXII. pp. 203–204); and compare Letters 9, 12 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 164, 219), 60, and 63 (above, pp. 463, 541).]

[5] [For other references to *Oliver Twist*, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 14.]

[6] [See the references to these articles in letters from Ruskin given in Vol. XVII. p. 486.]

Diddler[1] that he is a rascal, there is still some of Heaven's light left for both—but when everybody steals, cheats, and goes to church, complacently, and the light of their whole body is darkness, how great is that darkness![2] And that the physical result of that mental vileness is a total carelessness of the beauty of sky, or the cleanness of streams, or the life of animals and flowers: and I believe that the powers of Nature are depressed or perverted, together with the Spirit of Man; and therefore that conditions of storm and of physical darkness, such as never were before in Christian times, are developing themselves, in connection also with forms of loathsome insanity, multiplying through the whole genesis of modern brains.

4. As I correct this sheet for press, I chance, by Fors' order, in a prayer of St. John Damascene's to the Virgin, on this, to me, very curious and interesting clause; "Redeem me from the dark metamorphosis of the angels, rescuing me from the bitter law-giving of the farmers of the air, and the rulers of the darkness."

"*τῆς σκοτεινῆς με τῶν δαιμόνων λυτροῦ μετημορφῆς* (I am not answerable either for Damascene Greek, or for my MS. of it, in 1396), *τοῦ πικροτάτου λογοθεσίου τῶν τελωνῶν τοῦ ἀέρος καὶ τῶν ἀρχόντων τοῦ σκότους ἐξαίρουσα.*"

5. And now—of this entangling in the shrine of half-born and half-sighted things, see this piece of Sir Philip Sidney's psalm.[3] I want it also for the bit of conchology at the end. The italics are mine.

> "And call ye this to utter what is just,
> You that of justice hold the sov'raign throne?
> And call ye this to yield, O sonnes of dust,
> To wronged brethren ev'ry one his own?
> O no: it is your long malicious will
> Now to the world to make by practice known,
> With whose oppression you the ballance fill,
> Just to your selves, indiff'rent else to none.

[1] [See *Raising the Wind*, by James Kenney (1780–1849), a play first produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1803.]
[2] [Matthew vi. 23.]
[3] [Psalm lviii. For additional notes upon it, see *Rock Honeycomb*.]

But what could they, who ev'n in birth declin'd,
From truth and right to lies and injuries?
To shew the *venom of their cancred mynd*
The adder's image scarcely can suffice.
Nay, scarce the aspick may with them contend,
On whom the charmer all in vaine applies
His skillful'st spells: aye, missing of his end,
While shee *self-deaf, and unaffected,* lies.

Lord, crack their teeth, Lord, crush Thou these lions' jawes,
Soe lett them sinck as water in the sand:
When deadly bow their aiming fury drawes,
Shiver the shaft, ere past the shooter's hand.
So make them melt as the dishowsed snaile,
Or as the embrio, whose vitall band
Breakes ere it holdes, and formlesse eyes doe faile
To see the sun, though brought to lightfull land."

"*Dis*housed" snail! That's a bit, observe, of Sir Philip's own natural history, perfecting the image in the psalm, "as a snail which melteth."[1] The "housed" snail can shelter himself from evil weather, but the poor houseless slug, a mere slimy mass of helpless blackness,—shower-begotten, as it seems,—what is to become of *it* when the sun is up!

6. Not that even houseless snails melt,—nor that there's anything about snails at all in David's psalm, I believe, both Vulgate and Septuagint saying "wax" instead, as in Psalms lxviii. 2, xcvii. 5, etc.; but I suppose there's some reptilian sense in the Hebrew, justifying our translation here—all the more interesting to me because of a puzzle I got into in Isaiah, the other day; respecting which, lest you should fancy I'm too ready to give up Joshua and the sun without taking trouble about them, please observe this very certain condition of your Scriptural studies: that if you read the Bible with predetermination to pick out every text you approve of—that is to say, generally, any that confirm you in the conceit of your own religious sect,—that console you for the consequences of your own faults,

[1] [Psalm lviii. 8 (Authorised Version): "As a snail which melteth, let every one of them pass away." The sense of the Hebrew word is somewhat doubtful, but the preponderance of scholars is in favour of the translation "snail" or "slug": see Perowne's *Book of Psalms,* 1883, vol. i. pp. 475–476.]

—or assure you of a pleasant future though you attend to none of your present duties—on these terms you will find the Bible entirely intelligible, and wholly delightful:[1] but if you read it with a real purpose of trying to understand it, and obey; and so read it all through, steadily, you will find it, out and out, the crabbedest and most difficult book you ever tried; horribly ill written in many parts, according to all human canons; totally unintelligible in others; and with the gold of it only to be got at by a process of crushing in which nothing but the iron teeth of the fiercest and honestest resolution will prevail against its adamant.

7. For instance, take the 16th of Isaiah. Who is to send the Lamb?[2] why is the Lamb to be sent? what does the Lamb mean? There is nothing in the Greek Bible about a Lamb at all, nor is anybody told to send anything. But God says *He* will send something, apostolically, as reptiles!

Then, are the daughters of Moab the outcasts, as in the second verse, or other people, as in the fourth? How is Moab's throne to be established in righteousness, in the tabernacle of David, in the fifth? What are his lies not to be, in the sixth? And why is he to howl for himself, in the seventh? Ask any of the young jackanapes you put up to chatter out of your pulpits, to tell you even so much as this, of the first half-dozen verses! But above all, ask them who the persons are who are to be sent apostolically as reptiles?

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 650.]

[2] ["Send ye the lamb to the ruler of the land from Sela to the wilderness, unto the mount of the daughter of Zion" (Bible version.) The LXX. has *Ἀποστέλω ὡς ἑρπετὰ ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν· μὴ πέτρα ἔρημός ἐστι τὸ ὄρος θυγατρὸς Σιών* ("I will send as it were reptiles on the land. Is not the mount of the daughter of Sion a desolate rock?") This version is, however, incorrect. The true translation—"Send ye the lambs (R.V.) to the ruler of the land"—is explained by 2 Kings iii. 4: "Now Mesha king of Moab was a sheepmaster; and he rendered unto the king of Israel the wool of an hundred thousand lambs." "The prophet, as a devoted adherent of the Davidic family, exhorts the Moabites to renew their long-suspended tribute to their original suzerain, the king of Jerusalem (see 2 Samuel viii. 2)": Cheyne's *Prophecies of Isaiah*, 1882, vol. i. p. 100.]

8. Meanwhile, on the way to answer, I've got a letter,* not from a jackanapes, but a thoroughly learned and modest clergyman, and old friend, advising me of my mistake in April *Fors*, in supposing that Rahab, in the 89th Psalm, means the harlot.[1] It is, he tells me, a Hebrew word for the Dragon adversary, as in the verse "He hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon."[2] That will come all the clearer and prettier for us, when we have worked it out, with Rahab herself and all; meantime, please observe what a busy creature she must have been—the stalks of her flax in heaps enough to hide the messengers! doubtless also, she was able to dye her thread of the brightest scarlet, a becoming colour.†

9. Well, I can't get that paper of Mr. Frederic Harrison's out of my head;[3] chiefly because I know and like its writer; and I *don't* like his wasting his time in writing that sort of stuff. What I have got to say to him, anent it, may better be said publicly, because I must write it carefully, and with some fulness; and if he won't attend to me, perhaps some of his readers may. So I consider him, for the time, as one of my acquaintances among working men, and dedicate the close of this letter to him specially.[4]

My dear Harrison,—I am very glad you have been enjoying yourself at Oxford; and that you still think it a pretty place. But why, in the name of all that's developing, did you walk in those wretched old Magdalen

* Corr., Art. VI. [p. 637].

† See, on that subject, the third number of *Deucalion*.[5]

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[1] [See Letter 64, § 1 *n.* (p. 562).]

[2] [Isaiah li. 9.]

[3] [See above, § 3.]

[4] [Answered by Mr. Harrison in "Past and Present: a Letter to Mr. Ruskin," an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, July 1876, reprinted in *The Choice of Books and other Literary Pieces* (1886). But see also a letter from Mr. Harrison to Ruskin, printed below, Letter 67, § 24 (p. 661). See also the correspondence in Appendix 16 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 565–569).]

[5] [Ch. vii.: see Vol. XXVI. p. 184.]

walks?[1] They're as dull as they were thirty years ago. Why didn't you promenade in our new street,[2] opposite Mr. Ryman's? or under the rapturous sanctities of Keble? or beneath the lively new zigzag parapet of Tom Quad?[3] —or, finally, in the name of all that's human and progressive, why not up and down the elongating suburb of the married Fellows, on the cock-horse road to Banbury?[4]

However, I'm glad you've been at the old place; even though you wasted the bloom of your holiday-spirits in casting your eyes, in that too childish and pastoral manner, "round this sweet landscape, with its myriad blossoms and foliage, its meadows in their golden glory," etc.; and declaring that all you want other people to do is to "follow out in its concrete results this sense of collective evolution." Will you only be patient enough, for the help of this old head of mine on stooping shoulders, to tell me one or two of the inconcrete results of separate evolution?

[1] [Mr. Harrison's article (of which some account is necessary to explain Ruskin's answer) was a dialogue between "A Critic" and "A Positivist," and the scene was laid "At Oxford: the Walks round Magdalen College." "If," says the Positivist, "you turn to the first words of Comte's philosophy of history, you will see that he calls the entire course of civilization a collective evolution of the human race, which is itself, he says, but a prolongation of the entire series seen in the whole scale of living nature" (p. 870). "All that I want you to do is to follow out in all its concrete results this sense of collective evolution. See how this transcendent power holds you in the hollow of its hand. Stand now and cast your eyes round this sweet landscape, with its myriad blossoms and foliage, its meadows in their golden glory, and the uplands far away there in their spring-tide trim. Conceive what it once was. . . . What countless generations of men toiled and died in the taming and the clearing. . . . These flowers and plants which we can see between the cloisters and trellised around the grey traceries, what races of men in China, Japan, India, Mexico, South America, Australasia, first developed their glory out of some wild bloom?" (p. 871). The Positivist explains that he worships this "consensus of human energy"; to which the Critic asks how such worship differs from Pantheism? The Positivist will not have this. "Pantheism is a bit of muddled sentiment" (p. 874). Pantheism mixes up the organic and inorganic worlds; Positivism concentrates itself upon humanity. "The sense of humanity as a collective power is a real thing, and also an object of grateful reverence, quite apart from any idea that it is a being at all" (p. 875). Then the Critic makes some objections. "We who have thought and studied . . . admit that Humanity is an aggregate of men" (p. 877); but deny that it is a Being. Then comes a metaphysical discussion of the nature of Being, into which Ruskin does not follow the disputants. The Dialogue is to be included in a forthcoming (1907) book by Mr. Harrison entitled *Faith in Man*.]

[2] [King Edward Street.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 220.]

[4] [See above, p. 310 *n*.]

10. Had you done me the honour to walk through my beautifully developing schools, you would have found, just outside of them (turned out because I'm tired of seeing it, and want something progressive), the cast of the Elgin Theseus. I am tired thereof, it is true; but I don't yet see my way, as a Professor of Modern Art, to the superseding it. On the whole, it appears to me a very satisfactory type of the human form; arrived at, as you know, two thousand and two hundred years ago. And you tell me, nevertheless, to "see how this transcendent power of collective evolution holds *me* in the hollow of its hand!" Well, I hope I *am* handsomer than the Theseus; it's very pleasant to think so, but it did not strike me before. May I flatter myself it is really your candid opinion? Will you just look at the "Realization of the (your?) Ideal," in the number of *Vanity Fair* for February 17th, 1872, and confirm me on this point?[1]

11. Granting whatever advance in the ideal of humanity you thus conclude, I still am doubtful of your next reflection. "But these flowers and plants which we can see between the cloisters, and trellised round the grey traceries—" (My dear boy, what have *you* to do with cloisters or traceries![2] Leave that business to the jackdaws; their loquacious and undeveloped praise is enough for such relics of the barbarous past. You don't want to shut yourself up, do you? and you couldn't design a tracery, for your life; and you don't know a good one from a bad one: what in the name of common sense or common modesty do you mean by chattering about these?) "What races of men in China, Japan, India, Mexico, South America, Australasia, first developed their glory out of some wild bloom?" Frankly, I don't know—being in this no wiser than you;

[1] [A very hideous coloured caricature of Ruskin (unsigned), lettered "Men of the Day, No. 40. 'The realization of the Ideal,'" the words referring to the concluding passage of Jehu Junior's letterpress: "by those who have not bowed the knee to the modern Baal, he will be gratefully remembered as one preaching in the wilderness the abandonment of the grosser things of life and the realization of the Ideal."]

[2] [See Ruskin's private letter in Appendix 16, Vol. XXIX. p. 566.]

but also I don't care: and in this carelessness *am* wiser than you, because I *do* know this—that if you will look into the Etruscan room of the British Museum, you will find there an Etruscan Demeter of—any time you please—B.C., riding on a car whose wheels are of wild roses:[1] that the wild rose of *her* time is thus proved to be precisely the wild rose of *my* time, growing behind my study on the hillside; and for my own part, I would not give a spray of it for all Australasia, South America, and Japan together. Perhaps, indeed, apples have improved since the Hesperides' time; but I know they haven't improved since I was a boy, and I can't get a Ribston Pippin, now, for love or money.

12. Of Pippins in Devonshire, of cheese in Cheshire, believe me, my good friend,—though I trust much more than you in the glorified future of both,—you will find no development in the present scientific day;—of Asphodel none; of Apples none demonstrable; but of Eves? From the ductile and silent gold of ancient womanhood to the resonant bronze, and tinkling—not cymbal, but shall we say—saucepan, of Miss Frances Power Cobbe,[2] there *is* an interval, with a vengeance; widening to the future. You yourself, I perceive, have no clear insight into this solidified

[1] [A bronze statuette, No. 602 in the Museum collection; figured on Plate XII. of the *Catalogue of the Bronzes, Greek, Roman, and Etruscan, in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum*, by H. B. Walters, 1899. The following note in Ruskin's diary (March 3, 1876) mentions this, and other objects which had attracted his notice:—

"Brit. Mus.—Saw sceptre of Tarentum with Corinthian capital. Golden rings of Camirus: opposed beasts, griffin to chimæra; the chimæras perfect in contorted force, wrought with points and knots. One, with round petasus, as opposed to a pawing, horse-headed griffin.

"Attic rings; one, gross, of cattle; another, of a sheep—the wool marked by incised dots; held down between crocus and vine.

"Etruscan bronze statue with iron centre, splitting, and lambent drapery. Chariot of Demeter with pure roses for wheels. Roses and stars in early Greek vases confused.

"Etruscan and Camirus gold quite undistinguishable in dotted-dew workmanship."

Most of the objects thus noted may be seen in "The Room of Gold Ornaments" and "The Etruscan Saloon."]

[2] [Ruskin takes Miss Frances Power Cobbe (1822-1904), the well-known writer on political and religious subjects, as representative of the "advanced" woman. With one of her principal activities, the movement against Vivisection, he was, however, in full sympathy.]

dispersion of the lingering pillar of Salt,[1] which *had* been good for hospitality in its day; and which yet would have some honour in its descendant, the poor gleaning Moabitess,[2] into your modern windily progressive pillar of Sand, with "career open to it" indeed other than that of wife and mother[3]—good for nothing, at last, but burial heaps. But are you verily so proud of what has been already achieved? I will take you on your own terms, and study only the evolution of the Amazonian Virgin. Take first the ancient type of her, leading the lucent Cobbes of her day, "florentes aere catervas":[4]—

> "Bellatrix, non illa colo, calathisve Minervae
> Femineas adsueta manus . . .
> Illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa juventus
> Turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem,
> Attonitis inhians animis, ut regius ostro
> Velet honos leves humeros, ut fibula crinem
> Auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram
> Et pastoralem praefixa cuspide myrtum."[5]

With this picture, will you compare that so opportunely furnished me by the author of *The Angel in the House*,* of the modern Camilla, in "white bodice, purple knee-breeches, which she had borrowed from an Ethiopian serenader, red stockings, and shoes"? From this sphere of Ethiopian aspiration, may not even the divinely emancipated spirit of Cobbe cast one glance—"Backward, Ho"?

13. But suppose I grant your Evolution of the Japanese Rose, and the Virginian Virago, how of other creatures? of other things? I don't find the advocates of Evolution much given to studying either men, women, or roses; I perceive them to be mostly occupied with frogs and lice. Is there a Worshipful Batrachianity—a Divine Pedicularity?

* Article III. of Correspondence [p. 633].

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[1] [Genesis xix. 26.]
[2] [Ruth ii. 2.]
[3] [See Letter 12, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 208).]
[4] [Virgil, *Æneid*, vii. 804.]
[5] [Virgil's description of Camilla (*Æneid*, vii. 805, 806, 812–817). For other references to Camilla, see Vol. XIX. p. 329 *n.*]

—Stay, I see at page 874[1] that Pantheism is "muddled sentiment"; but it was you, my dear boy, who began the muddling with your Japanese horticulture. *Your* Humanity has no more to do with roses than with rose-chafers or other vermin; but I must really beg you not to muddle your terms as well as your head. "*We*, who *have* thought and studied," do not admit that "humanity is an aggregate of men."[2] An aggregate of men is a mob, and not "Humanity"; and an aggregate of sheep is a flock, and not Ovility; and an aggregate of geese is——perhaps you had better consult Mr. Herbert Spencer and the late Mr. John Stuart Mill for the best modern expression,—but if you want to know the proper names for aggregates, in good old English, go and read Lady Juliana's list in *The Book of St. Albans*.[3]

14. I do not care, however, to pursue questions with you of these "concrete developments." For, frankly, I conceive myself to know considerably more than you do, of organic Nature and her processes, and of organic English and its processes; but there is one development of which, since it is your special business to know it, and I suppose your pleasure, I hope you know much more than I do (whose business I find by no means forwarded by it, still less my pleasure)—the Development of Law.[4] For the concrete development of beautifully bewigged humanity, called a lawyer, I beg you to observe that I always express, and feel, extreme respect.[5] But for Law itself, in the existent form of it, invented, as it appears to me, only for the torment and taxation of Humanity, I entertain none

[1] [Of the *Contemporary Review*, vol. 27.]

[2] ["*We*, means we old people; the phrase adopted from Mr. Harrison. The 'humanity is an aggregate' is his assertion."—*MS. note in Author's copy.*]

[3] ["Of Hart, Hinde, Bucke, and Doe, you shall ever say, a heard; of Roes you shall ever terme a beuie; of wilde Swine a sounder; of Wolues a rowt" (p. 30 of the 1595 edition of *The Gentlemans Academie; or, The Booke of St. Albans*). For other references to the book, see Vol. XXV. pp. 175, 314.]

[4] [Mr. Harrison, it may be noted, was secretary to the Royal Commission for Digesting the Law, 1869-1870; Professor of Jurisprudence and International Law to the Inns of Court, 1877-1889.]

[5] [See Letter 1, § 6 (Vol. XXVII. p. 18).]

whatsoever. I may be wrong, and I don't want to be wrong; and you, who know the law, can show me if I am wrong or not. Here, then, are four questions of quite vital importance to Humanity, which if you will answer to me positively, you will do more good than I have yet known done by Positivism.

(1.) What is "Usury" as defined by existing Law?

(2.) Is Usury, as defined by existing law, an absolute term, such as Theft, or Adultery? and is a man therefore a Usurer, who only commits Usury a little, as a man is an Adulterer who only commits Adultery a little?

(3.) Or is it a sin incapable of strict definition, or strictly retributive punishment; like "Cruelty"? and is a man criminal in proportion to the quantity of it he commits?

(4.) If criminal in proportion to the quantity he commits, is the proper legal punishment in the direct ratio of the quantity, or inverse ratio of the quantity, as it is in the case of theft?

15. If you will answer these questions clearly, you will do more service to Humanity than by writing any quantity of papers either on its Collective Development or its Abstract Being. I have not touched upon any of the more grave questions glanced at in your paper, because in your present Mercutial temper[1] I cannot expect you to take cognizance of anything grave. With respect to such matters, I will "ask for you to-morrow," not to-day. But here—to end my *Fors* with a piece of pure English,—are two little verses[2] of Sir Philip's, merry enough, in measure, to be set to a fandango if you like. I may, perhaps, some time or other, ask you if you can apply them personally, in address to Mr. Comte. For the nonce I only ask you the above four plain questions of English law; and I adjure you, by the soul of every Comes reckoned up in unique Comte—

[1] [See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. sc. 1, part of Mercutio's speech: "Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man."]

[2] [From the paraphrase of Psalm lxxi.; lines 2006-2017 in *Rock Honeycomb*, where, in his notes, Ruskin again alludes to the "gay measure." The version is one of those now commonly attributed to Sidney's sister.]

Merry God
almighty give us succeed over these fellows
and enable us to get a Peace

by all that's positive, all that's progressive, all that's spiral, all that's conchoidal, and all that's evolute—great Human Son of Holothurian Harries, answer me.[1]

"Since imprisoned in my mother
Thou me feed'st, whom have I other
Held my stay, or made my song?
Yea, when all me so misdeemed,
I to most a monster seemed,
Yet in thee my hope was strong.

Yet of thee the thankful story
Filled my mouth: thy gratious glory
Was my ditty all the day.
Do not then, now age assaileth,
Courage, verdure, vertue faileth,
Do not leave me cast away."

---

16. I have little space, as now too often, for any definite school work. My writing-lesson, this month, is a facsimile of the last words written by Nelson, in his cabin, with the allied fleets in sight, off Trafalgar. It is entirely fine in general structure and character.[2]

17. Mr. Ward has now three, and will I hope soon have the fourth, of our series of lesson photographs,[3] namely,—

1. Madonna by Filippo Lippi.
2. The Etruscan Leucothea.
3. Madonna by Titian.
4. Infanta Margaret, by Velasquez.[4]

[1] [For Mr. Frederic Harrison's answer, see Letter 67, § 24 (below, pp. 662–663). In the *Fortnightly Review*, July 1876, Mr. Harrison, as already stated (p. 618 *n.*), made further reply; in this, referring to the present passage, he says: "And you finally invoke me to answer you, tracing my birth to a species of slug whom you take to be the founder eponymous of our numerous but respectable clan."]

[2] [See Plate VI., hitherto given as Frontispiece to this Letter. The facsimile is of the last words of Nelson's letter to Lady Hamilton, written two days before the battle. The letter is in the British Museum (*Egerton MS.* 1614, f. 125), and is exhibited in the Grenville Library.]

[3] [See Letter 69, §§ 15, 16 (pp. 699–701).]

[4] [For particulars of No. 1, see above, p. 445 *n.*; and of No. 2, p. 574 *n.* No. 3 (Plate VII.) is of the picture, in Titian's earlier manner, in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, generally known as "The Madonna with the Cherries." No. 4 (Plate VIII.) is of the portrait in the same gallery of the Infanta Margarita Teresa as a child.]

On these I shall lecture, as I have time, here and in the *Laws of Fésole;*[1] but, in preparation for all farther study, when you have got the four, put them beside each other, putting the Leucothea first, the Lippi second, and the others as numbered.

Then, the first, the Leucothea, is entirely noble religious art, of the fifth or sixth century B.C., full of various meaning and mystery, of knowledges that are lost, feelings that have ceased, myths and symbols of the laws of life, only to be traced by those who know much both of life and death.

Technically, it is still in Egyptian bondage,[2] but in course of swiftly progressive redemption.

The second is nobly religious work of the fifteenth century of Christ,—an example of the most perfect unison of religious myth with faithful realism of human nature yet produced in this world. The Etruscan traditions are preserved in it even to the tassels of the throne cushion: the pattern of these, and of the folds at the edge of the angel's drapery, may be seen in the Etruscan tomb now central in the first compartment of the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum;[3] and the double cushion of that tomb is used, with absolute obedience to his tradition, by Jacopo della Quercia, in the tomb of Ilaria di Caretto.[4]

The third represents the last phase of the noble religious art of the world, in which realization has become consummate; but all supernatural aspect is refused, and mythic teaching is given only in obedience to former tradition, but with no anxiety for its acceptance. Here is, for

[1] [For later references in *Fors* to the Four Lesson Photographs, see Letter 69 (pp. 699–701); to the Velasquez, Letter 70 (p. 720 *n.*); and to the "Leucothea," Letters 77 and 78 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 117, 127). Ruskin did not refer to them in the *Laws of Fésole*, as printed; but, for a discussion of the Lippi, see Vol. XXIV. pp. 451–454.]

[2] [See above, p. 563.]

[3] [The Cervetri Sarcophagus, now in the Room of Terra-cottas at the British Museum (acquired from the Castellani Collection in 1873). The same tasselled pillow (the "fringed mattress" of Arnold's poem on the church) is to be seen on the famous tomb in the church of Brou.]

[4] [Compare Letter 45, § 2 (p. 146).]

Lesson Photograph № 3

Allen & Co. Sc

The Madonna with the Cherries

From the picture by Titian

Photo Lowy

Allen & Co Sc

The Infanta Margaret.

From the picture by Velasquez.

certain, a sweet Venetian peasant, with her child, and fruit from the market-boats of Mestre. The Ecce Agnus, topsy-turvy on the finely perspectived scroll, may be deciphered by whoso list.

But the work itself is still sternly conscientious, severe, reverent, and faultless.

The fourth is an example of the highest reach of technical perfection yet reached in art; all effort and labour seeming to cease in the radiant peace and simplicity of consummated human power. But all belief in supernatural things, all hope of a future state, all effort to teach, and all desire to be taught, have passed away from the artist's mind. The Child and her Dog are to him equally real, equally royal, equally mortal. And the History of Art since it reached this phase—cannot be given in the present number of *Fors Clavigera.*

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

18. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

No. 50. G. £10, 10s.

This is a subscription of five guineas for each year: this amount completes that sum (with the £15, 15s. which appeared at p. 65 February *Fors*[1]) for each of the five years.

19. The publication of the following letter, with its answer, will, I hope, not cause Mr. Tarrant any further displeasure. I have only in the outset to correct his statement that the payment of £10, 14s. 11d. was on *my* behalf. It is simply payment to another lawyer. And my first statement[2] was absolutely accurate; I never said Mr. Tarrant had himself taxed, but that he had been "employed in taxing"; I do not concern myself with more careful analysis, when the accounts are all in print. My accusation is against the "legal profession generally," not against a firm which I have chosen as an entirely trustworthy one, to be employed both in St. George's business and my own.

2, Bond Court, Walbrook, *25th April*, 1876.

Dear Mr. Ruskin,—I have the April *Fors*, in which I see you have published our account of costs against you, amounting to £47, 13s. 4d. The document was yours, and you had a perfect right to lay it before your readers, but you are the first client who has ever thought it necessary to put such a document of mine to such a use. I don't know, however, that it will do me any injury, although the statement preceding it is somewhat inaccurate, because our costs of the transfer of the Sheffield property were £26, 15s. 11d., which included a payment of £10, 14s. 11d. made on your behalf, leaving our costs at £16, 1s., the other portion of the £47, 13s. 4d. being costs relating to the constitution of the St. George's Company, leaving altogether £29, 14s. 11d. only payable to us beyond money paid on your account. It is hardly fair, therefore, to say that I *employed myself* in taxing the transfer of the property to nearly £50.

As to the charge for letters (the writing of which is really not brickmakers' work), you must bear in mind that the entire conduct of your matters had to be done by correspondence, for which you are fairly chargeable; and I cannot accuse myself of having written a single letter that was unnecessary.

As to the position of the St. George's Company, it is not a legal company, if by that you mean a company recognized by law: it has neither the advantages nor disadvantages of companies incorporated in accordance with the provisions of the

[1] [Letter 62, § 19 (p. 530 in this edition).]
[2] [See above, p. 579.]

several Acts of Parliament relating to such matters. It is not a legal trust of a charitable nature, if by that term be meant a trust which is liable to the supervision or interference of the Charity Commissioners. It is a number of persons unincorporated, but associated for other purposes than that of gain. It is on a similar footing to such a society as that for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. The Master will be personally responsible for the debts of the Company contracted by his order. If you desire to have a legal Company, or the supervision of the Charity Commissioners, you must give way in many points which you have hitherto considered indispensable to your scheme. On the 29th February last we sent you a specimen of the form in which we proposed to draw up the memorandum for each Companion to subscribe. If you will return us this with any remarks upon it which may occur to you, we will at once have it engrossed, and send it you to be signed by all the Companions.

We were expecting a call from you when you were in town some time since, and should have then discussed this subject with you, and also the subject of the trust deed which will have to be executed by the Master of the Company.

We will act upon your suggestion, and forward the deed of the Sheffield property to Mr. Bagshawe.[1] Shall I also send all the title deeds to him relating to the property? Tell me this.

Faithfully yours,
W. P. TARRANT.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN,
ARTHUR SEVERN, ESQ., HERNE HILL, S.E.

(*Answer.*)

PATTERDALE, 6*th May*, 1876.

DEAR MR. TARRANT,—I was surprised and vexed by the opening of your letter of 25th April, showing that you had not in the least hitherto understood the scope or meaning of my present work. There is not the smallest unfriendliness in my publication of your account. No client ever had occasion to do it before, of course;—you never had a client before engaged in steady and lifelong contest with the existing principles of the Law, the Church, and the Army,—had you? The publication of your accounts of course can do you no harm, if they are fair; nor have, or had I, the slightest idea of their being otherwise. All accounts for St. George are to be printed: the senders-in must look to the consequences.

The delay in my returning your draft of the rules of Company is because every lawyer I speak to tells me of a new difficulty. The whole piece of business, you remember, arose from my request to you simply to secure a piece of ground to our trustees, which had been given us by Mr. Baker. Now I find at the last moment that neither Mr. Baker nor anybody else can *give* us a piece of land at all, but must sell it us.

Next, I want to know if this form, as you have drawn it up, is approved by me, what are you going to do with it? What is the good of it? Will the writing of it in black letter make us a legal company, like a railway company, capable of holding land? Do the Charity Commissioners interfere with *their* business? or must we blow some people to bits or smash them into jelly, to prove our want of charity,—and get leave, therefore, to do what we like with our own?

[1] [See Letter 80, § 12 (Vol. XXIX, p. 183).]

Fix your minds, and Mr. Barber's,[1] on this one point—the grip of the land. If you can't give us that, send us in your accounts, and let us be done with the matter. If you can, on the document as it stands, write it out on the rubbish your modern stationers call parchment, and do what you will with it, so.

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20. I am really ashamed to give any farther account, just now, of the delays in our land work, or of little crosses and worries blocking my first attempt at practice. One of the men whom I thought I had ready for this Worcestershire land, being ordered, for trial, to do a little bit of rough work in Yorkshire that I might not torment Mr. Baker with his freshmanship, threw up the task at once, writing me a long letter of which one sentence was enough for me,—that "he would do *his share*, but no more." These infernal notions of Equality and Independence are so rooted, now, even in the best men's minds, that they don't so much as know even what Obedience or Fellowship means! Fancy one of Nelson's or Lord Cochrane's[2] men retreating from his gun, with the avowed resolution to "do no more than his share"! However, I know there's good in this man, and I doubt not he will repent, and break down no more; but I shall not try him again for a year. And I must be forgiven my St. George's accounts this month. I really can't let the orchises and hyacinths go out of flower while I'm trying to cast sums; and I've been two whole days at work on the purple marsh orchis alone, which my botanical readers will please observe is in St. George's schools to be called "Porphyria veris," "Spring Purplet." It is, I believe, Ophelia's "long purple."[3] There are a quantity of new names to be invented for the whole tribe, their present ones being not by St. George endurable.

21. The subjoined letter gives me great pleasure: it is from a son of my earliest Oxford friend: who, as his father helped me in educating myself, is now helping me in the education of others. I print it entire; it may give some of my readers an idea of the minor hindrances which meet one at every step, and take as much time to conquer as large ones. The work to be done is to place a series of the simple chemical elements as "Imps" in a pretty row of poetical Bottles at Sheffield.[4]

"BROAD STREET, OXFORD, *March* 30, 1876.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I knocked in vain at your 'oak' last night when I came to Corpus to report progress, and also to ask you two questions, which must be put to you by letter, as there is not much time to lose if you wish to have the alkaline earths ready by the time you go to Sheffield. Firstly, do you wish me to see about getting the *metals* of the alkalies, and if so which of them do you

[1] [The draftsman: see above, p. 376.]

[2] [For another reference to Lord Cochrane (afterwards Earl of Dundonald), see Vol. XXVII. p. 153.]

[3] [*Hamlet*, Act iv. sc. 7. The drawing was engraved for *Proserpina:* see Vol. XXV. p. 341, and Plate XXIII. Ultimately Ruskin called it "Contorta Purpurea," "Purple Wreath-wort."]

[4] [This, however, was not done.]

want? Some of them are extremely expensive,—calcium, for instance, being 2d. a grain; but then, as it is very light, a very small quantity would be required as a specimen. The other questions were about the amount of the oxides, and about the shape of the bottles to hold them. I have in your absence chosen some long sample bottles which are very beautiful of their kind, and even if they do not meet your approval they can easily be changed when you return to Oxford. I am progressing fairly well with the earths—Magnesia is ready; Alumina and Baryta partly made, but not yet pure, for it is not more easy in chemistry to get a perfect thing than in any other matter with which man has anything to do, and to-day I have been extremely unfortunate with the Baryta, having tried two methods of making it, broken four crucibles, and, worst of all, failed to make it in a state of purity: however, I shall have one more try to-morrow, and no doubt shall succeed. If there is any chance of your being in Oxford before Easter, I will not make the Silica, since the process is very beautiful, and one which no doubt you would like to see. Please excuse the length of my letter, and believe me,

"Affectionately yours,

"THEODORE D. ACLAND."

22. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I am aghast at the columnar aspect of any account given in satisfactory detail; and will only gradually, as I have space, illustrate my own expenditure and its course. That unexplained hundred of last month,[1] diminished itself, I find, thus:

	£	s.	d.
Pocket	10	0	0
Klein (final account on dismissal to Rotterdam, paying his passage, and a shilling or two over)	30	0	0
Downs, for my London quarterly pensioners	25	0	0
Morley (Oxford bookbinding)	3	1	6
Easter presents	5	0	0
	73	1	6
Leaving a balance of	£26	18	6

to be added to the £200 of personal expenses in this month's accounts. About a hundred and twenty of this has gone in a fortnight's posting, with Mr. and Mrs. Severn, from London to Coniston, stopping to see St. Albans, Peterborough, Croyland, Stamford and Burleigh, Grantham, Newark, Lincoln, our new ground at Sheffield, Pomfret, Knaresborough, Ripon, Fountain's, Richmond, Mortham Tower, and Brougham Castle.[2] A pleasant life, you think? Yes,—if I led an unpleasant one, however dutiful, I could not write any of my books; least of all, *Fors*. But I am glad, if you honestly think it a pleasant life; why, if so, my richer readers, do you drive only round the parks, every day, instead of from place to place through England, learning a thing or two on the road? Of the rest of the "self" money, I leave further account till next month; it is not all gone yet. I give, however, for a typical example, one of Downs's weekly bills, reaching the symmetrical total of £7, 7s. 7d., or a guinea and a penny a day, which I think is about the average. Of the persons named therein as receiving weekly wage, Hersey is our old under-gardener, now rheumatic, and as little able to earn his dinner as I am myself; Rusch, my old lapidary, who

[1] [See above, p. 608.]

[2] [For an account of Ruskin's driving tours at this time, see Vol. XXIV. pp. xxvii.–xxxi.]

cuts in the course of the week what pebbles he can for me; Best, an old coachman, who used to come to us from livery-stable on occasion, and now can't drive any more; Christy, an old woman who used to work for my mother.

1876.		£	s.	d.
April 22.	Cash in hand	30	12	8
29.	Men's Wages	4	1	0
	Coachman's Book	1	16	10
	Charities	0	16	0
	Sundries	0	13	9
		£7	7	7
April 29	Balance in hand	£23	5	1

Men's Wages

		£	s.	d.
April 29.	David Downs	1	15	0
	Thomas Hersey	1	5	0
	John Rusch	1	1	0
		£4	1	0

Coachman's Book

		£	s.	d.
April 29.	Plate Powder, 1s.; Oil, 10d	0	1	10
	Soap and Sand	0	1	0
	Wages	1	14	0
		£1	16	10

Charities

		£	s.	d.
	William Best	0	10	0
	Mrs. Christy	0	6	0
		£0	16	0

Sundries

		£	s.	d.
April 22.	Postage	0	0	5
24.	Rail and 'Bus, British Museum	0	1	0
	Cord for Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Postage, 1s. 6½d.	0	3	0½
25.	Horse and Cart, Boxes to Station	0	7	6
	Carman, 1s.; Booking ditto, 6d.	0	1	6
	Postage	0	0	1
26 and 28.	Postage	0	0	2½
		£0	13	9

After thus much of miniature illustration, I have only to explain of the broad effects in the account below, that my Oxford secretary,[1] who has £200 a year, does such work for me connected with my Professorship as

[1] [The "Oxford Secretary" was the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt, for whom see Vol. XV. pp. xxx., 6. The "younger secretary" was Laurence Hilliard.]

only a trained scholar could do, leaving me free here to study hyacinths. I wish I could give him the Professorship itself, but must do as I am bid by Oxford. My younger secretary, who has £100 a year, is this year put into office, for St. George's correspondence; and I must beg my good friends—now, I am thankful to say, gathering a little to St. George's work,—not to think themselves slighted in being answered by his hand, for mine is weary.

1876.		£	s.	d.
April 16.	Balance	1511	10	1
May 1.	Half-year's Stipend of Slade Professorship	179	0	0
		1690	10	1
		464	11	0
	Balance, May 16th	£1225	19	1

		£	s.	d.
April 20 and 30.	Self	200	0	0
20.	Downs	50	0	0
22.	Photographs (Leucothea and Lippi)	16	5	0
25.	Tailor's Account	33	6	0
May 1.	Oxford Secretary	100	0	0
1.	Raffaelle[1] for May and June	15	0	0
15.	Burgess	50	0	0
		£464	11	0

23. (III.)

"HASTINGS, *May* 15.

"MY DEAR RUSKIN,—I enclose two extracts, cut from the same day's paper, which contain so grimly humorous a parallel between the ways in which the 'Protestant Church' and 'the world' are engaged in 'obliterating all traces of the Virgin Mary,' that I thought you might possibly use them in *Fors* or elsewhere.

"Yours affectionately,

"C. PATMORE."[2]

(The following are the two extracts. Before giving them, I must reply to my greatly honoured and loved friend, that both the Bristol destroyers of images and New York destroyers of humanity, are simply—Lost Sheep

[1] [Raffaelle Carloforti, the artist: see above, p. 583.]

[2] [This letter is reprinted by Mr. Basil Champneys in his *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, 1900, vol. ii. p. 290, where also (p. 291) the following note in reply from Ruskin is given:—

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

"DEAR PATMORE,—Yes, those are two notable paragraphs. I've sent them to the printer with your letter,—keeping 'brickmakers' for another time.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"J. R."

At about the same time Patmore must have written the letter about "brickmakers," which Ruskin afterwards printed in Letter 80, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 177).]

of the great Catholic Church; account of whom will be required at *her* hand.[1])

"ICONOCLASM AT BRISTOL.—Our Bristol correspondent writes: The removal of the 'imagery' from the north porch of Bristol Cathedral has created considerable excitement in the city and in Clifton. As a member of the capitular body who is known to strongly object to the figures was seen near the Cathedral late on Wednesday night, the clerk of the works employed 'watchers,' his intention being to refuse admission to other than his own workmen. On Thursday morning he had occasion to leave the works to go to the quarries at Corsham, and while he was absent a gang of men, under the orders of the chapter clerk, entered the gates, and before the clerk of the works, who was telegraphed for, could return, hauled down the four statues and *obliterated all traces of the Virgin Mary*, doing much damage to other carving in the process of removal. The last has by no means been heard of this affair. The statues cost over £100 each, but the money value of the 'imagery' is not considered by the Restoration Committee. Their contention is that, until the work was completed and handed over to the Cathedral body, it belonged to the Restoration Committee; and it is believed that the right of the Chapter to act as they have done will be tested in a court of law. Feeling is so strong against the action of the Dean and Chapter that plenty of money would be forthcoming to prosecute such an inquiry."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, April 1876.

"One of the latest 'sensations' in New York has been a 'female boxing match,' aptly described by the *New York Times* as a 'novel and nonsensical exhibition.' The combatants—or 'lady contestants,' as they are called in the report of the proceedings—were two ballet-girls, of the kind known as 'variety dancers.' One, Miss Saunders, wore a white bodice, purple knee-breeches, which she had borrowed from an Ethiopian serenader, red stockings, and shoes. The other, Miss Harland, was attired in blue trunks and white tights. Both appeared nervous, were very pale, tried to blush, and 'partially succeeded.' When the fighting began, Miss Harland 'did not know what to do with her hands.' Miss Saunders, however, had her fists more at command, and, after some preliminary sparring, succeeded in striking her opponent 'square in the face.' Miss Harland, on her side, 'by a vicious blow from the shoulder,' managed to disarrange Miss Saunders's back hair. Both ladies then smiled. In the end Miss Harland lost the match, 'owing to her confirmed habit of swinging her hands around in the air.' Miss Saunders was declared the winner, and carried off a prize of 200 dols. and a piece of silver plate; Miss Harland received a ten-dollar bill from an amateur who thought she deserved consolation; and the two 'lady contestants' left the stage arm-in-arm."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, April 7, 1876.

24. (IV.) In last *Fors*, though I thought I knew my *Old Mortality* well enough, I carelessly wrote "Elspeth," for "Elizabeth" (meaning Bessie Maclure[2]); and the misprint "Arannah" for "Araunah"[3] escaped my eyes three times over. The most grotesque one of "changes" for "charges," in p. 168, line 25,[4] was, I suppose, appointed by Fors to chastise me for incurable flirtation. I wish I knew who these two schoolgirls are, whom I've got to finish my letter to if I can, this time.[5]

My dears, will you please, for I can't rewrite what I've said so often, read, when you have opportunity, the letter to a young lady in *Fors* 34,

[1] [In a later letter to Patmore (July 7, 1876) Ruskin asks, "Why don't you answer my snap at you in *Fors?*"]
[2] [See Letter 65, § 17 *n.* (p. 602).]
[3] [In § 11 (p. 597, line 2).]
[4] [In the original edition: see now § 26, line 2 (p. 611).]
[5] [For its beginning, see Letter 65, § 24 (p. 608).]

§ 20.* Respecting the third article in that letter,[1] I have now a few words to add (read also, if you can, what is said of the Work of God, in Letters 45 and 46[2]). I told you[3] in last *Fors* that you would have great difficulty in getting leave from English society to obey Christ. Fors has since sent me, in support of this statement, a paper called *The Christian*,—the number for Thursday, May 11,—in the fifteenth page of which is an article on young ladies headed "What can they do?" from which I take the following passage:—

"There have been times of special prayer for young men and women. Could there not be also for the very large class of young ladies who do not go out into society? They have no home duties to detain them, as many in a humbler condition; they have hours and hours of leisure, and know not how to spend them—partly from need of being directed, but more so from the prejudices and hindrances in their way. Their hearts are burning to do something for Christ, but they are not allowed, partly because it is considered 'improper,' and for a variety of reasons.

"There is a cry on every side for labourers. There are numbers longing to respond; if not wholly to dedicate their lives, at least a portion of their days, to active Christian service, and only a wave of united prayer can throw these objections aside, and free the large band who are so willing.

"A bright young Christian came to me this week. She is tired of meetings to which she is constantly taken, but never allowed to work in the inquiry-room at them,—hindered from taking up the least bit of work, till at last she cannot even *ask* for it. Almost to 'kill time,' she has taken up a secular corresponding agency."

Now that it is "considered improper" by the world that you should do anything for Christ, is entirely true, and always true; and therefore it was that your Godfathers and Godmothers, in your name renounced the "vain pomp and glory of the *world*," with all covetous desires of the same—see Baptismal Service—(I wonder if you had pretty names—won't you tell me?) but I much doubt if, either privately or from the pulpit of your doubtless charming church, you have ever been taught what the "vain pomp and glory of the world" *was*.

Well,—do you want to be better dressed than your schoolfellows? Some of them are probably poor, and cannot afford to dress like you; or, on the

* I should like my lady readers in general to have, of back *Fors* numbers, at least, 30, 34, 36, 45, 46, and 48: those who have the complete book should scratch out the eleventh line in p. 18 of the last Index,[4] and put the 10th line of it thus: "Ladies, and girls, advice to, 30, 2; 34, 29; 45, 212; 48, 271."

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[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 646.]

[2] [See above, pp. 166, 173 *seq.*]

[3] [Here (with the words "I told you") the reprint (*Letter to Young Girls*) resumes from Letter 65, § 25 (see above, p. 611). The reprint has "at first" for "in last *Fors*," and "just" for "since." It adds "1876" to "May 11," but omits "the number" and "in the fifteenth page of which is." It omits the words "(I wonder if you had pretty names—won't you tell me?)." It also omits the two later paragraphs of the extract, thus ending at "for a variety of reasons." Some other revisions by the author are here followed: viz., the italicising of "*world*" and "*was*," and the transposition of "you" from after "if." Also, on p. 636, line 8, the substitution of "till this be amended" for "now."]

[4] [That is, the Index to Volumes III. and IV. of *Fors* as originally published. The references are in this edition to Vol. XXVII. pp. 545, 645; and above, pp. 162, 208.]

other hand, you may be poor yourselves, and may be mortified at their being dressed better than you. Put an end to all that at once, by resolving to go down into the deep of your girl's heart, where you will find, inlaid by Christ's own hand, a better thing than vanity—pity. And be sure of this, that, although in a truly Christian land, every young girl would be dressed beautifully and delightfully,—in this entirely heathen and Baal-worshipping land of ours, not one girl in ten has either decent or healthy clothing, and that you have no business, till this be amended, to wear anything fine yourself; but *are bound to use your full strength and resources* to dress as many of your poor neighbours as you can. What of fine dress your people insist upon your wearing, take—and wear proudly and prettily, for their sakes; but, so far as in you lies, be sure that every day you are labouring to clothe some poorer creatures. And if you cannot clothe, at least help, with your hands. You can make your own bed; wash your own plate; brighten your own furniture,—if nothing else.

"But that's servant's work"? Of course it is. What business have you to hope to be better than a servant of servants? "God made you a lady"? Yes, He has put you, that is to say, in a position in which you may learn to speak your own language beautifully; to be accurately acquainted with the elements of other languages; to behave with grace, tact, and sympathy to all around you; to know the history of your country, the commands of its religion, and the duties of its race. If you obey His will in learning these things, you will obtain the power of becoming a true "lady"; and you will become one, if while you learn these things you set yourself, with all the strength of your youth and womanhood, to serve His servants, until the day come when He calls you to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."[1]

You may thus become a Christ's lady, or you may, if you will, become a Belial's lady, take Belial's gift of miserable idleness, living on the labour and shame of others, and deceiving them and yourself by lies about Providence, until you perish in hell with the rest of such, shrieking the bitter cry, "When saw we *Thee?*"[2]

You may become a Christ's lady if you *will,* I say; but you *must* will vigorously—there is no possible compromise. Most people think, if they keep all the best rooms in their hearts swept and garnished for Christ, with plenty of flowers and good books in them, that they may keep a little chamber in their heart's wall for Belial, on his occasional visits, or a three-legged stool for him in the heart's counting-house, or a corner for him in the heart's scullery, where he may lick the dishes. It won't do, my dears! You must cleanse the house of him, as you would of the plague, to the last spot. You must be resolved that as all you have, shall be God's, so all you *are* shall be God's; and you are to make it so, simply and quietly, by thinking always of yourself merely as sent to do His work; and considering at every leisure time, what you are to do next. Don't fret nor tease yourself about it, far less other people. Don't wear

[1] [Matthew xxv. 21.]

[2] [Matthew xxv. 37, 38, 39. Here the text of § 24 in *Fors Clavigera* ended. The following passage ("You may become . . . basket") is here added from the *Letter to Young Girls.*]

white crosses, nor black dresses, nor caps with lappets. Nobody has any right to go about in an offensively celestial uniform, as if it were more *their* business, or privilege, than it is everybody's, to be God's servants. But, know and feel assuredly that every day of your lives you have done all you can for the good of others. Done, I repeat—not said. Help your companions, but don't talk religious sentiment to them; and serve the poor, but, for your lives, you little monkeys, don't preach to them. They are probably, without in the least knowing it, fifty times better Christians than you; and if anybody is to preach, let *them*. Make friends of them when they are nice, as you do of nice rich people; feel with them, work with them, and if you are not at last sure it is a pleasure to you both to see each other, keep out of their way. For material charity, let older and wiser people see to it; and be content, like Athenian maids in the procession of their home-goddess, with the honour of carrying the basket.[1]

25. (V.)

"3, ATHOLE CRESCENT, PERTH, 10*th May*, 1876.

"SIR,—Thinking that it may interest you, I take the liberty of writing to let you know that the 'Lead' is not at all in the state you suppose it to be;[2] but still runs down, very clear, by the side of the North Inch and past Rose Terrace, and, judging from the numbers of them at this moment playing by it, affords no small delight to the children.

"I am, yours most respectfully,
"A READER OF 'FORS.'"

26. (VI.)

"EASTHAMPSTEAD RECTORY, BLACKNELL,
"*April* 20, 1876.

"MY DEAR RUSKIN,—I have just received this month's *Fors*, but not read it (of course not: my friends never do, except to find the mistakes), as I am off to Dublin, but as regards Psalm lxxxvii. (note, § 1 of Letter 64), I expounded it in a sermon some time since, and was talking of it to a very learned Hebraist last Monday. Rahab, there, is generally understood to mean 'the monster,' and has nothing to do, beyond resemblance of sound, with Rahab the harlot. And the monster is the crocodile, as typical of Egypt. In Psalm lxxxix. 10 (the Bible version, not the Prayer-Book), you will see Rahab explained in the margin, by '*or Egypt*.'

"Perhaps Rahab the harlot was called by the same name from the rapacity of her class, just as in Latin *lupa*.

"The whole Psalm is badly translated, and, as we have it, unintelligible. But it is really charged with deep prophetical meaning. I cannot write more, so believe me,

"Ever yours affectionately,
"O. GORDON.

"I hope you will have had a pleasant journey when you receive this. The Greek Septuagint is much better than the English, but not good. As regards the general meaning, you have divined it very correctly."[3]

[1] [Here the *Letter to Young Girls* ends with "Ever affectionately yours, J. R." For the "basket-carriers" in the Pan-Athenaic procession, see Vol. XXV. pp. 279, 280.]

[2] [See Letter 65, § 19 (p. 604).]

[3] [See above, § 8.]

LETTER 67

COMPANIONSHIP [1]

1. As I am now often asked, in private letters, the constitution of St. George's Company, and cannot, hitherto, refer, in answer, to any clear summary of it, I will try to write such a summary in this number of *Fors*, that it may henceforward be sent to inquirers as alone sufficiently explanatory.

The St. George's Company is a society established to carry out certain charitable objects, towards which it invites, and thankfully will receive, help from any persons caring to give it, either in money, labour, or any kind of gift. But the Company itself consists of persons who agree in certain general principles of action, and objects of pursuit, and who can, therefore, act together in effective and constant unison.

These objects of pursuit are, in brief terms, the health, wealth, and long life of the British nation: the Company having thus devoted itself, in the conviction that the British nation is at present unhealthy, poor, and likely to perish, as a power, from the face of the earth. They accordingly propose to themselves the general medicining, enriching, and preserving in political strength, of the population of these islands; they themselves numbering at present, in their ranks, about thirty persons—none of them rich, several of them sick, and the leader of them, at all events, not likely to live long.

2. Whether the nation be healthy, or in unwholesome

[1] [See below, § 8. "The Civilized Nation" (see below, § 3) was a rejected title for this letter.]

degradation of body and mind; wealthy, or in continual and shameful distress; strong, or in rapid decline of political power and authority,—the reader will find debated throughout the various contents of the preceding five volumes of *Fors*.[1] But there is one public fact, which cannot be debated —that the nation is in debt. And the St. George's Company do practically make it their *first*, though not their principal, object, to bring *that* state of things to an end; and to establish, instead of a National Debt, a National Store. (See the last line of the fifth page[2] of the first letter of the series, published 1st January, 1871, and the eleventh, and twenty-seventh, letters, throughout.)

That very few readers of *this* page have any notion, at this moment, what a National Debt is, or can conceive what a National Store should be, is one of many evil consequences of the lies which, under the title of "Political Economy," have been taught by the ill-educated, and mostly dishonest, commercial men who at present govern the press of the country.

I have again and again stated the truth in both these matters, but must try once more to do it, emphatically and intelligibly.

3. A "civilized nation" in modern Europe consists, in broad terms, of (A) a mass of half-taught, discontented, and mostly penniless populace, calling itself the people; of (B) a thing which it calls a government—meaning an apparatus for collecting and spending money; and (C) a small number of capitalists, many of them rogues, and most of them stupid persons, who have no idea of any object of human existence other than money-making, gambling, or champagne-bibbing. A certain quantity of literary men, saying anything they can get paid to say,—of clergymen, saying anything they have been taught to say,—of natural philosophers, saying anything that comes into their heads,

[1] [Letters 1–60 (being vols. i.–v. of the original edition).]

[2] [Of the original edition: see Letter 1, § 3 ("a National Store instead of a National Debt"): Vol. XXVII. p. 14.]

—and of nobility, saying nothing at all, combine in disguising the action, and perfecting the disorganization, of the mass; but with respect to practical business, the civilized nation consists broadly of mob, money-collecting machine, and capitalist.

Now when the civilized mob wants to spend money for any profitless or mischievous purposes,—fireworks, illuminations, battles, driving about from place to place, or what not,—being itself penniless, it sets its money-collecting machine to borrow the sum needful for these amusements from the civilized capitalist.

The civilized capitalist lends the money, on condition that, through the money-collecting machine, he may tax the civilized mob thenceforward for ever. The civilized mob spends the money forthwith, in gunpowder, infernal machines, masquerade dresses, new boulevards, or anything else it has set its idiotic mind on for the moment; and appoints its money-collecting machine to collect a daily tax from its children, and children's children, to be paid to the capitalists from whom it had received the accommodation, thenceforward for ever.

That is the nature of a National Debt.

4. In order to understand that of a National Store, my readers must first consider what any store whatever, serviceable to human beings, consists of. A store properly means a collection of useful things. Literally, it signifies only a quantity,—or much of *any*thing. But the heap of broken bottles which, I hear, is accumulating under the principal cliff of Snowdon, through the contributions of tourists from the summit, is not properly to be called a store; though a bin full of old wine is. Neither is a heap of cannon-balls a store;* though a heap of potatoes is. Neither is a cellar full of gunpowder a store; though a cellar full of coals is. A store is, for squirrels, of nuts; for bees, of honey; for

* They may serve for the *defence* of the store, of course;—so may the broken bottles, stuck on the top of a wall. But the lock of your cupboard is not the contents of it.

men, of food, clothes, fuel, or pretty things, such as toys or jewels,—and, for educated persons, of books and pictures.

And the possession of such a store by the nation would signify, that there were no taxes to pay; that everybody had clothes enough, and some stuff laid by for next year; that everybody had food enough, and plenty of salted pork, pickled walnuts, potted shrimps, or other conserves, in the cupboard; that everybody had jewels enough, and some of the biggest laid by, in treasuries and museums; and, of persons caring for such things, that everybody had as many books and pictures as they could read or look at; with quantities of the highest quality besides, in easily accessible public libraries and galleries.

5. Now the wretches who have, at present, the teaching of the people in their hands, through the public press, tell them that it is not "practical" to attempt to bring about this state of things;—and that their government, or money-collecting machine, must not buy wine, potatoes, jewels, or pictures for them; but *must* buy iron plates two feet thick, gunpowder, and red tape. And this popular instruction is given, you will find, in the end, by persons who know that they could not get a percentage themselves (without the public's coming to know it) on buying potatoes or pictures; but *can* get it, and a large one, on manufacturing iron, on committing wholesale murder,[1] or on tying up papers with red tape.

Now the St. George's Company propose to themselves,—and, if the God they believe in, lives, will assuredly succeed in their proposition,—to put an end to this rascally and inhuman state of things, and bring about an honest and human state of them, instead. And they have already actually begun the accumulation of a National Store of good and useful things; by the collection and administration of which, they are not themselves to derive any gain whatsoever, but the Nation only.

[1] [Compare below, § 26 (p. 664).]

6. We are, therefore, at present, as I said at first, a company established for a charitable purpose; the object of charity being the entire body of the British nation, now paying taxes to cheating capitalists. But we hope to include, finally, in our ranks a large number of the people themselves, and to make quite a different sort of people of them, carrying out our company's laws, to the abolition of many existing interests, and in abrogation of many existing arrangements.

And the laws which we hope thus to see accepted are none of them new; but have been already recommended by all wise men, and practised by all truly prosperous states; nor is there anything whatever new in the modes of administration proposed;—and especially be it noted, there is nothing of the present leader's fancies, in any part or character of the scheme—which is merely the application, to our nationally diseased thoughts and practices, of the direct precepts of the true sages of past time, who are every one of them in harmony concerning all that is necessary for men to do, feel, and know.

And we hope to establish these laws, not by violence, but by obeying them ourselves, to the extent of which existing circumstances admit; and so gradually showing the advantage of them, and making them acceptable to others. Not that, for the enforcement of some of them (the abolition of all manufactures that make the air unwholesome, for instance), we shall hesitate to use the strong hand, when once our hands are strong. But we shall not begin by street riots to throw down our neighbour's chimneys, or break his machinery;—though what we shall *end* in doing—God knows, not I,—but I have my own thoughts concerning it; not at present needing exposition.

7. The Companions, for the most part, will remain exactly in the condition of life they held before entering the Society; but they will direct all their powers, and some part of their revenues, in that condition, to the

advance of its interests. We hold it short-sighted and ruinous policy to form separate institutions, or attempt the sudden establishment of new systems of labour. Every one of us must use the advantages he now possesses, whatever they may be, and contend with the difficulties arising out of his present position, gradually modifying it, as he can, into conformity with the laws which the Society desires may be ultimately observed by all its members.

8. The first of our conditions of Companionship is Honesty. We are a company of honest persons, vowing to have no fellowship with dishonest ones. Persons who do not know the meaning of the word "Honesty," or who would in anywise, for selfish convenience, tolerate any manner of cheating or lying, either in others or themselves, we class indiscriminately with the self-conscious rogues, for whom we have more respect; and our separation from all such is to be quite manifest and unmistakable. We do not go into monasteries,—we seek no freedom of conscience in foreign lands,—we profess no severities of asceticism at home. We simply refuse to have any dealings with rogues, whether at home or abroad.

I repeat, for this must be strictly understood, we are a company of honest persons; and will add to ourselves none but persons of that quality. We, for our own part, entirely decline to live by passing bad half-crowns, by selling bad goods, or by lying as to their relative quality. And we hold only such communication with persons guilty of such practices, as we should with any other manner of thieves or liars.

It will follow that anything gravely said by a Companion of St. George may be, without investigation, believed; and anything sold by one, without scrutiny, bought for what it is said to be,—of which recovery of old principles of human speech and commerce, no words can set forth the infinitude of beneficial consequences, when it is once brought about among a discernible and every day increasing body of persons.

9. The second condition of Companionship is the resolution, so far as we have ability, to earn our own living with our own hands; and not to allow, much less compel, other people to work for us: this duty being of double force,—first, as necessary to our own health and honour; but much more, as striking home at the ghastly universal crime of modern society,—stealing the labourer's bread from him (making him work, that is to say, for our's, as well as his own), and then abusing and despising him for the degradation of character which his perpetual toil involves;* deliberately, in many cases, refusing to encourage him in economy, that we may have him at our mercy to grind in the mill; always selling as much gin and beer to him as we can persuade him to swill, at the rate of twenty-pence for twopence worth (see Letter 27[1]), to fill our own pockets; and teaching him pious catechisms, that we may keep him our quiet slave.

We cannot, at present, all obey this great law concerning labour, however willing we may be; for we may not, in the condition of life in which we have been brought up, have been taught any manual labour by which we now could make a living. I myself, the present Master of the Society, cannot obey this, its second main law; but then I am only a makeshift Master, taking the place till somebody more fit for it be found.[2] Sir Walter Scott's life, in the full strength of it at Ashestiel, and early at Abbotsford, with his literary work done by ten, or at latest twelve in the morning; and the rest of the day spent in useful work with Tom Purdie in his woods,[3] is a model of wise moral management of mind and body, for men of true literary power; but I had neither the country training of body,

* See Letter 11, §§ 3–5, the most pregnant pages in the entire series of these letters; and compare Letter 61, § 6, and Letter 64, § 5.[4]

[1] [Letter 27, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 498).]
[2] [Compare Letter 81, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 197).]
[3] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 600–601.]
[4] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 182–186; and above, pp. 489, 564.]

nor have the natural strength of brain, which can reach this ideal in anywise. Sir Walter wrote as a stream flows; but I do all my brain-work like a wrung sponge, and am tired out, and good for nothing, after it. Sir Walter was in the open air, farm-bred, and playing with lambs, while I was a poor little Cockney wretch, playing, in a dark London nursery, with a bunch of keys.[1] I do the best I can, and know what ought to be: and that is all the Company really need of me. I would fain, at this moment, both for pleasure and duty's sake, be cutting the dead stems out of my wood,[2] or learning to build a dry stone wall under my good mason, Mr. Usher, than writing these institutes of St. George; but the institutes are needed, and must be written by me, since there is nobody else to write them.

10. Any one, therefore, may be a Companion of St. George who sincerely does what they can, to make themselves useful, and earn their daily bread by their own labour: and some forms of intellectual or artistic labour, inconsistent (as a musician's) with other manual labour, are accepted by the Society as useful; provided they be truly undertaken for the good and help of all; and that the intellectual labourer ask no more pay than any other workman. A scholar can generally live on less food than a ploughman, and there is no conceivable reason why he should have more.* And if he be a false-hearted scholar, or a bad painter or fiddler, there is infinite reason why he should have less. My readers may have been surprised at the instant and eager assertion, as of a leading principle, in

* Again, I have more myself—but that is because I have been ill-bred; and I shall be most thankful to take less, as soon as other people cease to be paid for doing nothing. People cry out upon me for asking ten shillings for a year's *Fors;* but never object to Mr. Barber's paying his clerk a guinea for opening his study door to me five times, charging the same to St. George's account. (See Letter 64, § 22: above, p. 579.)

[1] [See Letter 51, § 3 (p. 272).]

[2] [A favourite exercise. It was of Mr. Usher, when he made his mark, instead of writing his name, that Ruskin said, warmly shaking his hand, "Now I know I have an honest man to deal with."]

the first of these letters (January '71), that people cannot live by art.[1] But I spoke swiftly, because the attempt so to live is among the worst possible ways they can take of injurious begging. There are a few, a very few persons born in each generation, whose words are worth hearing, whose art is worth seeing. These born few will preach, or sing, or paint, in spite of you; they will starve like grasshoppers, rather than stop singing; and even if you don't choose to listen, it is charitable to throw them some crumbs to keep them alive. But the people who take to writing or painting as a means of livelihood, because they think it genteel, are just by so much more contemptible than common beggars, in that they are noisy and offensive beggars. I am quite willing to pay for keeping our poor vagabonds in the workhouse; but not to pay them for grinding organs outside my door, defacing the streets with bills and caricatures, tempting young girls to read rubbishy novels, or deceiving the whole nation to its ruin, in a thousand leagues square of dirtily printed falsehood, every morning at breakfast. Whatever in literature, art, or religion, is done for money, is poisonous itself;[2] and doubly deadly, in preventing the hearing or seeing of the noble literature and art which have been done for love and truth. If people cannot make their bread by honest labour, let them at least make no noise about the streets; but hold their tongues, and hold out their idle hands humbly; and they shall be fed kindly.

11. Then the third condition of Companionship is, that, after we have done as much manual work as will earn our food, we all of us discipline ourselves, our children, and any one else willing to be taught, in all the branches of honourable knowledge and graceful art attainable by us. Having honestly obtained our meat and drink, and having sufficiently eaten and drunken, we proceed, during the rest of the day, to seek after things better than meat and drink;

[1] [See Letter 1, § 8 (Vol. XXVII. p. 19).]
[2] [On this subject, compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 32 (Vol. XVIII. p. 412).]

and to provide for the nobler necessities of what, in ancient days, Englishmen used to call their souls.

To this end, we shall, as we increase in numbers, establish such churches and schools as may best guide religious feeling, and diffuse the love of sound learning and prudent art. And when I set myself first to the work of forming the Society, I was induced to do so chiefly by the consciousness that the balanced unison of artistic sensibility with scientific faculty, which enabled me at once to love Giotto, and learn from Galileo, gave me singular advantages for a work of this kind. More particularly, the course of study through which, after being trained in the severest schools of Protestant divinity, I became acquainted with the mythology of Greece, and legends of Rome, in their most vivid power over the believing minds of both nations, permits me now to accept with freedom and respect the concurrence of a wider range of persons holding different views on religious subjects, than any other scholar I know, at the present day, in England, would feel himself secure in the hope of reconciling to a common duty, and in uncontested elements of faith.

12. The scheme, and elementary means, of this common education, I am now occupied in arranging and choosing as I best may.* In especial, I have set myself to write three grammars—of geology, botany, and zoology,—which will contain nothing but indisputable facts in those three branches of proper human learning; and which, if I live a little longer, will embrace as many facts as any ordinary schoolboy or schoolgirl need be taught. In these three grammars (*Deucalion*, *Proserpina*, and *Love's Meinie* †) I shall accept every aid that sensible and earnest men of science can spare me, towards the task of popular education:

* See *Fors* for January of this year, Letter 61, §§ 13, 14 [p. 499].

† This book I shall extend, if time be given me, from its first proposed form into a parallel one with the two others.[1]

[1] [On this point, see Vol. XXV. p. xxxii.]

and I hope to keep thankful records of the names of the persons who are making true discoveries in any of these sciences, and of the dates of such discovery, which shall be unassailably trustworthy as far as they extend. I hope also to be able to choose, and in some degree provide, a body of popular literature of entirely serviceable quality. Of some of the most precious books needed, I am preparing, with the help of my friends, new editions, for a common possession in all our school libraries.[1]

If I have powers fitted for this task (and I should not have attempted it but in conviction that I have), they are owing mainly to this one condition of my life, that, from my youth up, I have been seeking the fame, and honouring the work, of others;—never my own. I first was driven into literature that I might defend the fame of Turner; since that day I have been explaining the power, or proclaiming the praise, of Tintoret,—of Luini,—of Carpaccio, —of Botticelli,—of Carlyle;—never thinking for an instant of myself: and sacrificing what little faculty, and large pleasure, I had in painting, either from nature or noble art, that, if possible, I might bring others to see what I rejoiced in, and understand what I had deciphered. There has been no heroism in this, nor virtue;—but only, as far as I am myself concerned, quaint ordering of Fate; but the result is, that I *have* at last obtained an instinct of impartial and reverent judgment, which sternly fits me for this final work, to which, if to anything, I was appointed.

13. And for the right doing of it, and for all future work of the same kind, requiring to be done for the Society by other persons, it is absolutely needful that the person charged with it should be implicitly trusted, and accurately obeyed by the Companions, in all matters necessary to the working of the Society. He cannot lose his time in contention or persuasion; he must act undisturbedly, or his mind will not suffice for its toil; and with concurrence of

[1] [For these schemes, see above, p. 20, and the other places there noted.]

all the Society's power, or half their power will be wasted, and the whole perverted, by hesitation, and opposition. His authority over them must correspond precisely, in the war against the poverty and vice of the State, to that of a Roman Dictator, in his war against its external enemies.

Of a Roman "*Dictator*," I say, observe; not a Roman "*Emperor*." It is not the command of private will, but the dictation of necessary law, which the Society obeys:—only, the obedience must be absolute, and without question; faithful to the uttermost,—that is to say, trusting to the uttermost. The practice of faith and obedience to some of our fellow-creatures is the alphabet by which we learn the higher obedience to heaven; and it is not only needful to the prosperity of all noble united action, but essential to the happiness of all noble living spirits.

14. I have not, in my past letters, much noticed this condition of the Society's work; because its explanation will involve that of our religious creed to the full; and its enforcement must be in the very teeth of the mad-dog's creed of modernism, "I will not be dictated to," which contains the essence of all diabolical error. For, in sum, the moral scale is raised exactly according to the degree and motive of obedience. To be disobedient through temptation, is human sin; but to be disobedient for the sake of disobedience, fiendish sin. To be obedient for the sake of success in conduct, is human virtue; but to be obedient for the sake of obedience, angelic virtue.

The constitution of the Society is to be, therefore, that of an aristocracy electing an absolute chief (as the Senate of Rome their Dictator, or the Senate of Venice their Doge), who is to be entirely responsible for the conduct of the Society's affairs; to appoint its principal officers, and to grant or refuse admission to candidates for Companionship. But he is liable to deposition at any moment, by a vote of the majority of the Companions; and is to have no control over the property of the Society, but through the Trustees in whom that property is vested.

15. And now, for farther explanation of the details of our constitution and design, I must refer the reader to the *Fors* for March of this year;[1] and, if he desires to pursue his inquiry, to the 8th, 9th, 11th, 17th, and 19th Letters of the previous series.[2] These state clearly what we propose to do, and how: but for defence of our principles, the entire series of Letters must be studied; and that with quiet attention, for not a word of them has been written but with purpose. Some parts of the plan are confessedly unexplained, and others obscurely hinted at; nor do I choose to say how much of this indistinctness has been intentional. But I am well assured that if any patient and candid person cares to understand the book, and master its contents, he may do so with less pains than would be required for the reading of any ordinary philosophical treatise on equally important subjects.

Only readers should be clearly aware of one peculiarity in the manner of my writing in *Fors*, which might otherwise much mislead them:—namely, that if they will enclose in brackets with their pen, passages of evident irony, all the rest of the book is written with absolute seriousness and literalness of meaning.[3] The violence, or grotesque aspect, of a statement may seem as if I were mocking; but this comes mainly of my endeavour to bring the absolute truth out into pure crystalline structure, unmodified by disguise of custom, or obscurity of language; for the result of that process is continually to reduce the facts into a form so contrary, if theoretical, to our ordinary impressions, and so contrary, if moral, to our ordinary practice, that the straightforward statement of them looks like a jest. But every such apparent jest will be found, if you think of it, a pure, very dreadful, and utterly imperious veracity.

16. With this understanding, the following series of

[1] [Letter 63 (p. 538).]
[2] [That is, in the first two volumes of *Fors* as originally published. The "New Series" (as Ruskin called it) began with Letter 85.]
[3] [Compare Letter 62, § 1 (p. 512).]

aphorisms contain the gist of the book, and may serve to facilitate the arrangement of its incidental matter.

(1.) Any form of government will work, provided the governors are real, and the people obey them; and none will work, if the governors are unreal, or the people disobedient. If you mean to have logs for kings, no quantity of liberty in choice of the wood will be of any profit to you:—nor will the wisest or best governor be able to serve you, if you mean to discuss his orders instead of obeying them. Read carefully on this matter Letter 13, §§ 7, 8.[1]

(2.) The first duty of government is to see that the people have food, fuel, and clothes. The second, that they have means of moral and intellectual education.[2]

(3.) Food, fuel, and clothes can only be got out of the ground, or sea, by muscular labour; and no man has any business to have any, unless he has done, if able, the muscular work necessary to produce his portion, or to render (as the labour of a surgeon or a physician renders) equivalent benefit to life. It indeed saves both toil and time that one man should dig, another bake, and another tan; but the digger, baker, and tanner are alike bound to do their equal day's duty; and the business of the government is to see that they have done it, before it gives any one of them their dinner.[3]

(4.) While the daily teaching of God's truth, doing of His justice, and heroic bearing of His sword, are to be required of every human soul according to its ability, the mercenary professions of preaching, law-giving, and fighting must be entirely abolished.[4]

(5.) Scholars, painters, and musicians may be advisedly kept, on due pittance, to instruct or amuse the labourer

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 233; and for other references, *ibid.*, p. 17 *n.*]

[2] [For the first duty, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 19, 39; for the second duty, Vol. XXVII. pp. 61, 143. Here, and in the following notes, a few references to typical passages are given; others may be found by consulting the General Index.]

[3] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 117, 558.]

[4] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 17, 185, 580; and above, p. 37.]

after, or at, his work; provided the duty be severely restricted to those who have high special gifts of voice, touch, and imagination;* and that the possessors of these melodious lips, light-fingered hands, and lively brains, do resolutely undergo the normal discipline necessary to ensure their skill; the people whom they are to please, understanding, always, that they cannot employ these tricksy artists without working double-tides themselves, to provide them with beef and ale.[1]

17. (6.) The duty of the government, as regards the distribution of its work, is to attend first to the wants of the most necessitous; therefore, to take particular charge of the back streets of every town; leaving the fine ones, more or less, according to their finery, to take care of themselves. And it is the duty of magistrates, and other persons in authority, but especially of all bishops, to know thoroughly the numbers, means of subsistence, and modes of life of the poorest persons in the community, and to be sure that *they* at least are virtuous and comfortable; for if poor persons be not virtuous, after all the wholesome discipline of poverty, what must be the state of the rich, under their perilous trials and temptations?†—but, on the other hand, if the poor are made comfortable and good, the rich have a fair chance of entering the kingdom of heaven also, if they choose to live honourably and decently.[2]

* Such limitation being secured by the severity of the required education in the public schools of art, and thought; and by the high standard of examination fixed before granting licence of exhibition, in the public theatres, or picture galleries.

† Here is just an instance of what might at first seem to be a jest; but is a serious and straightforward corollary from the eternally true fact stated by St. Paul to Timothy:[3] "They that will be rich fall into

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 185.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 360; and above, pp. 73, 137, 252, 292, 504–506, 512–515.]

[3] [The octavo editions have hitherto read "stated by St. Timothy"—a slip noticed by Ruskin in Letter 76, § 12 *n.* (Vol. XXIX. p. 93). In the small editions, the correction here followed was made. The quotation is from 1 Timothy vi. 9.]

(7.) Since all are to be made to labour for their living, and it is not possible to labour without materials and tools, these must be provided by the government, for all persons, in the necessary quantities. If bricks are to be made, clay and straw must be provided; if sheep are to be kept, grass; if coats are to be made, cloth; if oakum to be picked, oakum. All these raw materials, with the tools for working them, must be provided by the government, at first, free of cost to the labourer, the value of them being returned to them as the first-fruits of his toil; and no pawnbrokers or usurers may be allowed to live by lending sea to fishermen, air to fowlers, land to farmers, crooks to shepherds, or bellows to smiths.[1]

18. (8.) When the lands and seas belonging to any nation are all properly divided, cultivated, and fished, its population cannot be increased, except by importing food in exchange for useless articles,—that is to say, by living as the toy-manufacturers of some independent nation, which can both feed itself, and afford to buy toys besides. But no nation can long exist in this servile state. It must either emigrate, and form colonies to assist in cultivating the land which feeds it,[2] or become entirely slavish and debased.

temptation and a snare, and into many foolish lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition;" and by Horace:

> "Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit
> Ab Dis plura feret."[3]

The passage might at first be thought inconsistent with what is said above of the "degradation" which perpetual toil involves. But toil and poverty are two different things. Poverty ennobles, and secures; toil degrades, and endangers. We are all bound to fulfil our task; but happy only if we can also enter into our rest.

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[1] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 317–319, 368.]

[2] [For a fuller statement of England's duty of colonisation, see *Lectures on Art*, § 29 (Vol. XX. p. 42).]

[3] [*Odes*, III. xvi. 21; quoted also in *St. Mark's Rest*, § 130 (Vol. XXIV. p. 307).]

The moment any nation begins to import food,* its political power and moral worth are ended.[1]

(9.) All the food, clothing, and fuel required by men, can be produced by the labour of their own arms on the earth and sea; all food is appointed to be so produced, and *must* be so produced, at their peril. If instead of taking the quantity of exercise made necessary to their bodies by God, in the work appointed by God, they take it in hunting or shooting, they become ignorant, irreligious, and finally insane, and seek to live by fighting as well as by hunting; whence the type of Nimrod, in the circle of the Hell-towers, which I desired you to study in Dante.[2] If they do not take exercise at all, they become sensual, and insane in worse ways. *And it is physically impossible that true religious knowledge, or pure morality, should exist among any classes of a nation who do not work with their hands for their bread.* Read Letter 11 carefully.[3]

(10.) The use of machinery † in agriculture throws a certain number of persons out of wholesome employment, who must thenceforward either do nothing, or mischief. The use of machinery in art destroys the national intellect; and, finally, renders all luxury impossible. All

* It may always import such food as its climate cannot produce, in exchange for such food as it can; it may buy oranges with corn, or pepper with cheese. But not with articles that do not support life. Separate *cities* may honourably produce saleable art; Limoges its enamel, Sheffield its whittle; but a *nation* must not live on enamel or whittles.[4]

† Foolish people are continually quibbling and stupefying themselves about the word "machine." Briefly, any instrument is a machine so far as its action is, in any particular, or moment, beyond the control of the human hand. A violin, a pencil, and a plough, are tools, not machines. A grinding organ, or a windmill, is a machine, not a tool: often the two are combined; thus a lathe is a machine, and the workman's chisel, used at it, a tool.

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[1] [See above, pp. 132–136, 140.]

[2] [*Inferno*, xxxi. 76: see Letter 62, § 13 (p. 523).]

[3] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 30, 185–189. Compare pp. 435–436; and above, pp. 35–36, 134 *seq.*, 489–491, 564 *seq.*]

[4] [Ruskin in his memoranda for the projected Index writes here that "the note needs expansion."]

machinery needful in ordinary life to supplement human or animal labour may be moved by wind or water: while steam, or any modes of *heat-power*, may only be employed justifiably under extreme or special conditions of need; as for speed on main lines of communication, and for raising water from great depths, or other such work beyond human strength.[1]

19. (11.) No true luxury, wealth, or religion is possible to dirty persons; nor is it decent or human to attempt to compass any temporal prosperity whatever by the sacrifice of cleanliness.[2] The speedy abolition of all abolishable filth is the first process of education;* the principles of which I state in the second group of aphorisms following.

(12.) All education must be moral first; intellectual secondarily. Intellectual, before—(much more without)—moral education, is, in completeness, impossible; and in incompleteness, a calamity.[3]

(13.) Moral education begins in making the creature to be educated, clean, and obedient. This must be done thoroughly, and at any cost, and with any kind of compulsion rendered necessary by the nature of the animal, be it dog, child, or man.[4]

(14.) Moral education consists next in making the creature practically serviceable to other creatures, according to the nature and extent of its own capacities; taking care that these be healthily developed in such service. It may be a question how long, and to what extent, boys and girls of fine race may be allowed to run in the paddock before they

* The ghastly squalor of the once lovely fields of Dulwich, trampled into mud, and strewn with rags and paper by the filthy London population, bred in cigar smoke, which is attracted by the Crystal Palace, would alone neutralize all possible gentlemanly education in the district.

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[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 87; and above, pp. 21, 128–135, 138, 236–237.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 256; and above, pp. 22, 138, 204, 298–304. Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 116 (Vol. XX. p. 107).]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 143, 213; above, pp. 237, 501; and Letter 94, § 5 (Vol. XXIX. p. 484).]

[4] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 145; and above, p. 20.]

are broken; but assuredly the sooner they are put to such work as they are able for, the better.* Moral education is summed when the creature has been made to do its work with delight, and thoroughly; but this cannot be until some degree of intellectual education has been given also.[1]

(15.) Intellectual education consists in giving the creature the faculties of admiration, hope, and love.[2]

These are to be taught by the study of beautiful Nature; the sight and history of noble persons; and the setting forth of noble objects of action.[3]

(16.) Since all noble persons hitherto existent in the world have trusted in the government of it by a supreme Spirit, and in that trust, or faith, have performed all their great actions, the history of these persons will finally mean the history of their faith; and the sum of intellectual education will be the separation of what is inhuman, in such faiths, and therefore perishing, from what is human, and, for human creatures, eternally true.[4]

20. These sixteen aphorisms contain, as plainly as I can speak it, the substance of what I have hitherto taught, and am now purposed to enforce practice of, as far as I am able. It is no business of mine to think about possibilities;—any day, any moment, may raise up some one to take the carrying forward of the plan out of my hands, or to furnish me with larger means of prosecuting it; meantime, neither hastening nor slackening, I shall go on doing what I can, with the people, few or many, who are ready to help me.

* See an entirely admirable paper on school-sports, in the *World* for February of this year.[5]

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[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 50, 119–120, 129, 147, 449; and above, pp. 199–200, 211.]

[2] [Wordsworth, *Excursion*, Book IV. Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 90 and *n.*]

[3] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 156–157, 384–385, 496; and above, pp. 118, 237, 615.]

[4] [See, for instance, Vol. XXVII. pp. 314, 481; and above, pp. 328, 519.]

[5] [Here Ruskin has given a wrong reference. There is no such paper in the *World* for January–June 1876, nor is it in the *Christian World*.]

Such help (to conclude with what simplest practical direction I can) may be given me by any persons interested in my plans, mainly by sending me money; secondly, by acting out as much as they agree with of the directions for private life given in *Fors;* and thirdly, by promulgating and recommending such principles. If they wish to do more than this, and to become actual members of the Company, they must write to me, giving a short and clear account of their past lives, and present circumstances. I then examine them on such points as seem to me necessary; and if I accept them, I inscribe their names in the roll, at Corpus Christi College, with two of our masters for witnesses. This roll of the Company is written, hitherto, on the blank leaves of an eleventh-century MS. of the Gospels, always kept in my rooms;[1] and would enable the Trustees, in case of my death, at once to consult the Companions respecting the disposition of the Society's property. As to the legal tenure of that property, I have taken counsel with my lawyer-friends till I am tired; and, as will be seen by the statement in the second page of the Correspondence, I purpose henceforward to leave all such legal arrangements to the discretion of the Companions themselves.

[1] [Ruskin afterwards signed another roll, which then (1884) contained seventy-seven names. This roll is in the custody of the present Master of the Guild, Mr. George Baker. For other references to the roll of the Guild, see above, pp. 377, 459.]

21. (I.) AFFAIRS of the Company.

The new purchases of land round our little museum at Sheffield have been made at rather under than over the market price of land in the district; and they will enable me, as I get more funds, to extend the rooms of the museum under skylight as far as I wish. I did not want to buy so soon; but Fors giving me the opportunity, I must take it at her hand. Our cash accounts will in future be drawn up, as below, by our Companion, Mr. Rydings,[1] to whom all questions, corrections, etc., are to be sent, and all subscriptions under fifty pounds.

CASH ACCOUNT OF ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

Dr. (*From March 15th to June 15th*, 1876) *Cr.*

1876.		£	s.	d.	1876.		£	s.	d.
March 15.	To Balance at Union Bank, London (see Letter 64, § 21) .	157	11	10	April 17.	By Benjamin Bagshawe (advance on new purchase of land at Sheffield) . .	30		0
,,	Balance in Mr. Ruskin's hand (see Letter 65, § 27; also 64, § 21) .	107	16	5	23. ,,	Theodore D. Acland (expenses of chemicals for Sheffield Museum) . .	5	0	0
March ,,	F. D. Drewitt (tithe of first earning) .	1	4	1	May 7. ,,	Henry Swan (Salary and Expenses at Museum) . .	55	15	3
,,	Miss M. Guest .	2	2	0	23. ,,	Mrs. Talbot (repairing expenses on our cottages at Barmouth, with other expenses for educational purposes, afterwards to be explained) . .	27	0	0
April ,,	James Burdon (tithe of wage) . .	2	10	0	26. ,,	Benjamin Bagshawe (on completion of purchase at Sheffield) . . .	300	0	0
,,	Wm. B. Graham (gift) . . .	1	0	0					
,,	Anon., post stamp, Birkenhead . .	1	10	0					
April 16. ,,	Egbert Rydings .	25	0	0					
,,	Miss S. Beever .	7	0	6					
,,	Anon. (tithe gift for half-year 1876) .	50	0	0					
,,	Rev. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt . . .	20	0	0					
,,	No. 50, G. . .	10	10	0					
June 16. ,,	Balance due to Mr. Ruskin . .	31	10	5					
		£417	15	3			£417	15	3

22. The following letter from Messrs. Tarrant will be seen to be in reply to mine of the 6th May, printed in last *Fors*.[2] From the tone of it, as well as from careful examination of my legal friends, I perceive that

[1] [See above, p. 611.]
[2] [See Letter 66, § 19 (p. 629).]

it is out of my power to give the Company a legal status, according to the present law of England, unless it be permitted to gather dividends for itself, instead of store for the nation, and to put its affairs in the hands of a number of persons who know nothing about them, instead of in the hands of one person who is acquainted with them.

Under these circumstances, I consider it to be best that the Companions should settle their own legal status with the lawyers; and this the more, as I do not choose to run the Society into farther expense by the continuance of correspondence between these legal gentlemen and me, without the slightest chance of either party ever understanding the other. Accordingly, I hereby authorize Mr. Robert Somervell, of Hazelthwaite, Windermere, to collect the opinions of the other Companions (a list of whom I have put in his hands), and to act in their name, as they shall direct him, respecting the tenure of the Company's lands and property, now and in future.[1] And I hereby hold myself quit of all responsibility touching such tenure, maintaining simply the right of the Master of the Company to direct their current expenditures.

"*Re* ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

"2, BOND COURT, WALBROOK, LONDON,
"31*st May*, 1876.

"DEAR SIR,—We have carefully considered the points raised in your letter to us of the 6th inst., and have also consulted Mr. Barber upon them, and with reference thereto we advise you that the law stands shortly thus:—by the 13th Eliz., c. 5, a voluntary settlement of a real or personal estate will be void and may be set aside by a creditor of the settlor, upon his showing an intent on the part of the settlor to defraud his creditors; and such an intent may be inferred from the circumstances. The Bankruptcy Act, 1869 (32 and 33 Vict., c. 71) contains a still more stringent provision where the voluntary settlor is a trader. These are liabilities and risks which your association cannot avoid; but they are more imaginary than real, as the donors of land to the Company are not likely to make a voluntary gift for the purpose of defeating their creditors. By the 27th Eliz., c. 4, a voluntary gift or settlement of real estate, unless it be in favour of a charity, will be avoided by a subsequent *bonâ fide* sale for value, even though the purchaser have notice of the voluntary settlement. This, too, is an ordinary risk from which you cannot escape, unless you are willing to submit to the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners. It does not often happen that a person who has made a voluntary settlement of real estate seeks to stultify his own act by a subsequent sale of the same estate, but the payment of a small consideration, or even matter *ex post facto*, would prevent the deed being voluntary, and the risk is not a very serious one.

"We do not recollect Mr. Baker's name, and we find no mention of it in any of your letters to us: we think you must have meant Mr. Talbot, with whose solicitors we were in communication as to some cottages and land, and it was arranged that that matter should stand over until the St. George's Company was constituted.

"As to the writing out of the memorandum and rules for signature of the Companions—the case is this: you receive donations from people who give them to you on the faith of a certain scheme of yours being duly carried out; it is therefore necessary that the leading features of that scheme should be reduced to writing, in order that there may be no misunderstanding between the givers and

[1] [For subsequent notices of Mr. Somervell in this connexion, see Letters 73 and 74 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 27, 47).]

receivers of these donations as to the objects to which they are devoted. The signatures of the Companions are a feature of your published scheme, and in addition will be useful to show who are the acknowledged Companions having a direct interest in it—the right to elect and control the action of the Master, elect Trustees, etc., etc.; and the signatures will be the evidence of the deliberate submission of the Companions to be bound by the rules to which they subscribe their names.

"But all this will not make the St. George's Company other than a voluntary association of persons which the law will not recognize as a corporation.

"The Companions of St. George will be capable of holding land, but not as the St. George's Company,—that is, not as a corporation. Land must be held by or for them as individuals. You may have a piece of land conveyed to, say two hundred Companions, naming each of them; but for the sake of convenience you would have it conveyed to two or three who should hold it upon trust for the Companions generally.

"You can only obtain the countenance and supervision of the law for your Company on certain conditions, and when you came to us we were careful to explain this to you. You at once told us the conditions would not do for your Company, therefore we have had to do the best we could for you, treating your Company as an association without the countenance and supervision of the law.

"Forgive us for quoting from a letter of yours to us of the 27th May, 1875. 'Mr. Barber's notion is the popular one of a Mob of Directors. But St. George's Company must have only one Master. They may dismiss him at their pleasure, but they must not bother him. I am going to draw up a form myself, and submit it to Mr. Barber for criticism and completion.' We think you may rest satisfied with matters as they are.

"We remain, dear Sir,
"Yours very truly,
"TARRANT & MACKRELL.

"JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ.
"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE."

23. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

		£	s.	d.
	Balance, May 16th	1225	19	1
		460	0	0
		£765	19	1

Spent		£	s.	d.
May 17.	*a.* Messrs. Weldon and Inglis	23	0	0
	b. Mr. Stowe, Camberwell Green	11	0	0
	Warren and Jones	21	19	3
June 1.	*c.* Annie Brickland	10	0	0
8.	*d.* Furniture of new Lodge	300	0	0
	Downs	44	0	9
3.	Kate	50	0	0
		£460	0	0

a and *b*. The first of these bills is for a sealskin jacket; the second for a gold and pearl frame to a miniature. Respecting my need for these articles, I have more to say when my lecture on Jewels can be got published:[1] it is fine weather just now, and I can't see to it.

[1] [See Letter 65, § 22 (p. 607)]

c. In 1871, in one of my walks at Abingdon (see *Fors,* Letters 4 and 6[1]), I saw some ragged children playing by the roadside on the bank of a ditch, and gathering what buttercups they could find.[2] Watching them a little while, I at last asked what they were doing. "This is my garden," answered a little girl about nine years old. "Well, but gardens ought to be of use; this is only full of buttercups. Why don't you plant some strawberries in it?" "I have none to plant." "If you had a little garden of your own, and some to plant, would you take care of them?" "That I would." Thereupon I told her to come and ask for me at the Crown and Thistle, and with my good landlady Mrs. Wonnacott's help, rented a tiny piece of ground for her. Her father and mother have since died; and her brothers and sisters (four, in all) are in the Union, at Abingdon. I did not like to let this child go there too; so I've sent her to learn shepherding at a kindly shepherd's; close to Arundel,[3] on the farm of the friend whose son (with perhaps a little help from his sister) took me out foxhunting and examined the snail-shells for me. This ten pounds is for her board, etc., till she can be made useful.

d. I had settled my servant Crawley, with his wife and his three children, in a good house here at my gate. He spent his savings in furnishing it, in a much more costly manner than I thought quite proper; but that (as I then supposed) was his affair, more than mine. His wife died last year: and now both he and I think he will be more useful to me at Oxford than Coniston. So I send him to Oxford,—but have to pay him for his house-furniture, which is very provoking and tiresome, and the kind of expense one does not calculate on. The curious troublesomeness of Fors to me in all business matters has always been one of the most grotesque conditions of my life. The names of Warren and Jones appear for the last time in my accounts, for I have had to give up my tea-shop, owing to the (too surely mortal) illness of my active old servant, Harriet Tovey,[4]—a great grief to me, no less than an utter stop to my plans in London.

24. (III.) I somewhat regret, for my friend's sake, that he desires me to print the subjoined letter in its entirety, if at all. I *must* print his answer to my question about Usury, for which I am heartily grateful to him, for reference in next *Fors;*[5] and can only therefore do as he bids

[1] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 76, 106.]

[2] [Ruskin refers to the little girl, Annie Brickland, in a letter (Oxford, November 16, 1875) to Lady Mount-Temple, whom he sometimes addressed as "Granny":—

> "I want to find a school for a little girl who has no papa, nor mama, nor granny, and nobody to take care of her. I found her playing on a roadside bank at Abingdon when she was nine years old; now she's fourteen, but very little, and I think she's very good, or would be if she saw granny sometimes. I will pay for her schooling in any school you think best for such a child, anywhere about Romsey. She's four brothers or sisters—poor little things—in the Union at Abingdon, and must go in herself soon, if I don't take charge of her."]

[3] [Under the eye of Ruskin's friends, the Drewitts, at Peppering: see Letter 63, § 20 (p. 553).]

[4] [For Harriet Tovey, servant at Herne Hill and Denmark Hill, see *Præterita,* ii. § 108. For the tea-shop, above, pp. 204, 205.]

[5] [See § 4, p. 669.]

me with the rest, which he has written more hastily than is his habit. What answer it seems to me to need will be found in the attached notes.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—I did not need your kind letters by the post to assure me that the rebuke pronounced on me by *Fors* in June[1] was meant in the most friendly spirit—for my good and that of all men. *Fors* set me thinking, and, as you urged me to say what I thought, I began to write you a letter, partly to show that I am not so repulsive a person as you paint, (*a*) or at least that it is not the fault of Comte if I am; partly to show that, whilst agreeing with you very much about modern life, I find other reasons for trusting that the world as a whole improves. I owe you, and the age owes you, profound gratitude for much noble teaching; and it is very sad to me to find you reviling (*b*) other teachers to whom we owe much, and who know a thousand things about which you have told us nothing. And indiscriminate abuse of all that the human race has now become, wounds my ear as if I heard one cursing our own fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. If you believe that 'the entire system of modern life is corrupted with the ghastliest forms of injustice and untruth,'[2] I wonder that you believe in God, or any future, in effort at all, or in anything but despair. (*c*)

"But my letter to you grew at last to such a length that I must find for it another place, and you or any reader of *Fors* who may take the trouble to look, may see what I wish to put to you in the *Fortnightly Review*.[3] I wanted especially to point out that the impression you have conveyed about Comte and his teaching is almost exactly the contrary of the truth. You speak as if Comte were a physiologist, (*d*) mostly occupied with frogs and lice, whereas he is mostly occupied with history, morality, and religion; as if he insisted on the origin of man from the protozoa, whereas no one has more earnestly repudiated such speculations; as if he claimed political and public careers for women, whereas no one has said more against everything of the kind; as if he looked on modern industrial and social life with admiration, whereas he preaches a regeneration of our lives far more searching than any which you even contemplate; lastly, you speak of him and his students as if they were forbidden all sympathy with the spirit of ages past, whereas the reverence which Comte has expressed for the Middle Age at its best, its religion, its chivalry, its poetry, and its art, far exceeds in depth and completeness of spiritual insight even all the fine things which you yourself have taught us.

"Now I ask you, who love the very soul of truth, to repair an injustice which you have done in representing Comte (*e*) to teach quite the contrary of what you will find, if you turn to his books, that he does teach. I give a trifling instance. You write as if it were sheer impertinence in me, a student of Positivism, (*f*) to allude to a mediæval building or speak of a tracery. Now the truth is that some of Comte's profoundest thoughts relate to the moral and spiritual meaning of these sacred relics; and for my own part, though I *know* nothing of the matter, some of the best seasons of my life have been given to companionship with these most sublime monuments, and study of the 'writing on the wall,'—or all that men have spared.

"I say nothing about others whose views you may wish to class under the general title 'Evolution,' or of a lady whom I am sorry to see you speak of as 'Cobbe.' I have never shared all the opinions of those to whom you allude, and they are not followers of Comte. I shall say nothing about them; though I should like to know on what grounds you think yourself entitled to call Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. John Stuart Mill—geese. (*g*) The letter addressed to me in *Fors* has reference to Positivism, or it should have been addressed to some one else; and I assure you that every one of the doctrines which you ascribe to Positivists are not held by them at all, but quite the contrary are held.

[1] [Letter 66, §§ 9–15 (pp. 618–625).]
[2] [See above, p. 614.]
[3] [See above, p. 618 *n.*]

"Whether the world is wholly worse than it was of old, is a very big matter on which I cannot now enter. I do not think it can be settled by statutes, old MSS., or bits from the poets. Thought and life are very wide; and I will listen to the judgment only of those who have patiently weighed the *whole* of both. (*h*) The grandest times of art are often those of especial vileness in life and society; and the grandest times of one art are sometimes those of utter decadence in another art, even in the same people and place. When the Theseus was carved, Aristophanes gives us the domestic and public life of the Athenians, and it has its dark side. Titian was the contemporary of Palladio, and also of Philip II.; Milton of Sir Peter Lely and Louis XIV.; so too were Bach and Mozart contemporaries of Greuze and Louis XV. I don't quite see what is to be made of these violent contrasts. And by the way, I wish you would work out for us the bearing of musical art on the social and moral life of various ages. It always seemed to me you omitted music.

"Now I will try to answer your questions of law about Usury. There is no such thing as usury in law at all,—that is to say, there is no rate of interest above which the lending of money is criminal or unlawful. BY THE 17 AND 18 VICT., C. 90 (PASSED IN 1854), 'ALL EXISTING LAWS AGAINST USURY SHALL BE REPEALED.' (Caps. mine.) There are a great many cases where courts of law interfere in bargains which seem to them unfair or unreasonable. But they all arise out of the *special relations* of the parties, and it would take a volume to tell you what these may be. For more than twenty years, as I suppose every one knows who reads a newspaper, there has been known to the law no lawful rate of interest which it is punishable to exceed. I cannot imagine for what end you ask me the question. Lawyers do not make the law, be it good or bad;[1] they follow it like policemen or soldiers who obey orders.

"I reserve what else I have to say. I am sure all that you write to me comes from you in the most friendly feeling, as, believe me, does from me all that I write to you. Your *Fors* fills me with melancholy each time I read it. For it reminds me how many of those to whom we might look to bring more order, patience, and faith into the world, are occupied in setting us against one another, in making us rebels against our fathers, and all that they have done for us and taught us.

"Ever gratefully and most sincerely yours,
"FREDERIC HARRISON."

25. *a.* I believe there is no other friend, with whom I have had so brief opportunity of intercourse, whom I like so much as I do Mr. Harrison. What reproach this sentence is to me as an artist, I must submit to silently.

b. To "revile" means, in accurate English, to vilify under the influence of passion. It is not an expression which my friend could have used, except thoughtlessly, of any words of mine, uttered of any person living.

c. I do not "believe,"—I know, that the entire system of modern life is thus corrupted. But I have long learned to believe in God, without expecting Him to manage everything as I think proper: and I have no occasion for belief in effort, so long as I know the duty of it.

d. Where, and when?

e. The only word I have applied to Comte, in my whole letter, is "unique." For the justice of which epithet I trusted my friend's report of him. I have never read a word he has written,—never heard anything about him that interested me,—and never represented, or misrepresented,

[1] [For a reference by Ruskin to this passage, see Letter 75, § 8 (Vol. XXIX. p. 63).]

him, in any manner whatsoever. When I said "physiologists," I meant physiologists; and no more thought of Comte than of Adam.

f. I did not write to my friend as a "student of Positivism," for I have no idea what Positivism means. I wrote to him as an assertor, in the paper I was reading, of the splendours of Evolution; and therefore ventured to imply, not that it was an impertinence, but an absurdity, in him to linger under the scholastic architecture dimly evolved from the superstition of Magdalen, when he might have disported himself under the commercial architecture more brightly evolved from the moral consciousness of Oriel.

g. Simply because I know a goose when I see one,—and when my friend has himself learned to know geese from swans, he will not think himself "entitled" to call either anything else.

h. Mr. Harrison underlines the word "whole." I am bound, therefore, to italicize it. Whether my friend will, hereafter, thank me for so faithfully echoing his emphasis on this sentence, my respect for his general common-sense makes very doubtful to me.[1] I do not see anything requiring notice in the rest of the letter so far as it regards myself. I seldom flaunt my poor little ragged feathers in my friends' faces; but must in simplicity confess to my feeling that it is not necessary for the author of *Modern Painters* to defend himself against the charge of uttering "indiscriminate abuse of all that the human race has now become"; nor for the author of *Sesame and Lilies* to receive lessons in courtesy to women, from modern Anglo-French chivalry, because he chooses to call a Cobbe, a Cobbe, no less plainly than a Plantagenet, a Plantagenet.

26. (IV.) "PIOUS SENTIMENT.—'*I wish to God we could get a good bloody war somewhere.*'[2] It is not without reluctance that we reproduce these awful words, but they were literally spoken in our hearing in that most sober place of business, Mincing Lane, only a few hours ago. They were spoken by a merchant or broker of gentlemanly appearance and apparent respectability, in a public room, and the most melancholy incident in connection with the utterance is that the atrocious sentiment *apparently* created no surprise, and was met with no outburst of indignation. We say *apparently*, for we ourselves were greatly surprised" (There is nothing whatever to be surprised at, except the frankness of the expression. Modern Liberal Protestantism has always held that you must not kill a man for his creed; but you may, for his money), "and we felt burning indignation, but we controlled our feelings, and we hope others may have felt as we did, and had equally good reasons for silence. We are accused of taking a pessimist view of mercantile morality and mercantile activity. We commend the expressed wish of an English merchant, publicly expressed, in a public place, where merchants most do congregate, to consideration of those who differ from us in opinion, and we merely place the fact on record without further comment."—*Monetary Gazette*, June 14th.

I reprint the paragraph for final illustration to Mr. Harrison of the "evolution" of British character. I wish I had space for some others which the courage of the editor of this excellent journal has exposed; or for the leading article in the same number, which is an admirably temperate and clear estimate of the real value of the work of Adam Smith.

[1] [For later references to the sentence, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 88 *n.*]

[2] [Compare *Rock Honeycomb*, note on line 577, where Ruskin refers to this passage, and speaks of "the stockbroker's prayer for a bloody war."]

27. (V.) Lastly, here is some most valuable evidence from the faithful old friend [1] to whom I wrote, in *Time and Tide*, of the increasing "wealth" of England, which with the example given in the last extract of her increasing morality, may symmetrically close the summary of St. George's designs, and their cause.

"15, SUNDERLAND STREET, SUNDERLAND,
"20*th June*, 1876.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read with deep and earnest attention the last small tract of Girdlestone. I feel its tremendous truth, and have long done so too; but there is now a very pressing matter I would like to see gone into, and if possible some remedy proposed for it. It is one I have written many times to you about: I mean the rent question for the poor, the working people. At the present there is a sad depressing trade all over our conntry, and even in Europe. Yet, despite this awful depression, I note what is termed real estate is now going up gradually in value. I mean property and land. And that in the midst of this very depression and want of all kinds of labour by our workpeople and manufacturers, and in the midst of a tremendous opposition from our foreign competitors; yet nowhere do I see it named in any of our papers in the way I expected to see it treated of: they all seem quite elated with the great advance that has taken place, and the continued activity of all our building trades. Now, it seems to me, here is a question of vital importance that needs some sound information given on it, and some reasons assigned for this strange change in the value of all such property, in a time of such widespread depression of all trade. How are our people and our manufacturers to pay increased rents when there is a depressed trade, and no work for our workmen to do? Our town is now in a sad depressed state —work of all kinds very scarce; yet on all sides I learn the rents are being increased to workmen, manufacturers, and shopkeepers; and I note it also the case in other towns. I would like to see some good report as to the real extent of such advance of property in England. I find the advance in price of hotel, public-house, and such-like property has been something tremendous within these few years, since I wrote you my letters in *Time and Tide*. To me it is something very sad to reflect upon this great change in the value or cost of a house to our work-people. I find their food, such as butcher's meat, potatoes, and vegetables, milk, and some other kinds of necessaries, are also increased in price, owing to this advance in rent. So that the outlook for our workpeople, despite all our wealth, is indeed not a very pleasant one, for how are they to tide over this storm with all these necessaries at such prices? I note in the papers the miners of the Forest of Dean in some places are starving. I send you a book:* you can make any use of it you like. I have here and there marked its pages that I thought might serve in some measure to awaken an interest in this question of the workpeople, versus the rise in the value of their necessaries in dull times.

"Yours respectfully,
"THOMAS DIXON."

* *Threading my Way*—an excellent one.

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[1] [See Vol. XVII. p. lxxviii.]
[2] [For further remarks by Ruskin on this book, see Letter 68, § 25 (p. 685).]

LETTER 68

BAGS THAT WAX OLD[1]

1. I FIND that the letter which I wrote in the *Fors* of May to those two children,[2] generally pleases the parents and guardians of children. Several nice ones ask me to print it separately: I have done so;[3] and commend it, to-day, to the attention of the parents and guardians also. For the gist of it is, that the children are told to give up all they have, and never to be vexed. That is the first Rule of St. George, as applied to children,—to hold their childish things for God, and never to mind losing anything.

But the parents and guardians are not yet, it seems to me, well aware that St. George's law is the same for grown-up people as for little ones. To hold all they have, —all their grown-up things,—for God, and never to mind losing anything,—silver or gold, house or lands, son or daughter;—law seldom so much as even attempted to be observed! And, indeed, circumstances have chanced, since I wrote that *Fors*, which have caused me to consider much how curious it is that when good people lose their own son or daughter, even though they have reason to think God has found what they have lost, they are greatly vexed about it:[4] but if they only hear of other people losing *their* sons or daughters,—though they have reason to think God has *not* found them, but that the wild beasts of the wilderness have torn them,—for such loss they are usually not vexed in anywise. To-day, nevertheless, I am

[1] [Luke xii. 33 ("Bags which wax *not* old"): see below, § 3. "Usury" was a rejected title for this Letter.]

[2] [Letter 65, § 24 (p. 603).]

[3] [See the Bibliographical Note in this volume, p. xxvi.]

[4] [Compare the passage on mourning in Vol. XXVII. p. 429 *n.*]

not concerned with the stewardship of these spirit-treasures, but only with the stewardship of money or lands, and proper manner of holding such by Christians. For it is important that the accepted Companions should now understand that although, in *creed*, I ask only so much consent as may include Christian, Jew, Turk, and Greek,[1]—in *conduct*, the Society is to be regulated at *least* by the law of Christ. It may be, that as we fix our laws in further detail, we may add some of the heavier yokes of Lycurgus, or Numa, or John the Baptist: and, though the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and turning water into wine, we may think it needful to try how some of us like living on locusts, or wild honey,[2] or Spartan broth.[3] But at least, I repeat, we are here, in England, to obey the law of Christ, if nothing more.

2. Now the law of Christ about money and other forms of personal wealth, is taught, first in parables, in which He likens Himself to the masters of this world, and explains the conduct which Christians should hold to Him, their heavenly Master, by that which they hold on earth, to earthly ones.

He likens Himself in these stories, several times to unkind or unjust masters, and especially to hard and usurious ones. And the gist of the parables in each case is, "If ye do so, and are thus faithful to hard and cruel masters, in earthly things, how much more should ye be faithful to a merciful Master, in heavenly things?"

Which argument, evil-minded men wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction.[4] And instead of reading, for instance, in the parable of the Usurer,[5] the intended lesson of industry in the employment

[1] [Ruskin here emphasises a point which is implied in the terms of St. George's Creed (see pp. 419, 420), and which he had intended to state explicitly at the time: see the passage given from the MS. (p. 420 *n.*).]

[2] [The Bible references are to Matthew xi. 19; John ii. 1–11; and Matthew iii. 4.]

[3] [On the black broth of Lycurgus, see Letter 27, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 502 *n.*).]

[4] [2 Peter iii. 16. On the "terrific misinterpretation" to which the teachings of Christ are open, see above, p. 326.]

[5] [See Matthew xxv.]

of God's gifts, they read in it a justification of the crime which, in other parts of the same scripture, is directly forbidden. And there is indeed no doubt that, if the other prophetic parts of the Bible be true, these stories are so worded that they *may* be touchstones of the heart. They are nets, which sift the kindly reader from the selfish. The parable of the Usurer is like a mill sieve:—the fine flour falls through it, bolted finer; the chaff sticks in it.

3. Therefore, the only way to understand these difficult parts of the Bible, or even to approach them with safety, is first to read and obey the easy ones. Then the difficult ones all become beautiful and clear:—otherwise they remain venomous enigmas, with a Sphinx of destruction provoking false souls to read them, and ruining them in their own replies.

Now the orders, "not to lay up treasures for ourselves on earth,"[1] and to "sell that we have, and give alms,"[2] and to "provide ourselves bags which wax not old,"[2] are perfectly direct, unmistakable,—universal; and while we are not at all likely to be blamed by God for not imitating Him as a Judge, we shall assuredly be condemned by Him for not, under Judgment, doing as we were bid. But even if we do not feel able to obey these orders, if we must and will lay up treasures on earth, and provide ourselves bags with holes in them,—God may perhaps still, with scorn, permit us in our weakness, provided we are content with our earthly treasures, when we have got them, and don't oppress our brethren, and grind down their souls with them. We may have our old bag about our neck, if we will, and go to heaven like beggars;—but if we sell our brother also, and put the price of his life in the bag, we need not think to enter the kingdom of God so loaded. A rich man may, though hardly, enter the kingdom of heaven[3] without repenting him of his riches; but not the

[1] [Matthew vi. 19.]
[2] [Luke xii. 33.]
[3] [Matthew xix. 23.]

thief, without repenting his theft; nor the adulterer, without repenting his adultery; nor the usurer, without repenting his usury.

The nature of which last sin, let us now clearly understand, once for all.

4. Mr. Harrison's letter, published in the *Fors* for June,[1] is perhaps no less valuable as an evidence of the subtlety with which this sin has seized upon and paralyzed the public mind (so that even a man of Mr. Harrison's general intelligence has no idea why I ask a question about it), than as a clear statement of the present condition of the law, produced by the usurers who *are* "law-makers" for England, though lawyers are not.

Usury is properly the taking of money for the loan or use of anything (over and above what pays for wear and tear), such use involving no care or labour on the part of the lender. It includes all investments of capital whatsoever, returning "dividends," as distinguished from labour wages, or profits. Thus anybody who works on a railroad as platelayer, or stoker, has a right to wages for his work; and any inspector of wheels or rails has a right to payment for such inspection; but idle persons who have only paid a hundred pounds towards the road-making, have a right to the return of the hundred pounds,—and no more. If they take a farthing more, they are usurers. They may take fifty pounds for two years, twenty-five for four, five for twenty, or one for a hundred. But the first farthing they take more than their hundred, be it sooner or later, is usury.[2]

Again, when we build a house, and let it, we have a right to as much rent as will return us the wages of our labour, and the sum of our outlay. If, as in ordinary cases, not labouring with our hands or head, we have simply paid—say £1000—to get the house built, we have

[1] [Not *June*, but *July*. Letter 67, § 24 (p. 662).]

[2] [For another passage on Usury, which was perhaps originally written for this place, see Appendix 17 (Vol. XXIX. p. 570).]

a right to the £1000 back again at once, if we sell it; or, if we let it, to £500 rent during two years, or £100 rent during ten years, or £10 rent during a hundred years. But if, sooner or later, we take a pound more than the thousand, we are usurers.

5. And thus in all other possible or conceivable cases, the moment our capital is "increased," by having lent it, be it but in the estimation of a hair,[1] that hair's-breadth of increase is usury, just as much as stealing a farthing is theft, no less than stealing a million.

But usury is worse than theft, in so far as it is obtained either by deceiving people, or distressing them; generally by both: and finally by deceiving the usurer himself, who comes to think that usury is a real increase, and that money can grow of money; whereas all usury is increase to one person only by decrease to another; and every gain of calculated Increment to the Rich, is balanced by its mathematical equivalent of Decrement to the Poor. The Rich have hitherto only counted their gain; but the day is coming, when the Poor will also count their loss,—with political results hitherto unparalleled.

6. For instance, my good old hairdresser at Camberwell came to me the other day, very uncomfortable about his rent. He wanted a pound or two to make it up; and none of his customers wanted their hair cut. I gave him the pound or two,—with the result, I hope my readers have sagacity enough to observe, of distinct decrement to *me*, as increment to the landlord;—and then inquired of him, how much he had paid for rent, during his householder's life. On rough calculation, the total sum proved to be between 1500 and 1700 pounds. And after paying this sum,—earned, shilling by shilling, with careful snippings, and studiously skilful manipulation of tongs,—here is my poor old friend, now past sixty, practically without a roof over his head;—just as roofless in his old age as he was in the first days of life,—and nervously wandering about

[1] [*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. sc. 1: compare Vol. III. p. 96.]

Peckham Rye and East Norwood, in the east winter winds, to see if, perchance, any old customers will buy some balm for their thinning locks—and give him the blessed balm of an odd half-crown or two, to rent shelter for his own, for three months more.

Now, supposing that £1500 of his had been properly laid out, on the edification of lodgings for him, £500 should have built him a serviceable tenement and shop; another £500 have met the necessary repairing expenses for forty years; and at this moment he ought to have had his efficient freehold cottage, with tile and wall right weatherproof, and a nice little nest-egg of five hundred pounds in the Bank, besides. But instead of this, the thousand pounds has gone in payment to slovenly builders, each getting their own percentage, and doing as bad work as possible, under the direction of landlords paying for as little as possible of any sort of work. And the odd five hundred has gone into the landlord's pocket. Pure increment to him; pure decrement to my decoratively laborious friend. No gain "begotten"[1] of money; but simple subtraction from the pocket of the labouring person, and simple addition to the pocket of the idle one.

7. I have no mind to waste the space of *Fors* in giving variety of instances. Any honest and sensible reader, if he chooses, can think out the truth in such matters for himself. If he be dishonest, or foolish, no one can teach him. If he is resolved to find reason or excuse for things as they are, he may find refuge in one lie after another; and, dislodged from each in turn, fly from the last back to the one he began with. But there will not long be need for debate—nor time for it. Not all the lying lips[2] of commercial Europe can much longer deceive the people in their rapidly increasing distress, nor arrest their straight battle with the cause of it. Through what confused noise and garments rolled in blood,—through what burning and

[1] [The reference is to the discussions which have arisen from the Greek use of the word τόκος (birth) to denote interest: see above, pp. 121–122.]

[2] [Proverbs xii. 22.]

fuel of fire,[1] they will work out their victory,—God only knows, nor what they will do to Barabbas, when they have found out that he *is* a Robber, and not a King.[2] But that discovery of his character and capacity draws very near: and no less change in the world's ways than the former fall of Feudalism itself.

8. In the meantime, for those of us who are Christians, our own way is plain. We can with perfect ease ascertain what usury is; and in what express terms forbidden. I had partly prepared, for this *Fors*, and am able to give, as soon as needful,[3] analysis of the terms "Increase" and "Usury" throughout the Old and New Testaments. But the perpetual confusion of the English terms when the Greek and Latin are clear (especially by using the word "increase" in one place, and "generation" in another, at the English translator's pleasure[4]), renders the matter too intricate for the general reader, though intensely interesting to any honest scholar. I content myself, therefore, with giving the plain Greek and plain English of Leviticus xxv. 35 to 37.*

Ἐὰν δὲ πένηται ὁ ἀδελφός σου, καὶ ἀδυνατήσῃ ταῖς χερσὶν αὐτοῦ παρὰ σοὶ, ἀντιλήψῃ αὐτοῦ ὡς προσηλύτου καὶ παροίκου, καὶ ζήσεται ὁ ἀδελφός σου μετὰ σοῦ·

Οὐ λήψῃ παρ᾽ αὐτοῦ τόκον, οὐδὲ ἐπὶ πλήθει, καὶ φοβηθήσῃ τὸν θεόν σου· ἐγὼ κύριος· καὶ ζήσεται ὁ ἀδελφός σου μετὰ σοῦ.

Τὸ ἀργύριόν σου οὐ δώσεις αὐτῷ ἐπὶ τόκῳ, καὶ ἐπὶ πλεονασμῷ οὐ δώσεις αὐτῷ τὰ βρώματά σου.

"And if thy brother be poor, and powerless with his hands, at thy side, thou shalt take his part upon thee, to help him,† as thy proselyte

* The twenty-third verse of the same chapter is to be the shield-legend of the St. George's Company.[5]

† Meaning, to do his work instead of him. Compare Acts xx. 35. "I have showed you all things, how that, so labouring, ye ought to *support* the weak."

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[1] [Isaiah ix. 5.]

[2] [See John xviii. 40.]

[3] [This was not done in *Fors*.]

[4] [On this subject, compare Vol. XXVII. p. 202, and the passages there noted.]

[5] ["The land shall not be sold for ever: for the land is mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with me" (Leviticus xxv. 23: compare below, p. 767). See now in the volume of this edition containing *Bibliotheca Pastorum* the designs by Sir Edward Burne-Jones for the covers of that series, in which this "shield-legend" appears.]

and thy neighbour; and thy brother shall live with thee. Thou shalt take no usury of him, nor anything over and above, and thou shalt fear thy God. I am the Lord, and thy brother shall live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money, for usury; and thou shalt not give him thy food, for increase."

There is the simple law for all of us;—one of those which Christ assuredly came not to destroy, but to fulfil:[1] and there is no national prosperity to be had but in obedience to it.

9. How we usurers are to live, with the hope of our gains gone, is precisely the old temple of Diana question.[2] How Robin Hood or Cœur de Lion were to live without arrow or axe, would have been as strange a question to *them*, in their day. And there are many amiable persons who will not directly see their way, any more than I do myself,[3] to an honest life; only, let us be sure that this we are leading now is a dishonest one; and worse (if Dante and Shakespeare's mind on the matter are worth any heed, of which more in due time[4]), being neither more nor less than a spiritual manner of cannibalism,[5] which, so long as we persist in, every word spoken in Scripture of those who "eat my people as they eat bread,"[6] is spoken directly of us.* It may be an encouragement to some of us—especially those evangelically bred—in weaning ourselves slowly from such habits, to think of our dear old converted friend,

8th July, 1876.

* DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I see that you intend to speak on the question of usury in next *Fors*. Would it not be well, since the Bishops of the Established Church have not a word to offer in defence of their conduct, to appeal to some of the other sects that profess to take the teaching of the Bible of Christ for their guidance? The Wesleyans, for instance, teach that the Bible was given almost verbally by the Spirit of God; and John Wesley says his followers are "*to die sooner than put anything in pawn, or*

[1] [Matthew v. 17.]
[2] [See Acts xix.]
[3] [See above, Letter 44, § 14 (p. 139).]
[4] [For Dante in this connexion, see Letter 72 (pp. 764–765); for Shakespeare, Letter 76 (Vol. XXIX. p. 98).]
[5] [Compare Ruskin's note on line 509 of *Rock Honeycomb*.]
[6] [Psalms xiv. 4; liii. 4.]

Friday.[1] We need not fear our power of becoming good Christians yet, if we will: so only that we understand, finally and utterly, that all gain, increase, interest, or whatever else you call it or think it, to the lender of capital, is loss, decrease, and dis-interest, to the borrower of capital. Every farthing we, who lend the tool, make, the borrower of the tool loses. And all the idiotical calculations of what money comes to, in so many years, simply ignore the debit side of the book, on which the Labourer's Deficit is precisely equal to the Capitalist's Efficit. I saw an estimate made by some blockhead in an American paper, the other day, of the weight of gold which a hundred years' "interest" on such and such funds would load the earth with! Not even of wealth in that solid form, could the poor wretch perceive so much of the truth as that the gold he put on the earth above, he must dig out of the earth below! But the mischief in real life is far deeper on the negative side, than the good on the positive. The debt of the borrower loads his heart, cramps his hands, and dulls his labour. The gain of the lender hardens his heart, fouls his brain, and puts every means of mischief into his otherwise clumsy and artless hands.

10. But here, in good time, is one example of honest living sent me worth taking grave note of.

In my first inaugural lecture on Art at Oxford, given in the theatre (full crowded to hear what first words might be uttered in the University on so unheard-of a subject), I closed by telling my audience—to the amusement of some,

borrow and lend on usury." Perhaps if you were to challenge the President and Conference, and call on them either to state that they do not accept the teaching of Moses, David, and Christ on this matter, or to bring the sin clearly before the minds of the members of their body, you might force the question on the attention of the professedly religious persons in the country.[2] A READER OF "FORS."

[1] [For other references to *Robinson Crusoe*, see above, pp. 170, 199.]

[2] [For further correspondence on this subject, see Letters 69, § 24; 71, § 18 (pp. 710, 750); and 73, § 18 (Vol. XXIX. p. 28).]

the offence of others, and the disapproval of all,—that the entire system of their art-studies must be regulated with a view to the primal art, which many of them would soon have to learn, that of getting their food out of the Ground, or out of the Sea.[1]

Time has worn on; and, last year, a Christ Church man, an excellent scholar, came to talk with me over his brother's prospects in life, and his own. For himself, he proposed, and very earnestly, considering his youth and gifts (lying, as far as I could judge, more towards the rifle-ground than in other directions), to go into the Church: but for his brother, he was anxious, as were all his relatives;—said brother having broken away from such modes of living as the relatives held orthodox, and taken to catching and potting of salmon on the Columbia River;[2] having farther transgressed all the proprieties of civilized society by providing himself violently with the "capital" necessary for setting up in that line of business, and "stealing a boat." How many boats, with nine boilers each in them, the gentlemen of Her Majesty's navy construct annually with money violently abstracted out of my poor pockets, and those of other peaceful labourers,—boats not to catch salmon with, or any other good thing, but simply to amuse themselves, and blow up stokers with,—civilized society may perhaps in time learn to consider. In the meantime, I consoled my young St. Peter as well as I could for his brother's carnal falling away; represented to him that, without occasional fishing for salmon, there would soon be no men left to fish for:[3] and that even this tremendous violation of the eighth commandment, to the extent of the abstraction of a boat, might not perchance, with due penitence, keep the young vagabond wholly hopeless of Paradise; my own private opinion being that the British public would, on the whole, benefit more by the proceedings of the young pirate, if he

[1] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 27 (Vol. XX. p. 40).]
[2] [See below, pp. 678–684.]
[3] [See Matthew iv. 19.]

provided them annually with a sufficient quantity of potted salmon, than by the conscientious, but more costly, ministry of his brother, who, provided with the larger boat-apparatus of a nave, and the mast of a steeple, proposed to employ this naval capital only in the provision of potted talk.

And finding that, in spite of the opinion of society, there were still bowels of mercies[1] in this good youth, yearning after his brother, I got him to copy for me some of the brother's letters from the Columbia River, confessing his piratical proceedings (as to which I, for one, give him a Christian man's absolution without more ado); and account of his farther life in those parts—a life which appears to me, on the whole, so brave, exemplary, and wise, that I print the letters as chief article of this month's correspondence; and I am going to ask the boy to become a Companion of St. George forthwith, and send him a collar of the Order (as soon as we have got gold to make collars of), with a little special pictorial chasing upon it, representing the Miraculous Draught of Fishes.

[1] [Colossians iii. 12.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

11. (I.) Affairs of the Master.

	£	s.	d.
Balance, June 16	765	19	1
By cash (rents, etc.), May and June	180	11	8
	946	10	9
	328	19	6
Balance, July 16	£617	11	3

		£	s.	d.
June 25.	Downs	16	0	0
July 1.	St. George Secretary	25	0	0
„	Raffaelle, July and August	15	0	0
„	Gift to poor relation, annual	50	0	0
6.	Johns, Camberwell, Bookseller	17	19	6
7.	Jackson	40	0	0
7.	Joseph Sly (*a*)	40	0	0
8.	Crawley	30	0	0
11.	To Assisi (*b*)	45	0	0
11.	Self (*c*)	50	0	0
		£328	19	6

a. Carriage expenses, of which the out-of-the-wayness of Brantwood incurs many, from April 6th to June 19th.

b. Twenty pounds more than usual,[1] the monks being in distress there.

c. I shall take a fit of selfish account-giving, one of these days, but have neither time nor space this month.

12. (II.) Affairs of the Company.

I have no subscriptions to announce. My friends send me occasional letters inquiring how I do, and what I am doing. Like Mr. Toots,[2] I am very well, I thank them; and they can easily find out what I am doing, and help me, if they like; and if not, I don't care to be asked questions. The subjoined account gives the detail of Sheffield Museum expenses to end of June. I am working hard at the catalogue of its mineral collection; and the forthcoming number of *Deucalion* will give account of its proposed arrangement.[3] But things go slowly when one has so many in hand,

[1] [For a previous gift, see above, p. 584.]

[2] [See *Dombey and Son*, ch. xviii.]

[3] [See ch. viii. of *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 197; and for the catalogue, *ibid.*, pp. 415 *seq.*]

not only because of the actual brevity of time allowable for each, but because, of that short time, much is wasted in recovering the threads of the work.

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT

Dr.			£	s.	d.
April 1.	To	Balance in hand	21	3	3
May 9.	,,	J. Ruskin, by cheque	55	15	3
			£76	18	6

CURRENT EXPENSES

Cr.			£	s.	d.			
April 26.	By	H. Swan (salary)	10	0	0			
May 2.	,,	Watch Rate	0	5	0			
,,	,,	Poor Rate	0	10	0			
17.	,,	Water rate	0	5	8			
,,	,,	Gas	0	13	3			
June 29.	,,	Rate on New Land Allotment	0	2	3			
						11	16	2

REPAIRS AND FITTINGS

April 15.	By	J. Smith, for making paths	1	19	3			
26.	,,	J. Ashton, brass taps	0	3	9			
,,	,,	S. Bower, card mounts	0	3	10			
,,	,,	Walter Nield, cases	5	10	0			
,,	,,	J. Smith, paths	1	14	10			
May 12.	,,	Sheffield Water Works—repairs	0	5	8			
13.	,,	Silicate Paint Co.	2	0	9			
,,	,,	J. Smith	1	3	8			
19.	,,	Mr. Bell, for applying silicate	0	15	0			
June 4.	,,	Mr. Aitken, fixtures, etc., pertaining to the two cottages	1	0	0			
26.	,,	C. Collingwood, materials for paths	5	4	0			
29.	,,	G. H. Hovey, floor-cloth	4	11	0			
		Petty expenses	1	13	5			
						26	5	2
		Balance in hand				38	17	2
						£76	18	6

July 20, 1876. Examined and found correct,
E. RYDINGS.

13. (III.) I give the following letters without changing a syllable; never were any written with less view to literary fame, and their extreme value consists precisely in their expression of the spirit and force of character which still happily exists in English youth:—

"ASTORIA, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON, NORTH AMERICA.

"I hope you flourish still on this terrestial sphere. I have been watching my chance to hook it for a long time; however, I may get a chance to-morrow. If I do, I will write and let you know immediately. This is a nice country, only there are a great deal too many trees. We have been up to Portland, and are now down at Astoria again, waiting for 250 tons more cargo, and the ship will proceed to

Queenstown for orders, so that if I do go home in her, I shall not get home till about the month of August. There was a bark wrecked here the other night, and the crew spent a night in the rigging; hard frost on, too. We have had snow, ice, frost, and rain in great abundance. The salmon are just beginning here, and are so cheap and fresh. I am steward now, as the other steward has run away."

. . . . . .

"BROOKFIELD, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

14. "I have just started another business, and knocked off going to sea; yours truly is now going in for salmon fishing. I had quite enough of it, and the ship would have been very unpleasant, because she was very deep, and I think short-handed.

"One night five figures without shoes on (time 1 A.M.) might be seen gliding along the decks, carrying a dingy. We launched her over the side, and put our clothes, provisions, etc., in her, and effected as neat a clear as one could wish to see. We had been watching our chances for the last week or so, but were always baffled by the vigilance of the third mate: however, I happened to hear that he and the boatswain had also arranged to clear, so we all joined together. We were to call the boatswain at twelve o'clock: the third mate and all of us had our clothes up on deck, and the boatswain backed out of it, and the third mate said he wouldn't go; but it would have been impossible for him to go in the ship, for all must have come out" [gentle persuasion, employed on boatswain, given no account of]. "We started: favoured by the tide, we pulled fifteen miles to the opposite shore; concealed the boat, had breakfast, and slept. At twelve that night we started again, and went on a sandbank; got off again, and found a snug place in the bush. We hauled the boat up, and built a house, and lay there over a fortnight, happy and comfortable. At last the ship sailed, and we got to work. . . . We live like princes, on salmon, pastry, game, etc. These fishermen take as many as 250 (highest catch) in one boat in a night. I suppose there are about five hundred boats out every night; and the fish weigh" [up to sixty pounds—by corrections from next letter], "and for each fish they get 10d.—twenty cents. They sell them to canneries, where they are tinned, or salt them themselves. They pay two men a boat from £8, 10s. a month. If I can raise coin for a boat and net (£100), I shall make money hand over fist. Land is 10s. an acre: up-country it is cheaper."

. . . . . .

"*Care of Captain Hodge, Hog'em, Brookfield,*

"*May 9th,* 1875.

15. "I am now in pretty steady work, and very snug. All the past week I have been helping Hodge build a house, all of wood; and every morning I sail a boatful of fish up to the cannery, so altogether it is not bad fun. I am getting four pounds a month, and if the fishing season is prosperous, I am to get more. A sixty pound salmon is considered a very big one. There is a small stream runs at the back of the house, wherein small trout do abound. . . . I shall catch some. The houses here generally are about a mile apart, but the one Tom works at is alongside. It is pretty cold of a night-time, but we have a roaring fire. You are not allowed to shoot game during the next three months, but after that you can: there are plenty of grouse, pheasants, ducks, geese, elk, deer, bears, and all sorts, so perhaps I shall do a little of that. There are some splendid trees about, some of which are 10 feet thick, from 100 to 200 feet high, and as straight as an arrow. Some Indians live at the back of us,—civilized, of course: the men work in the boats: some of the squaws have got splendid bracelets; whether they are made of gold or brass I don't know. It rains here all the winter, and the moss grows on the people's backs: up around Portland they are called webfeet. There is a train runs from Portland to San Francisco every day. Tom is with a very nice old

fellow, who is very fond of him, and gave him a new pair of india-rubber thigh boots the other day, which I consider to be very respectable of him.

"The boats go out of a night-time mostly; they have a little store on board, and we have coffee, cake, and bread and butter, whenever we feel so disposed."

. . . . . .

"In the first place, I will describe all hands belonging to this shanty. Captain Hodge is a man characteristically lovely, resembling Fagin the Jew whilst he is looking for Oliver Twist. Still he is honest—and honest men are scarce: if he is a rum 'un to look at, he is a d—l to go. He has a cat whom he addresses in the following strain: 'It was a bully little dog, you bet it was: it had a handle to it, you bet it had: it was fond of fresh meat, you bet it was.' The next one is Jem the cook: he is a Chinaman, and holds very long and interesting conversations with me, but as I have not the slightest idea of what they are about, I cannot tell you the details. Then comes Swiggler, who is an old married wretch and says he is a grandson of a German Count. One or two more of less note, the dog Pompey and myself.

"I can keep myself in clothes and food, but I can't start to make money, under £100.

"So F—— will come for £10 a month, will he? He could make that anywhere while the fishing season lasts, but that is only three months; and this is rather a cold, wet climate. I have had my first shot at a bear, and missed him, as it was pretty dark: they are common here, and we see one every day—great big black fellows—about a hundred yards from the house: they come down to eat salmon heads.

"I met an old 'Worcester' friend, who had run away from his ship, the other day in Astoria: he was going home overland.

"Hodge offers to board me free all the winter, but as friend Hodge says he can't afford wages, I'll see friend Hodge a long way off.

"I am very well and contented, and shall be about a hundred dollars in pocket at the end of the season."

. . . . . .

"*July* 19*th.*

16. "We expect the fishing season to last about a fortnight or three weeks more. Tom and I got some old net from Hodge, and went out fishing: we caught about six salmon the first night, for which we got 4s. We went out again on Saturday, and caught eighteen, for which we got 9s. 3d., and as that is extra money we profit a little. There are plenty of bears knocking around here, and Tom and I got a boat and went out one night. We don't have to go more than two hundred yards from the house. About dusk, out comes old Bruin. I was very much excited, and Tom fired first, and did not hit him; then I had a running shot, and did not hit him either. He has taken a sack of salmon heads, which I put out for bait, right away to his den, and I have not seen him since. However—the time will come, and when it does, let him look well to himself.

"Did you ever taste sturgeon? I don't remember ever having any in the 'old country,' but it's very nice.

"Hodge has a fisherman who has caught over eight hundred fish in the last seven nights; he gets 10d. per fish, so he is making money hand over fist.

"I have not decided on any particular plans for the winter, but shall get along somehow.

"Send me any old papers you can, and write lots of times."

. . . . . .

"The last fortnight we have been very busy salting and taking salmon to the cannery. I have been out four times with Hodge, whom I call Bill, and the first drift we got twenty-eight; second, twenty-eight; third and fourth, thirty-one.

"I like this sort of business very well, and am quite contented.

"I wish you would send me out some English newspapers now and then—*Illustrated London News*, *Graphics*, etc. It does not much matter if they are not quite new.

"The people out here are a rough lot, but a very good-natured sort. Hodge has got a nice piece of ground which he intends to cultivate: he put some potatoes in early last year, and has not looked at them since. However, I am to be put on to work there for a bit, and I'll bet my crop will beat yours.

"There are wild cherries and strawberries growing in the woods, but of course they are not ripe yet.

"My idea was, or is, to stop till I raise money enough to come home and get a farm, which I am able to do in two, three, or four years."

. . . . . .

"ALDER POINT (so called because we're 'all dére').

"*Sept. 4th.*

17. "I have been paid off now about a month. I received fifty-one dollars (a dollar equals 4s. 2d.), and a present of a pair of gum boots, which every one said was low wages. Tom had fifty, and Jackson a hundred and fourteen dollars. We combined these, and bought a fishing boat for ninety dollars, and sail for five more. We then set about to find a land agent; but they are scarce, so we didn't find one. Then we went down to the sawmills, and bought 2094 feet of assorted lumber. I can't tell how they measure this lumber; but our house is 24 feet by 16½, with walls 9 feet high, and a roof about 8 feet slope. The lumber cost twenty-eight dollars; hammer, nails, etc., about fifteen dollars. We then chose a spot close to a stream, and built our house. It's built very well, considering none of us ever built a house before. It is roofed with shingles—*i.e.*, pieces of wood 3 feet by ½ foot, and very thin; they cost seven dollars per 1000. Our house is divided into two rooms—a bedroom, containing a big fireplace and three bunks; and in the other room we grub, etc. At the back of the house we have the sword of Damocles, a tree which has fallen, and rests on its stump, and we know not at what hour he may fall. In the front we have the Siamese twins, a tree about 200 feet high, with another tree, about 100 feet, growing out of him. Nothing but trees all around us, and the nearest house is two miles away."

. . . . . .

"THE ALDER POINT MANSION.

18. "I have now shifted my quarters, and am living in my own house, built of rough wood in the woods on the bank of the river, and free from ornament save 'Sweet Seventeen' and 'The Last Days in Old England,' which I have framed and hung up.

"I am now, to use the words of the poet, 'head cook and bottle washer, chief of all the waiters,' in my own house. It stands in its own grounds—for a simple reason, it couldn't stand in anybody else's. It has an elevated appearance,—that is, it looks slightly drunk, for we built it ourselves, and my architectural bump is not very largely developed. Our floor is all of a cant, but Tom settled that difficulty by saying we were to imagine ourselves at sea, and the ship lying over slightly.

"I am very poor,—have not had a red cent for some time; spent it all on the house, boat, etc. We have got grub to last us a month and a half, and 'what will poor Hally do then, poor thing?' Probably bust up and retire. I can't help envying you occasionally. I am a rare cad in appearance; an old blue shirt is my uniform. We live principally on bread and butter and coffee, sometimes

varied by coffee and butter and bread. I have made a dresser, and we have six knives, forks, teaspoons, plates, cups and saucers, three big spoons, a kettle, frying-pan, and camp oven, also a condensed sewing-machine, which some people call 'needles.'"

. . . . . .

"*Sept.* 17*th.*

19. "Our house was invaded by wasps the other day for our sugar. I accordingly rigged myself up in shirts, etc., to look something like a man in a diving suit, and went and seized the sugar and put it in the chimney, and then fled for dear life. Whilst I was gone the sugar caught fire, and about forty pounds were burnt, and the chimney also was nearly burned down. Tom and I and hot water then slaughtered about four hundred wasps, but that don't sweeten the coffee.

"I have just been building a slip to haul our boat up on, as it blows very stiff here in the winter, and there is a good sea in consequence. Tom and I have been bathing this week or so, but the water is cold. We see one mountain from here on whose summit there is snow all the year round. It's rather monotonous living here; we see no one for days together. I heard there were two bears below here, so at about nine o'clock one night I started in the canoe. The river was smooth as glass, and it was a glorious night; and I guess Bruin thought so too, for he didn't give me a sight of him. Ducks are beginning to show round here, but my gun, which is a United States musket, don't do much execution. It is dark here about half-past five or six in the evening, so I don't know what our allowance of daylight will be in the winter.

"I remain, yours, etc."

. . . . . .

"*Oct.* 27*th.*

20. "Thus far yours truly is progressing favourably. My latest achievement is in the lifeboat line, which you will hear of, no doubt, from other sources. The bears have all retired for the winter, which shows Bruin's sense. To-morrow I am going to work up at Brookfield, clearing land. I shall probably work there three weeks, and then—well, I mean to go to Portland, and work till Christmas.

"Supper is now ready:—

Poisson. *Légumes.*
Salmon heads and potatoes.

Entrée.
Potatoes and heads of Salmon.

Pièce de resistance.
Salmon heads and spuds.

Dessert.
Bread surmounted with butter.
(Note.—You can't manage the bread without $\frac{3}{4}$ inch of grease, called for decency's sake 'butter.')

Wines.
Café avec beaucoup de chicorée.

Finish off.
A smoke.

"Having digested supper, and trimmed the yeast powder tin with lard in it for a lamp, I resume. The sport going on here at this time of the year is sturgeon-fishing, with lines a fathom or so, and any number of hooks. The sturgeon run

very big; I have seen one that measured eight feet from stem to stern. In the spring there are swarms of smelts; you take them with a net the size of a landing-net, with small meshes. There is good elk shooting, and deer away back in the woods; but you must go after them for about a week, and that is poor fun in this sort of weather. We got one of our big trees down the other day with a big auger: you bore two holes in the tree, stick a live piece of charcoal in it, and blow like mad, and the tree will catch, and in a few days he'll burn and fall. Very interesting, but it fills up."

. . . . . .

"*Oct. 28th.*

21. "It's some time since you last had a letter, and I guess you deserve this. Tom and I are both all right, and the other man, Jackson, is, I think, going home. Since I wrote last the rainy season has commenced, and at times it blows like my namesake, 'Old Harry.'

"During a heavy squall some days ago, when Tom and I were returning from Brookfield, a boat about three-quarters of a mile behind us capsized, and a man and boy who were in her managed to climb on to her bottom. Tom and I bore away and picked them up, and they were truly grateful—not without cause, for, but for our assistance, they must have lost their lives.

"The man was . . . , who has lots of money, but he hasn't given us any. Perhaps he saw the necessity of our saving him—made a virtue of a necessity, and virtue is its own reward. So much for my new ten shilling hat, lost in the rescue.

"I am in with all that's going on in London and England, for I get lots of papers, and as soon as I have done with them they are in great request all along the river. A boat has just called here, and John Elliot, a New Brunswick man, was grateful for a *Graphic*.

"The *London News* has just come to hand,—the 'Prince's visit to India' edition,—and is certainly causing quite a furore amongst the boys. On Tuesday night there was a hurricane here: it blew a great deal of the cannery down, and the place presents the appearance of a wreck. The house was swaying to and fro, and all hands had to leave for their lives. It nearly blew a man 6 ft. 3 in. off the wharf, and everybody was crawling on their hands and knees. Great trees were rooted up by hundreds: and at the next cannery above this, the owner had just left his house and gone to play a game of cards, when a tree came down on his house and smashed it into many pieces.

"I am working here clearing land: I don't work when it rains, so I get about four days a week to myself. However, this week has been an exception, for we have had three fine days. Snowed thick last week: weather cold and bracing. Am getting one dollar fifteen cents a day's work, but am living up to it."

. . . . . .

"*Nov. 23rd.*

22. "You doubtless think I am quite uncivilized: however, whilst I am writing a cat is purring on my knees, if that is any evidence of civilization.

"To-morrow I am going out to work for about three weeks, clearing away bush for a Swede. I shall ask a dollar a day, but I don't expect it. I may add, necessity alone compels me to take this step, as I am beginning to forget what a dollar is like, it is so long since I had one. I am heavy on the axe: I cut down five trees to-day, and the trees out here are by no means small. A troop of five wild ducks came round here on Saturday, so I loaded my old musket and let rip into the middle of them: singular to relate, they all swam away. Then occurred one of the most vigorous pursuits the human eye has ever witnessed.

Hungry H. H. H. *v.* the ducks. I broke three paddles and my own nose, and then they escaped. However, one white one was sighted, and in the evening the old mudstick (*i.e.* musket) was again prepared, and next day we ate wild-duck for dinner.

"On the whole, I like this much better than being on the ship, and I don't think I shall come home for two or three years.

"I am rigging a model of a ship, and I am not unhandy at it, and I calculate it will fetch me twenty dollars."

. . . . . .

"*Dec. 26th.*

23. "I will begin by wishing the house a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, if so be it is not too late. We had a quiet Christmas Day with our select few. We were going to have a deer hunt, but the weather, which made a regular old-fashioned Christmas, stopped us. We had a good dinner, but no turkey or sausages. There is a strange old character stopping here, an ex-prizefighter, and in the evening he gave us a short sermon on the Star in the East, and asked us if we remembered Christmas Eve 1800 years ago. He then gave us a step-dance, so as not to dwell too long on one subject. Italian Sam gives a dance on New Year's night, and I may go.

"I got my discharge from Megler on Tuesday week, after putting in 25½ days' work since November 1, in consequence of bad weather, for which I had the large sum of 0 to take, being one dollar in debt. However, I struck a job right away, which is pretty stiff work—cutting cord-wood, making one dollar a day and board. Cord-wood is a pile of wood eight feet long, four high, and four broad, about one foot thick, and it is pretty hard work swinging a heavy oaken maul all day long, splitting the wood with wedges. But it's good for the muscle. Good-bye."

. . . . . .

"ALDER POINT. *Date uncertain.*

24. "It's about a month since I last wrote to you; I had no writing-paper, and no coin to buy any; however, Oleson paying up enabled me to lay in a stock. The rainy, blowy, galy season has set in, and it is pretty miserable down here. We had a heavy gale the other day, but did not suffer any damage, though many people predicted we should lose our boat; but the gale is over, and the boat is still there, so that it shows public opinion may sometimes err. We were scared lest some of the big trees should come down, but they did not. If you could spare Gladstone for a bit, I would board him free, and he could wire in all round here free gratis for nothing. After the gale, the next day looked fine, so Tom and I (a puff of wind just came, and I thought the house would succumb, but no! it holds its own) went up to Brookfield. Coming back, there were lots of squalls; I was steering, and we saw one coming, so shortened sail: the boat was nearly capsized, and we had to take out the mast and let it rig, and so saved ourselves. There was a boat behind us, and we were watching her as the squall passed up: they shortened sail and tried to run before the wind to Brookfield, but—over she went. So Tom and I made all haste to save the crew. She was about three-quarters of a mile off, so we up sail and ran down for her. The crew, . . . and a boy, were sitting on the bottom of the boat white as ghosts. We took them aboard, picked up their oars and rudder, and then took them ashore to a house, where we all got dry clothes and something to eat. They certainly owed their lives to us, and it was very lucky we saw them, for they must otherwise have perished. I lost a new 10s. hat in the rescue. . . . has lots of money; but he has offered us none, yet. Perhaps, as he saw that we must of a necessity save him, he made a virtue of a necessity, and virtue, they say, is its own reward. So much for my new hat."

25. (IV.) I beg all my readers who can afford it, to buy *Threading my Way*, by Robert Dale Owen (Trübner, 1874).[1] It is full of interest throughout; but I wish my Companions to read with extreme care pages 6 to 14, in which they will find account of the first establishment of cotton industry in these islands; 101 to 104, where they will find the effect of that and other manufacturing industries on the humanities of life; and 215 to 221, where they will find the real statistics of that increased wealth of which we hear so constant and confident boasting.

26. (V.) Part of letter from an honest correspondent, expressing difficulties which will occur to many:—

"I thank you for what you say[2] about the wickedness of 'taking interest' consisting in the cruelty of making a profit out of the distresses of others. And much of the modern spirit of looking for bargains, and buying in the cheapest market, is precisely the same. But is there not a radical moral difference between such deliberate heartlessness, and simply receiving interest from an ordinary investment? Surely it is very important that this matter should be made clear."

The difference between deliberate and undeliberate heartlessness;—between being intelligently cruel, with sight of the victim, and stupidly cruel, with the interval of several walls, some months, and aid and abetting from many other equally cruel persons, between him and us, is for God to judge; not for me. But it *is* very important that this matter should be made clear, and my correspondent's question, entirely clarified, will stand thus: "If I persist in extracting money from the poor by torture, but keep myself carefully out of hearing of their unpleasant cries, and carefully ignorant of the arrangements of mechanism which enable me, by turning an easy handle, to effect the compression of their bones at that luxurious distance, am I not innocent?" Question which I believe my correspondent quite capable of answering for himself.

27. (VI.) Part of a letter from my nice goddaughter:[3]—

"I want to tell you about an old woman we sometimes go to see here" (Brighton), "who was ninety-one yesterday. She lived in service till her health failed, and since then she has had her own little room, which is always exquisitely clean and neat. The bed-hangings and chair-covers are all of white dimity, embroidered by her in patterns of her own designing, with the ravellings of old carpets. She has made herself two sets. Her carpet is made in the same way, on coarse holland covered close with embroidery, which, as she says proudly, never wears out. She is still able to work, though her arrangement of colours isn't quite so good as it used to be. The contrast came into my mind between work like that, and something I was told the other day,*—that it takes a workwoman a week to make one inch of the finest Valenciennes lace, and that she has to do it, sitting in a dark cellar, with the light only admitted through a narrow slit, to concentrate it on the work. It's enough to make one give up wearing Valenciennes at all!"

* Please, some one, tell me if this something be true, or how far true.[4]

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[1] [This book was sent to Ruskin by Thomas Dixon: see Letter 67, § 27 (p. 665).]

[2] [In a private letter; but see also the quotation from Bishop Jewel, above, pp. 340–341.]

[3] [Miss Constance Oldham: see above, pp. 439, 611.]

[4] [For answer from a correspondent, see Letter 70, § 18 (p. 731).]

The last piece of impassioned young lady's English, translated into unimpassioned old gentleman's English, means, I suppose, that "it is very shocking, but not at all enough to make one give up wearing Valenciennes." Nor should it be. But it should be quite enough to make one inquire into the matter; ascertain with what degree of fineness lace *can* be made in the open daylight and fresh air of France; request some benevolent lady friend who has nothing else to do, to undertake the sale of such lace, with due Episcopal superintendence of the relieved workers; and buy one's lace only from this benevolent lady Bishop.[1]

[1] [For lady Bishops, see Letter 62, § 3 (p. 513).]

LETTER 69

THE MESSAGE OF JAEL-ATROPOS[1]

1. I HAVE just been down to Barmouth to see the tenants on the first bit of ground,—noble crystalline rock, I am thankful to say,—possessed by St. George in the island.

I find the rain coming through roofs, and the wind through walls, more than I think proper, and have ordered repairs; and for some time to come, the little rents of these cottages will be spent entirely in the bettering of them, or in extending some garden ground, fenced with furze hedge against the west wind by the most ingenious of our tenants.

2. And in connection with this first—however small—beginning under my own eyes of St. George's work,—(already some repairs had been made by my direction, under the superintendence of the donor of the land, Mrs. Talbot, before I could go to see the place)—I must state again clearly our St. George's principle of rent.[2] It is taken first as the acknowledgment of the authority of the Society over the land, and in the amount judged by the Master to be just, according to the circumstances of the person and place, for the tenant to pay as a contribution to the funds of the Society. The tenant has no claim to the return of the rent in improvements on his ground or his house; and I order the repairs at Barmouth as part of the Company's general action, not as return of the rent to the tenant. The reader will thus see that our so-called

[1] [See below, § 11. Jael, the smiter of the nail, Clavigera (see Vol. XXVII. p. 231), and Atropos, the Fate "not to be turned aside" (see Vol. XXVII. pp. xxi., xxii.): thus a synonym for one of the senses of *Fors Clavigera;* as also at the end of Letter 87 (Vol. XXIX. p. 379). "Production!" was a rejected title for this Letter.]

[2] [See Letters 37, 45, 58 (pp. 19, 155, 421–422).]

"rents" are in fact taxes laid on the tenants for the advancement of the work of the Company. And all so-called rents are, in like manner, taxes laid on the labourer for the advancement of the work of his landlord. If that work be beneficial, on the whole, to the estate, and of all who live on it, the rents are on a right footing; but if they are abstracted by the landlord to his own private uses, he is merely another form of the old mediæval Knight of Evilstone,[1] living as hawk in eyrie.

3. It chanced, while I set this work on foot at Barmouth, that a paragraph was sent me out of a Carlisle paper, giving the information that all Lord Lonsdale's tenants have received notice to quit, that the farms might be revalued. I requested my correspondent to ascertain for me the manner of the holdings on Lord Lonsdale's estates;—his reply is the third article in our correspondence this month, and I beg to recommend it to the reader's most earnest attention. What it says of rents, with the exception indicated in my note, is right; and cannot be more tersely or clearly expressed. What it says of ground-produce is only partially right. To discover another America at our own doors would not be any advantage to us;—nor even to make England bigger. We have no business to want England to be bigger, any more than the world to be bigger. The question is not, for *us*, how much land God ought to have given us; but to fill the land He *has* given us, with the wisest and best inhabitants we can. I could give a plan, if I chose, with great ease, for the maintenance of a greatly increased number of inhabitants, on iron scaffolding, by pulverizing our mountains, and strewing the duly pulverized and, by wise medical geology, drugged, materials, over the upper stages; carrying on our present ingenious manufactures in the dark lower stories. But the arrangement, even if it could be at once achieved, would be of no advantage to England.

[1] [For Saccone of Pietramala, see Letter 18, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 311).]

4. Whereas St. George's arrangements, which are to take the hills, streams, and fields that God has made for us; to keep them as lovely, pure, and orderly as we can;* to gather their carefully cultivated fruit in due season; and if our children then multiply so that we cannot feed them, to seek other lands to cultivate in like manner,—these arrangements, I repeat, will be found very advantageous indeed, as they always have been, wheresoever even in any minor degree enforced. In some happy countries they have been so, many a long year already; and the following letter from a recent traveller in one of them, may further illustrate the description given in a *Fors* of early date, of the felicity verily and visibly to be secured by their practice.[1]

SALZBURG, *July* 30, 1876.

"DEAR PROFESSOR RUSKIN,—I have long intended to write to you, but the mountain of matters I had to tell you has increased till Pelion is piled upon Ossa within my mind, and so I must confine myself to one or two points. In the Black Forest, and more especially in remote mountain valleys of Tyrol, I have found the people living more or less according to principles laid down for the Company of St. George. I have seen the rules, so much decried, and even ridiculed, in England, wrought into the whole life of the people. One may still find villages and communes where lawsuits are impossible—a headman of their own deciding all disputes; where the simplest honesty and friendliness are all but universal, and the stranger is taken in only in the better sense of the phrase; where the nearest approach to steam power is the avalanche of early summer; where there are no wheeled vehicles, and all burthens are carried on the backs of men and mules" (my dear friend, I really don't want people to do without donkey-carts, or pony-chaises; nay, I was entirely delighted at Dolgelly, the other day, to meet a four-in-hand coach—driven by the coachman's daughter); "where rich and poor must fare alike on the simple food and cheap but sound wine of the country; where the men still carve wood, and the women spin and weave, during the long hours of winter; and where the folk still take genuine delight in picturesque dress, and daily church-going, and have not reduced both to the dreary felon's uniform of English respectability. With these unconscious followers of Ruskin, and Companions of St. George, I formed deep friendships; and for

* What *can* be done, ultimately, it is not yet in human imagination to conceive. What *has* been done, by one sensible man, for the land he had under control, may be read in the fourth article of our correspondence.

[1] [See Letter 44, § 8 (p. 132).]

me, if I ever revisit the wild recesses of the Oetzthal, it will almost be like going amongst my own people and to my own home. Indeed, wherever I left the beaten track of tourists, and the further I left it, so did the friendliness of my entertainers increase. It was evident they regarded me not as a mere purse-bearing animal, but as an argosy of quite a different sort—a human spirit coming from afar, from a land 'belonging,' as one of them conjectured, 'to Spain,' and laden with all kinds of new knowledge and strange ideas, of which they would gladly have some share. And so towards the close of a dinner, or supper, the meek-eyed hostess would come and sit beside me, hoping I had enjoyed a 'happy meal'; and after a complimentary sip from my glass, ask me all sorts of delightful and simple questions about myself, and my family, and my country. Or the landlord would come sometimes,—alas, at the very beginning of a meal,—and from huge pipe bowl, wonderfully painted with Crucifixion or Madonna, blow clouds of anything but incense smoke. But the intention of honouring and amusing me was none the less apparent."

5. With my friend's pleasant days among this wise and happy people, I will forthwith compare the very unpleasant day I spent myself on my journey to Barmouth, among unwise and wretched ones; one incident occurring in it being of extreme significance. I had driven from Brantwood in early morning down the valley of the Crake,[1] and took train first at the Ulverston station, settling myself in the corner of a carriage next the sea, for better prospect thereof. In the other corner was a respectable, stolid, middle-aged man reading his paper.

I had left my Coniston lake in dashing ripples under a south wind, thick with rain; but the tide lay smooth and silent along the sands; melancholy in absolute pause of motion, nor ebb nor flow distinguishable;—here and there, among the shelves of grey shore, a little ruffling of their apparent pools marked stray threadings of river-current.

At Grange, talking loud, got in two young coxcombs; who reclined themselves on the opposite cushions. One had a thin stick, with which, in a kind of St. Vitus's dance, partly affectation of nonchalance, partly real fever produced by the intolerable idleness of his mind and body, he rapped on the elbow of his seat, poked at the button-holes of the window-strap, and switched his boots, or the air, all the

[1] [For the river Crake, see Vol. XXVI. p. 252.]

way from Grange to the last station before Carnforth,—he and his friend talking yacht and regatta, listlessly;—the St. Vitus's, meantime, dancing one expressing his opinion that "the most dangerous thing to do on these lakes was going before the wind." The respectable man went on reading his paper, without notice of them. None of the three ever looked out of the windows at sea or shore. There was not much to look at, indeed, through the driving, and gradually closer-driven, rain,—except the drifting about of the seagulls, and their quiet dropping into the pools, their wings kept open for an instant till their breasts felt the water well; then closing their petals of white light like suddenly shut water flowers.

6. The two regatta men got out, in drenching rain, on the coverless platform at the station before Carnforth, and all the rest of us at Carnforth itself, to wait for the up train. The shed on the up-line side, even there, is small, in which a crowd of third-class passengers were packed close by the outside drip. I did not see one, out of some twenty-five or thirty persons, tidily dressed, nor one with a contented and serenely patient look. Lines of care, of mean hardship, of comfortless submission, of gnawing anxiety, or ill-temper, characterized every face.

The train came up, and my poor companions were shuffled into it speedily, in heaps. I found an empty first-class carriage for myself: wondering how long universal suffrage would allow itself to be packed away in heaps, for my convenience.

At Lancaster, a father and daughter got in; presumably commercial. Father stoutly built and firm-featured, sagacious and cool. The girl hard and common; well dressed, except that her hat was cocked too high on her hair. They both read papers all the way to Warrington. I was not myself employed much better; the incessant rain making the windows a mere wilderness of dirty dribblings; and neither Preston nor Wigan presenting anything lively to behold, I had settled myself to Mrs. Brown on Spelling Bees (an

unusually forced and poor number of Mrs. Brown, by the way [1]).

7. I had to change at Warrington for Chester. The weather bettered a little, while I got a cup of tea and slice of bread in a small refreshment room; contemplating, the while, in front of me, the panels of painted glass on its swinging doors, which represented two troubadours, in broadly striped blue and yellow breeches, purple jackets, and plumed caps; with golden-hilted swords, and enormous lyres. Both had soft curled moustaches, languishing eyes, open mouths, and faultless legs. Meanwhile, lounged at the counter behind me, much bemused in beer, a perfect example of the special type of youthful blackguard now developing generally in England; more or less blackly pulpous and swollen, in all the features, and with mingled expression of intense grossness and intense impudence,—half pig, half jackdaw.

There got in with me, when the train was ready, a middle-class person of commercial-traveller aspect, who had possessed himself of a *Graphic* from the newsboy; and whom I presently forgot, in examining the country on a line new to me, which became quickly, under gleams of broken sunlight, of extreme interest. Azure green fields of deep corn; undulations of sandstone hill, with here and there a broken crag at the edge of a cutting; presently the far glittering of the Solway-like sands of Dee, and rounded waves of the Welsh hills on the southern horizon, formed a landscape more fresh and fair than I have seen for many a day, from any great line of English rail. When I looked back to my fellow-traveller, he was sprawling all his length on the cushion of the back seat, with his boots on his *Graphic*,—not to save the cushions assuredly, but in the foul modern carelessness of everything which we have "done with" for the moment;—his face clouded with

[1] [*Mrs. Brown on Spelling Bees*, by Arthur Sketchley (pseudonym of George Rose), 1876; one of a long series (mostly reprinted from *Fun*), including *Mrs. Brown at the Seaside*, *Mrs. Brown in Switzerland*, etc., etc.]

sullen thought, as of a person helplessly in difficulty, and not able to give up thinking how to avoid the unavoidable.

8. In a minute or two more I found myself plunged into the general dissolution and whirlpool of porters, passengers and crook-boned trucks, running round corners against one's legs, of the great Chester station. A simply-dressed upper-class girl of sixteen or seventeen, strictly and swiftly piloting her little sister through the populace, was the first human creature I had yet seen, on whom sight could rest without pain. The rest of the crowd was a mere dismal fermentation of the Ignominious.

The train to Ruabon was crowded, and I was obliged to get into a carriage with two cadaverous sexagenarian spinsters, who had been keeping the windows up, all but a chink, for fear a drop of rain or breath of south wind should come in, and were breathing the richest compound of products of their own indigestion. Pretending to be anxious about the construction of the train, I got the farther window down, and my body well out of it; then put it only half-way up when the train left, and kept putting my head out without my hat; so as, if possible, to impress my fellow-passengers with the imminence of a collision, which could only be averted by extreme watchfulness on my part. Then requesting, with all the politeness I could muster, to be allowed to move a box with which they had occupied the corner-seat—"that I might sit face to the air"—I got them ashamed to ask that the window might be shut up again; but they huddled away into the opposite corner to make me understand how they suffered from the draught. Presently they got out two bags of blue grapes, and ate away unanimously, availing themselves of my open window to throw out rolled-up pips and skins.

9. General change, to my extreme relief, as to their's, was again required at Ruabon, effected by a screwing backwards and forwards, for three-quarters of an hour, of carriages which one was expecting every five minutes to get into; and which were puffed and pushed away again the

moment one opened a door, with loud calls of "Stand back there." A group of half-a-dozen children, from eight to fourteen—the girls all in straw hats, with long hanging scarlet ribands—were more or less pleasant to see meanwhile; and sunshine, through the puffs of petulant and cross-purposed steam, promised a pleasant run to Llangollen.

I had only the conventional "business man with a paper" for this run; and on his leaving the carriage at Llangollen, was just closing the door, thinking to have both windows at command, when my hand was stayed by the father of a family of four children, who, with their mother and aunt, presently filled the carriage, the children fitting or scrambling in anywhere, with expansive kicks and lively struggles. They belonged to the lower middle-class; the mother an ideal of the worthy commonplace, evidently hard put to it to make both ends meet, and wholly occupied in family concerns; her face fixed in the ignoble gravity of virtuous persons to whom their own troublesome households have become monasteries. The father, slightly more conscious of external things, submitting benevolently to his domestic happiness out on its annual holiday. The children ugly, fidgety, and ill-bred, but not unintelligent,—full of questionings, "when" they were to get here, or there? how many rails there were on the line; which side the station was on, and who was to meet them. In such debate, varied by bodily contortions in every direction, they contrived to pass the half-hour which took us through the vale of Llangollen, past some of the loveliest brook and glen scenery in the world. But neither the man, the woman, nor any one of the children, looked out of the window once, the whole way.

They got out at Corwen, leaving me to myself for the run past Bala lake and down the Dolgelly valley; but more sorrowful than of late has been my wont, in the sense of my total isolation from the thoughts and ways of the present English people. For I was perfectly certain that among all the crowd of living creatures whom I had

that day seen,—scarlet ribands and all,—there was not one to whom I could have spoken a word on any subject interesting to me, which would have been intelligible to them.

10. But the first broad sum of fact, for the sake of which I have given this diary, is that among certainly not less than some seven or eight hundred people, seen by me in the course of this day, I saw not one happy face, and several hundreds of entirely miserable ones. The second broad sum of fact is, that out of the few,—not happy,—but more or less spirited and complacent faces I saw, among the lower and the mercantile classes, what life or spirit they had depended on a peculiar cock-on-a-dunghill character of impudence,[1] which meant a total inability to conceive any good or lovely thing in this world or any other: and the third sum of fact is, that in this rich England I saw only eight out of eight hundred persons gracefully dressed, and decently mannered. But the particular sign, and prophetic vision of the day, to me, was the man lying with his boots on his *Graphic*. There is a long article in the *Monetary Gazette*,[2] sent me this morning, on the folly of the modern theory that the nation is suffering from "over-production."[3] The writer is quite correct in his condemnation of the fallacy in question; but it has not occurred to him, nor to any other writer that I know of on such matters, to consider whether we may not possibly be suffering from over-*destruction*. If you use the given quantity of steam power and human ingenuity to produce your *Graphic* in the morning, and travel from Warrington to Chester with your boots upon it in the afternoon,[4]—Is the net result, production, my dear editor? The net result is labour with weariness A.M.,—idleness with disgust P.M.,—and nothing to eat next day. And do not think

[1] [So in all editions; but in his note for the Index, Ruskin wrote "independence."]
[2] [In the issue of August 16, 1876.]
[3] [For other criticisms of this "folly," see Vol. XXVII. pp. 80, 235.]
[4] [For a later reference to this incident, see Letter 87, § 5 (Vol. XXIX. p. 366).]

our Warrington friend other than a true type of your modern British employer of industry. The universal British public has no idea of any other use of art, or industry, than he! It reclines everlastingly with its boots on its *Graphic*. "To-morrow there will be another,—what use is there in the old?" Think of the quantity of energy used in the "production" of the daily works of the British press! The first necessity of our lives in the morning,—old rags in the evening! Or the annual works of the British naval architect? The arrow of the Lord's deliverance[1] in January, and old iron in June! The annual industry of the European soldier,—of the European swindler,—of the European orator,—will you tell me, good Mr. Editor, what it is that they produce? Will you calculate for me, how much of all that *is*, they destroy?

11. But even of what we do produce, under some colour or fancy, of service to humanity,—How much of it *is* of any service to humanity, good Mr. Editor? Here is a little bit of a note bearing on the matter, written last Christmas in a fit of uncontrollable provocation at a Christian correspondent's drawl of the popular sentiment, "living is so very expensive, you know!"

Why, of course it is, living as you do, in a saucepan full of steam, with no potatoes in it!

Here is the first economical fact I have been trying to teach, these fifteen years; and can't get it, yet, into the desperate, leathern-skinned, death-helmeted skull of this wretched England—till Jael-Atropos drive it down, through skull and all, into the ground;[2]—that you can't have bread without corn, nor milk without kine; and that being dragged about the country behind kettles won't grow corn on it; and speculating in stocks won't feed mutton on it; and manufacturing steel pens, and scrawling lies with them, won't clothe your backs or fill your bellies, though you

[1] [2 Kings xiii. 17.]
[2] [Compare Judges iv. 21. The title is here indicated: see above, p. 687.]

scrawl England as black with ink as you have strewed her black with cinders.

12. Now look here: I am writing in a friend's house in a lovely bit of pasture country, surrounding what was once a bright bit of purple and golden heath—inlaid as gorse and heather chose to divide their possession of it; and is now a dusty wilderness of unlet fashionable villas, bricks, thistles, and crockery. My friend has a good estate, and lets a large farm; but he can't have cream to his tea, and has "Dorset" butter.* If he ever gets any of these articles off his own farm, they are brought to him from London, having been carried there that they may pay toll to the railroad company, once as they go up, and again as they come down; and have two chances of helping to smash an excursion train.

13. Meantime, at the apothecary's shop in the village, I can buy, besides drugs,—cigars, and stationery; and among other stationery, the "College card," of "eighteen *useful* articles,"—namely, Bohemian glass ruler, Bohemian glass penholder, pen-box with gilt and diapered lid, pen-wiper with a gilt tin fern leaf for ornament, pencil, india-rubber, and twelve steel pens,—all stitched separately and neatly on the card; and the whole array of them to be bought for sixpence.

What times!—what civilization!—what ingenuity!—what cheapness!

Yes; but what does it mean? First, that I, who buy the card, can't get cream to my tea! And secondly, that the unhappy wretches,—Bohemian and other,—glass blowers, iron diggers, pen manufacturers, and the like,—who have made the eighteen useful articles, have sixpence to divide

* Most London theatre-goers will recollect the Butterman's pity for his son, in *Our Boys,* as he examines the remains of the breakfast in their lodgings.[1]

[1] [The reference is to H. J. Byron's comedy, first produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, January 16, 1875. In Act iii., when the fathers of the two boys visit their sons' cheap lodgings in London, Perkin Middlewick, the retired butterman, recognizes the butter on the table as "Dossit, my dear sir; inferior Dossit."]

among them for their trouble! What sort of cream have *they* to their tea?

But the question of questions about it all, is—Are these eighteen articles "useful articles"? For what? Here's a —nominal—"pencil" on our "College card." But not a collegian, that I know of, wants to draw,—and if he did, he couldn't draw with *this* thing, which is *not* a pencil, but some sand and coal-dust jammed in a stick. The "india-rubber" also, I perceive, is not india-rubber; but a composition for tearing up the surface of paper,—useful only to filthy blunderers; the nasty glass-handled things, which will break if I drop them, and cut the housemaid's fingers, I shall instantly turn out of the house; the pens, for which I bought the card, will perhaps be useful to me, because I have, to my much misery, writing to do; but *you*, happier animals, who may exist without scratching either paper or your heads,—what is the use of them to *you?* (*N.B.*—I couldn't write a word with one of them, after all.)

14. I must go back to my Warrington friend; for there are more lessons to be received from him. I looked at him, in one sense, not undeferentially. He was, to the extent of his experience, as good a judge of art as I. He knew what his *Graphic* was worth. Pronounced an entirely divine verdict upon it. Put it, beneficently, out of its pictorial pain,—for ever.

Do not think that it is so difficult to know good art from bad. The poorest-minded public cannot rest in its bad possessions,—wants them new, and ever new. I have given my readers, who have trusted me, four art-possessions,[1] which I do not fear their wishing to destroy; and it will be a long while before I wish them to get another. I have too long delayed beginning to tell them *why* they are good; and one of my Sheffield men asked Mr. Swan the other day what I had commended the Leucothea for,

[1] [See Letter 66, § 17 (p. 625).]

—"he couldn't see anything in it." To whom the first answer must be—Did you expect to, then? My good manufacturing friend, be assured there was no more thought of pleasing *you* when Leucothea was carved, than of pleasing—Ganymede, when Rosalind was christened.[1] Some day you will come to "like her name."[2]

15. But, whether you ever come to "see anything in it" or not, be assured that this, and the Lippi, and the Titian, and the Velasquez, are, all four, alike in one quality, which you can respect, even if you do not envy. They are work of men doing their best. And whose *pride* is in doing their best and most. You modern British workmen's pride, I find more and more, is in doing ingeniously the worst, and least, you can.

Again: they all four agree in being the work of men trained under true masters, and themselves able to be true masters to others. They belong, therefore, to what are properly called "schools" of art. Whereas your modern British workman recognizes no master; but is (as the result of his increasing intelligence, according to Mr. Mill) less and less disposed "to be guided in the way which he should go by any prestige or authority."[3] The result of which is that every British artist has to find out how to paint as he best can; and usually begins to see his way to it, by the time he is sixty.

Thirdly. They belong to schools which, orderly and obedient themselves, understood the law of order in all things. Which is the chief distinction between Art and Rudeness. And the first aim of every great painter, is

[1] [See *As You Like It*, Act iii. sc. 2:—

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?
Orlando. Yes, just.
Jaques. I do not like her name.
Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

For Rosalind's synonym of Ganymede, see Act i. sc. 3. Ruskin's substitution of Ganymede for Jaques is obscure.]

[2] [*Ibid.*]

[3] [*Principles of Political Economy*, book iv. ch. vii. § 2. The passage is quoted textually in Letter 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 211).]

to express clearly his obedience to the law of Kosmos, Order, or Symmetry.* The only *perfect* work of the four I have given, the Titian, binds itself by this symmetry most severely. Absolutely straight lines of screen behind the Madonna's head,—a dark head on one side, a dark head on the other; a child on one side, a child on the other; a veil falling one way on one side, a scroll curling the other way on the other; a group of leaves in the child's right hand balanced by another in the Madonna's left; two opposed sprays of leaves on the table, and the whole clasped by a single cherry. In the Lippi, the symmetry is lateral; the Madonna fronting the group of the child central, with supporting angel on each side. In the Leucothea, the diminishing magnitudes of the attendant goddesses on the right are answered by the diminishing magnitudes from the seated goddess and the child, to the smallest figure at her knee, which clasps both the sides of the chain.

Lastly, in the Velasquez, the little pyramid of a child, with her three tassels and central brooch, and a chair on each side of her, would have been *too* symmetrical, but for the interferent light in the dog.

16. I said just now, the Titian was the only *perfect* one of the four.[1] Everything there is done with absolute rightness; and you don't see how. The hair in the Lippi is too stiff,—in the Velasquez, too slight; and one sees that it is drawn in the one, dashed in the other; but by Titian only, "painted"—you don't know how.

* The law of symmetry, however, rests on deeper foundations than that of mere order. It is here, in Greek terms, too subtle to be translated except bit by bit, as we want them.

Τίς οὖν δὴ πρᾶξις φίλη καὶ ἀκόλουθος θεῷ; μία, καὶ ἕνα λόγον ἔχουσα ἀρχαῖον, ὅτι τῷ μὲν ὁμοίῳ τὸ ὅμοιον ὄντι μετρίῳ φίλον ἂν εἴη, τὰ δ' ἄμετρα οὔτ' ἀλλήλοις οὔτε τοῖς ἐμμέτροις.—(Plato, *Laws*, Book IV.[2]).

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[1] [Compare Letter 76, § 6 (Vol. XXIX. p. 87).]

[2] [Book iv. 716 C. Ruskin does not return to the passage. Jowett translates it thus: "Then what sort of action is agreeable to the God, and becoming in his followers? There is an old saying, that 'like agrees with like, with measure measure,' but things which have no measure agree neither with themselves nor with the things which have measure."]

I say the Titian is the most perfect. It does not follow that it is the best. There are gifts shown in the others, and feelings, which are not in it; and of which the relative worth may be matter of question. For instance, the Lippi, as I told you before,[1] is a painting wrought in real Religion;—that is to say, in the binding of the heart in obedience to the conceived nature and laws of God.[2]

The Titian is wrought in what Mr. Harrison calls the Religion of Humanity:[3] but ought more accurately to call, the Religion of Manity (for the English use of the word "humane" is continually making him confuse benevolence with religion),—that is to say, in the binding of the heart in obedience to the nature and laws of Man.

And, finally, the Velasquez is wrought in the still more developed Modern Religion of Dogity,[4] or obedience of the heart to the nature and laws of Dog (the lovely little idol, you observe, dominant on velvet throne, as formerly the Madonna). Of which religion, as faithfully held by the brave British Squire, in its widest Catholic form of horse-and-dog-ity, and passionately and tenderly indulged by the devoted British matron in the sectarian limitation of Lap-dogity,—there is more to be told than Velasquez taught, or than we can learn, to-day.[5]

[1] [See Letter 64, § 17 (p. 574).]
[2] [See above, p. 156; and below, p. 718.]
[3] [See above, p. 619.]
[4] [Compare Appendix 16, Vol. XXIX. p. 565.]
[5] [See below, p. 718.]

17. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I leave our accounts now wholly in the hands of Mr. Walker and Mr. Rydings,[1] reserving to myself only the usual—as I understand—and proper function of Director,—that of spending the Company's money. I have ordered, as above stated, repairs at Barmouth, which will somewhat exceed our rents, I fancy; and a mineral cabinet for the Museum at Sheffield, in which the minerals are to rest, each in its own little cell, on purple, or otherwise fittingly coloured, velvet of the best. Permission to handle and examine them at ease will be eventually given, as a moral and mineralogical prize, to the men who attain a certain proficiency in the two sciences of Mineralogy and Behaviour.

Our capital, it will be observed, is increased, by honest gift, this month, to the encouraging amount of £16, 16s.;—the iniquitous interest, of which our shareholders get none, I have pretty nearly spent in our new land purchase.

CASH ACCOUNT OF ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

(*From June 15th to Aug. 15th*, 1876)

1876.	*Dr.*	£	s.	d.
June 29.	To Mrs. Jane Lisle	1	1	0
30.	,, Chas. Firth	1	1	0
Aug. 7.	,, G. No. 50	10	10	0
12.	,, Miss Sargood	2	2	0
,,	,, Miss Christina Allen	2	2	0
15.	,, Balance due Mr. Ruskin	14	14	5
		£31	10	5

1876.	*Cr.*	£	s.	d.
June 16.	By Balance due, Mr. Ruskin	31	10	5
		£31	10	5

[1] [For Mr. Walker, see p. 556; and for Mr. Rydings, p. 585.]

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

1876.		*Dr.*	£	s.	d.
March	15.	To Balance	157	11	10
May	3.	,, Cash paid Mr. John Ruskin	17	11	0
	6.	,, Ditto, draft at Bridgwater (J. Talbot)	9	19	3
	9.	,, Ditto, draft at Douglas (E. Rydings)	24	18	9
June	9.	,, Ditto, Cash	5	0	0
	13.	,, Ditto, draft at Bridgwater (J. Talbot)	20	12	6
		,, Ditto, draft at Bilston (Wilkins)	50	0	0
	17.	,, Ditto, Cash	20	0	0
July	6.	,, Dividend on £8000 Consols	118	10	0
			£424	3	4

1876.		*Cr.*	£	s.	d.
July	28.	By Cheque to Mr. John Ruskin	330	0	0
Aug.	15.	To Balance	94	3	4
			£424	3	4

18. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

It was not my fault, but my printers' (who deserve raps for it), that mine came before the Company's in last *Fors.** It is, I think, now time to state, in general comment on my monotonous account, that the current expenses recorded in the bills of Jackson, Kate, Downs, and David, represent for the most part sums spent for the maintenance or comfort of others; and that I could if need were, for my own part, be utterly at ease in the sunny parlour of a village inn, with no more carriage or coachman than my own limbs,—no more service than a civil traveller's proper share,—and the blessedness of freedom from responsibility from everything. To which condition, if I ever reduce myself by my extravagance (and, indeed, just after paying my good Mr. Ellis for thirteenth-century MSS.,† etc., a hundred and forty pounds, I am in treaty to-day with Mr. Quaritch for another, which he says is charged at the very lowest penny at three hundred and twenty)—it will be simply to me only occasion for the loadless traveller's song; but as it would be greatly inconvenient to other people, I don't at present intend it. Some day, indeed, perhaps I shall begin to turn a

* Note by printer:—"We did this to avoid an unseemly division of balance-sheet, and of two evils thought this the least."[1]

† One of these is a perfect English Bible, folio, and in beautiful state, sent to Sheffield for the first volume of our Museum library. Of course I must make St. George a present of it.[2]

[1] [The same justification is pleaded in this edition.]

[2] [For other references to this Bible, see Letters 70, § 13 (p. 727), and 86, § 1 (Vol. XXIX. p. 335).]

penny by my books.[1] The bills drawn by Mr. Burgess represent now the only loss I incur on them.[2]

	£	s.	d.
Stated Balance, July 15th	617	11	3
Repayment and other receipts, July and August	406	6	5
	1023	17	8
Expenses	427	5	0
Balance, August 15th	£596	12	8

		£	s.	d.
July 16.	Geoghegan (blue neckties)	4	0	0
,,	Naval School	5	5	0
17.	David	65	0	0
,,	Downs	25	0	0
30.	Jackson	50	0	0
,,	Kate	50	0	0
Aug. 1.	Herne Hill ground-rent	23	0	0
14.	Burgess	40	0	0
15.	Ellis and White	140	0	0
,,	Lucy Tovey (gift)	10	0	0
,,	Self (chiefly gone in black quartz from St. Gothard Tunnel)	15	0	0
		£427	5	0

19. (III.) "MY DEAR SIR,—I duly received your very kind note referring to the 'notice to quit' to Lord Lonsdale's farmers in West Cumberland, and have delayed to reply till I had made special inquiries, and find that, as a rule, these tenants have no leases, but have held their farms from year to year only.

"Formerly, I am told, some had leases; but as these expired they were not renewed, and the supposition now is that all such have run out, and that all now as yearly tenants have had the notice given them simultaneously.

"The notice is clearly given to allow a re-valuation to be made; and when the new rents are arranged, it is expected that leases will then be granted, though it is plain to be seen that all the increased prosperity that the prosperity of recent years of the coal and iron industries have caused to farming, *may thus be secured to the landholder;* and the farmers, with or without leases, but with higher rents, may be left to bear alone the ebb of the tide that is evidently on the turn; and in any or every case, the general public—the consumers of these farmers' produce—will have to pay the extra rent, whatever it may be, that Lord Lonsdale may see fit to lay upon the land.*

* As I correct this sheet, Fors places another Carlisle paper in my hand; from which I gather that Lord Lonsdale's conceptions of what is fit, and not, are probably now changed. But my correspondent is wrong in *assuming* that the public will have to pay the extra rent. Very probably they will if the farming improvements are fallacious; but if indeed produce can be raised at less expense, the increased rent *may* represent only the difference between past and present cost of production. In this sense, however, the public *do* pay Lord Lonsdale's extra rent, that their market prices, but for his Lordship, would have been lowered. As matters stand, they may be thankful if they are not raised.

[1] [On this subject, see the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. (p. lxxxv.), and also Vol. XXX. Ruskin had made considerable sums by his books when they were published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. His experiment in publishing on his own account was for a while unremunerative, but ultimately yielded him far higher profits than he had ever before received.]

[2] [See Letter 62, § 20 (pp. 530–531).]

"I have been studying this matter—the increase of land-rents—for many years, and consider it is very much to blame for the present high prices of all land produce, and the distress amongst the poorest of our population, as well as being a great hindrance to the carrying out of my schemes that have for their object the application of more of our own labour to our own soil. In a letter to my son a few weeks ago, I ventured to say that the man who was the first to demonstrate by actual experiment that English soil could be made to double or quadruple its produce, would earn the name of a new Columbus, in that he had discovered another America at our own doors. This son, my oldest, having shown a turn for mathematics, I was induced to send to Cambridge, my hope being that a good education might fit him to solve some of the problems that are so pressing us for solution (and which I had been essaying myself in the pamphlet on 'Labour and Capital'); and as he now, on the completion of his second term, holds the second place in his year at St. John's, there is a hope that he may take a good place in the mathematical tripos for 1878; and yet, since we got introduced to your books—two years ago—both he and I think he had best, as soon as he completes his course, go into farming; and hence the reference to growing crops that appeared in his letter last week, and which I am most happy to find has met with your approbation." (Yes;—and I trust with higher approbation than mine.)

20. (IV.) The following paragraphs from a county paper gladden me exceedingly, by taking from me all merit of originality in any part of the design of the operations of St. George's Company, while they prove to the most incredulous not only the practicability, but the assured good of such operations, already, as will be seen, carried to triumphant results on a private gentleman's estate.

The *Agricultural Gazette* gives, as one of a series of papers on "Noteworthy Agriculturists," a sketch of Mr. William Mackenzie, Archandunie, who, acting for Mr. Matheson, has carried out so many improvements on the Ardross estates. The sketch is in the form of an autobiography, which, as the *Gazette* remarks, carries with it a most pleasant impression of directness and simplicity of character no less than of industry, energy, and success. It is accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Mackenzie, which his friends will recognize as a fair likeness. Mr. Mackenzie states that he was born in 1806, in the parish of Urquhart, Ross-shire, where his ancestors had resided for many generations. His father, who occupied a small farm, died about five years ago at the advanced age of ninety. In 1824, he (Mr. William Mackenzie) entered as an apprentice at Belmaduthy[a] Gardens, and after serving there three years, removed to the nurseries of Dickson and Co., Edinburgh, where he remained only a few months. He then went to the Duke of Buccleuch's gardens at Dalkeith, serving under Mr. Macdonald, who was in advance of his time as a practical gardener. There he assisted in carrying out the improvements which were made in the gardens and pleasure-grounds. New ranges of hothouses and a fine conservatory were erected, into which the hot-water system of heating was, it is believed, first introduced in Scotland. Next Mr. Mackenzie assisted in laying out gardens and grounds at Barcaldine, the seat of Sir Duncan Campbell, in Argyllshire; and coming in 1835 to Rosehaugh, as head-gardener, forester, and superintendent of estate works, he carried out the construction of new gardens, both at Rosehaugh and Kinlochluichart, and the remodelling of private grounds and approaches. These large gardens at Barcaldine and Rosehaugh were made with great care, *especially in selecting and preparing the soil*

[a] I can't be responsible for these Scotch names. I sent the slip of paper to my printers, and "on their eyes be it."

for the wall and *vinery* borders, *so that after the lapse, in the one case of thirty years, and in the other of forty years, no decay or canker has appeared among the fruit trees.*[b]

"In 1847 Mr. Mackenzie commenced the improvements at Ardross, the property of Alexander Matheson, Esq., M.P. for the county of Ross.

"Ardross proper is surrounded by high hills, and with trifling exceptions was in a state of nature, the whole surface of the district being covered with coarse grass and heather, stunted birches, morass or quagmire, and studded with granite boulders drifted from the hills. The place was under sheep and a few black cattle, and, owing to the coarseness of the herbage, the cattle were subject to red water. *The tenants' houses were mere hovels, without chimneys, and with little or no glass in the windows. The population of the district of Ardross proper was, in* 1847, *only* 109 *souls; and now, in* 1875, *the population on the same area is* 600, *and the number of children attending school is about* 140.

"In giving a summary of the improvements, we will begin with the pleasure-grounds.[c] They extend to about 800 acres. In forming them, waggons on rails were used for two years in removing knolls, forming terraces, and filling up gullies. The banks of the river and of the burns flowing through the grounds have been planted with upwards of a hundred different varieties of the finest and hardiest ornamental trees that could be procured, from the tulip-tree to the evergreen oak, and from the native pine to the Wellingtonia. Evergreen shrubs cover about 25 acres in detached portions on the banks of the river which flows immediately beneath the castle, as well as on the banks of two romantic burns, with beautiful cascades, and in ravines. The garden is enclosed with a brick-lined wall, and so boggy was the site that the foundation of the wall is more than 6 feet below the sills of some of the doors. The south side is enclosed by a terrace wall 12 feet high, and the north wall is covered with glass, which includes vineries, conservatory, and orchard houses, besides a range of pits, all heated with water. *The soil of the garden was prepared and carted a considerable distance,*[d] as there was none to be got on the site.

"Upwards of 5000 acres of moor ground have been planted, chiefly with Scotch fir and larch, the thinnings of which are now being shipped for pit props, the plants of the oldest woods only having been taken out of the nursery in 1847.

"The extent of arable land may be best explained by stating that there are twenty-seven farms with thrashing mills, paying rents from £50 to £800 each; and upwards of a hundred ploughs are used in cultivating the lands improved. The steam plough is also to be seen at work on some of the farms." (St. George does not, however, propose entertaining the curious spectator in this manner.) "Cattle reared on the reclaimed land have taken prizes at the Highland Society's Shows, and at all local shows; and for cereals and green crops, they will bear a favourable comparison with any part of Scotland.

"At one of the detached properties, great care had to be taken, and engineering skill used, in the drainage. Recently a low-lying part of the lands, a mile and a half long by three-quarters broad, was a mixture of the lower stratum of

[b] Italics mine (throughout the article, the rest of which is in Mr. Mackenzie's own words). Have the vine proprietors of Europe yet begun to look to the Earth —not the air, as the power that fails them? (See note [d].)

[c] It will, I hope, not be thought an absurdity in the St. George's Company to retain on their estates "pleasure-grounds" for their *tenants*, instead of themselves. In this one respect, and in this only, their public work will differ from this admirable piece of "private enterprise."

[d] Supposing the labour of all navvies, gold-diggers, and bad architects, throughout the world during the last fifty years, had been spent entirely in carting soil to where it was wanted for vegetables,—my dinnerless friends, you would have found the difference, by this time!

peaty bog, marsh, and spouty sand, charged with ochrey-coloured water, impregnated with sulphur and saltpetre. Attempts made by former occupants to drain this place were fruitless, from want of depth and proper outfall. We found all the pipes in their drains completely choked by deposited ochrey matter. The whole subsoil was running sand. In order to make the drainage perfect, a main leading drain was made, 800 yards long, and in some places 8 feet deep, in which were laid 'spigot and faucet,' vitrified pipes 10 to 15 inches in diameter, jointed with cement to prevent sand from getting in, with junctions to receive pipes of smaller sizes, from 10 inches down to 6 inches. Minor drains are from 2½ to 4 feet deep, with tiles of 2 to 4 inch bore, the smaller sizes having collars on the joints. Large stone cisterns are formed to receive the silt, and ventilating shafts with iron gratings are built to give circulation of air. By these means the whole flat is drained effectually, *and where bog rushes were the prevailing produce, crops of the richest wheat now grow.* THE STUNTED HERBAGE AND WATER WERE SO POISONOUS THAT BLACK CATTLE WERE KNOWN TO HAVE TURNED GRAY IN A SEASON (?).[e]

"More than fifty miles of private roads have been made, and twelve miles of walks through the pleasure-grounds. One walk is six miles continuous, along the windings of fine scenery of the Alness. Upwards of forty miles of stone dykes and eighty of wire fences have been erected, enclosing the arable land and plantations.

"For twenty years from three to four hundred men were employed; two hundred of them lived in a square of barracks for nearly eleven years, *and so orderly were they that the services of a policeman were never required.* There are still a number of men employed, but the improvements are now coming to a close.

"*All the assistance I had in the engineering and planning was that of a young man only seventeen years old when the works were begun, and we never had occasion to employ a man for a single day re-doing work.*

"I may further add that I have now the great pleasure of seeing my liberal employer reletting all his farms on the Ardross estate to the same tenants, on a second nineteen years' lease" (at increased rents, of course, my friend?) "the second leases having been renewed between two and three years before the expiry of the previous leases, and none of the farms were ever advertised.

"I cannot leave this part of the present brief sketch without noticing a feature in the important work so successfully carried out by my enlightened employer, and one which cannot fail to be a source of great satisfaction to himself. Among the first things he did was to establish a school in the district, with a most efficient teacher, and the result is that sons of the small farmers and labourers are now in respectable positions in various walks of life. They are to be found in the capacities of gardeners, artisans, and merchants, students of law, medicine, and divinity. One of them, Donald Ross, carried the Queen's prize of £100 in the University, and is now one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Another is the chief constable of the county. Others are in the colonies of Australia, New Zealand, and America, all doing well; *and out of hundreds working for themselves, to my knowledge not one has gone astray.*[f]

"I will now advert to the improvements on the west coast estates. A mansion-house was built in the parish of Kintail, with pleasure-grounds and gardens, *the*

[e] This passage, in capitals, being wholly astounding to me, I venture to put a note of interrogation to it. I have long myself been questioning the farmers in Westmoreland about the quantity of rank bog grass they let grow. But *their* only idea of improvement is to burn the heather; this being a cheap operation, and dangerous only to their neighbours' woods. Brantwood was within an ace of becoming Brantashes last summer.

[f] The name of the—certainly *very* efficient—teacher of these young people, and the general principles of their tuition, would have been a desirable addition, St. George thinks, to the information furnished by Mr. Mackenzie.

former being chiefly reclaimed from the sea. Two islands, which were surrounded by water 11 *feet deep on the shore side, are now part of the lawn,* the intervening spaces having been filled up by the removal of a hill of rotten rock. This house is let to a shooting tenant. The garden is excellent for fruit, including peaches, nectarines, and apricots, which come to perfection. At Duncraig, recently, a new mansion-house has been built, with all the modern appliances. New gardens have also been made at Duncraig, the site of which was originally a narrow gully running between high ridges of rock. The gardens are upwards of two acres within the walls. The soil is composed of virgin soil and turfy loam, the whole having been carted a considerable distance. The gardens were completed in 1871, and the different kinds of fruit trees, including pears, peaches, and apricots, are now bearing.

"Duncraig is rarely to be surpassed in scenery and beauty. The view is extensive, embracing the Cuchullin hills in Skye" (etc., etc.). "There are two fresh-water lakes within the grounds, one covering thirty-seven acres, and the other about sixty acres, abounding with excellent trout and char. One of them supplies Duncraig House with water, having a fall of about 300 feet. The pipe in its course supplies the gardens; the livery stables and laundry have also connections for applying hose in cases of fire.

"The conformation of the ground is a mingling of winding valleys with high rock hills, on which grows natural wood, such as birch, oak, ash, and mountain ash. Several of the valleys have been improved and laid out under permanent pasture, making the landscape, as seen from the front of the house, with wood, rock, and winding grassy bay, very picturesque.

"There are twelve miles of private drives and walks—miles of them cut out of the solid rock, and in some places in the face of precipices 100 feet sheer up above the sea. A home-farm is in course of being improved at Achandarroch, a mile south of Duncraig House."

The *Gazette* adds: Mr. Mackenzie himself farms some of the land which he has reclaimed, and nowhere probably is there a better example of what is possible in the way of agricultural improvement under a northern climate. Excellent crops of barley, clover, wheat, and roots are grown where nothing but a marshy wilderness once existed. Here obviously are the circumstances and the experience which should guide and stimulate the efforts of estate owners and improvers in the way of the reclamation of land which is now waste and worthless.

"HOLME HEAD, CARLISLE,
"*July 6th,* 1875.

21. "DEAR SIR,—When I read the number of *Fors* for last April, and came to your account of the rose-leaf cutting bees,[1] I recollected that I had seen one of these bees making its fragmentary cell in a hole in a brick wall, and that I had often seen the remnants of the cut leaves; but I never had a chance of watching them when at work till last week; and thinking the result may be interesting to you, and may correct the omission you refer to at the end of § 18 in the April *Fors*, I take the liberty to send them to you.[2]

"I had the opportunity of seeing a great many bees—often half-a-dozen together—at work upon a solitary dog-rose in front of a house at a small watering-place (Silloth), and I observed that they cut various shapes at different times. I picked off a great many of the leaves that they had been at, and send you herewith one or two specimens. I find that these have occasionally cut through the midrib of the leaf; but this is a rare exception. I found they carried the cuttings to some adjoining sand-hills, where they had bored small holes in the sand; and in these they built their leaf cells. The pollen in these cells was not purple, but yellow,

[1] [Letter 52, § 16 (p. 305).]
[2] [For woodcut of one of the leaves, see Letter 61, § 8 (p. 493).]

and may have been gathered from the Hawkweed which covers the banks where their nests are made.

"Since we came home, I have found some more leaves in my own garden similarly cut. The leaves I find to be cut in this way are the rose, French bean, and young laburnum.

"Yours truly,
"W. LATTIMER."

22. (V.) Part of a letter from the lady who sent me Helix virgata :[1]—

"We live in a poor neighbourhood, and I have come to know the history of many poor working people lately; and I want to understand so much about it, even more than I used to long to understand the mysterious life of shells and flowers. Why aren't there public baths, etc., for children as much as public schools? They want washing more than teaching. 'Hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and bodies washed in pure water,'[2] is continually sounding in my ears." (Well—why don't you go and wash some, then?)

"A poor woman, whose father was a West Country carrier" (very good, but what is *she?*—the gist of the story depends on that: at present it's like one of those French twisty Bulimi, with no beginning to it), "was so delighted the other day to find we knew the 'West Country'; and when I was saying something about our intending to take the children down in May to pick cowslips, her face gleamed with delight as she said, 'Oh, the years since I've seen a cowslip!' We used to make 'tisties'" (twisties?) "of them, and it sent a thrill of remembrance through me of my own birthday treats, and cowslip-ball days.

"But I'm so glad you like the shells.[3] No, there *is* nothing about vegetables in the word Bulimus; but 'empty-bellied'[4] generally is hungry, and hungry generally eats a great deal when opportunity offers. Now these 'Bulimi' eat a great deal (of *vegetables*, it happens), so I suppose some one who named them thought they must be very hungry or 'empty-bellied.' That's the way I read the story."

Well, it's very accommodating and ingenious of you to read it that way; but many snails, thrushes, blackbirds, or old gentlemen of my acquaintance who "eat a great deal," appear to me more suggestive of the epithet "full-" than "empty-"—waistcoated, shall we say?

23. (VI.) Week's Diary of a Companion of St. George:[5]—

"*First day.*—Received from Sheffield a dainty 'well-poised little hammer' and three sharp-pointed little chisels: felt quite cheerful about porphyry-cutting.[6]

"*Second day.*—Sent to the village in the morning for a slab of freestone; employed man in the afternoon to chisel a hole in it, and to fix the porphyry therein with plaster-of-Paris; drew a straight line, thinking it wiser not to begin with an asterisk; turned the point of two chisels without making the least impression on my line:—the process turned out to be skating, not engraving. Tried the third chisel, and, after diligent efforts, made a cut equal in depth to about two

[1] [See Letter 63, § 17 (p. 551).]
[2] [Hebrews x. 22.]
[3] [See Letter 63, § 19 (p. 553).]
[4] [The old English word *Bulimy* (morbid hunger) comes from βουλιμία or βούλιμος, and hence the scientific term, *bulimus*, "a genus of terrestrial gasteropods."]
[5] [This "diary" was written by Mrs. Julia Firth (the translator of *Ulric*).]
[6] [See Letter 64, § 15 (p. 573).]

grains of sand. This is the Hamite bondage of art. Felt an increasing desire that the Master should try it, and a respect for the ancient Egyptians. Bore patiently the scoffs of the Amorites.

"*Third day.*—Sent chisel to the village to be hardened. Was recommended a lead hammer. Finally, a friend went to the village and brought back with him an iron hammer and two shorter chisels. Was asked by an Amorite gardener how I was 'getting on'—unconcealed pleasure on his part to hear that I was not getting on at all. Later, accomplished a beautiful irregular star-fish, which looks *mashed out* rather than *cut*, not the least like 'sharp, cliff-edged harbours,'[1] as the Master kindly supposes. I begin to feel for the ancient Egyptians: they must have got a great deal of porphyry-dust into their eyes. I shall rise in the morning to dulled points and splintered chisels; but '*when* you have cut your asterisk, you will know,' etc.,[2] and this is not the voice of a syren (see *Eagle's Nest*[3]), but of my honoured Master. . . . A terrible suspicion occurs to me that he thought no one would or could cut it! Obedience is a fine thing! How it works in the midst of difficulties, dust, and worst of all—doubt!

"*Fourth day.*—I think porphyry-cutting is delightful work: it is true that I have not done any to-day, but I have had my chisels sharpened, and two new ones have arrived from the blacksmith this evening, made out of old files. Also, I have covered my chisels with pretty blue paper, and my hammer with blue-and-white ribbon. I feel the importance of the step gained. Surely I may rest righteously after such labour. If they sing 'From Egypt lately come,' in church, I shall think it very personal.

"*Fifth day.*—My piece of porphyry is now enriched by a second star-fish, with a little more backbone in it, and two dividing lines. I worked on the lawn this morning, under the chestnut trees;—the derision of the Amorite gardener (who was mowing the grass *with a scythe*) was manifested by the remark 'Is *that-t* all!' I told him about the Egyptian tombs, but he probably thinks me mildly insane; he however suggested a flat edge instead of a point to a chisel, and I will try it.

"*Sixth day.*—Had lead hammer cast, and waited for chisel.

"*Seventh day.*—With third hammer and seventh chisel will surely charm the porphyry.

"But, no! my latest asterisk is jagged in outline instead of sharp. I wonder what attempts others have made. Any one living in or near a blacksmith's shop would have an advantage, for the chisels are always wanting hardening, or rectifying in some way; and my blue papers soon disappeared. If obedience for the sake of obedience is angelic, I must be an exalted creature. One Amorite's suggestion was, 'You would do a deal better with a softer material.' This was the voice of the tempter.

"What is gained?—(besides a lifelong affection for porphyry)—a knowledge of one more thing that I can*not* do; an admiration (to a certain extent) of those who could do it; and a wonder as to what the Master will require next of (amongst others) his faithful and obedient disciple."

24. (VII.) Portion of valuable letter from Mr. Sillar:—

"KINGSWOOD LODGE, LEE GREEN, S.E.,
"*August 7th*, 1876.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—It may interest your correspondent, 'A Reader of *Fors*,'[4] and possibly yourself also, to know that interested persons have altered old John Wesley's rules to suit modern ideas.

[1] [See above, p. 605.]
[2] [See above, p. 573.]
[3] [See *Eagle's Nest*, § 74 (Vol. XXII. p. 175).]
[4] [See Letter 68, § 9 *n.* (p. 673).]

"Rules of the Methodist Societies (Tyerman's *Life and Times of Wesley*, p. 431).

"Rule.—Leader to receive once a week what members are willing to give towards *relief of the poor*.

"Altered to 'support of the Gospel.'

"*Going to law* forbidden, is altered to '*brother* going to law with *brother*.'

"Original Rule.—The giving or taking things on usury, the words have been added, 'that is, unlawful interest.'

"Mr. Tyerman remarks, 'the curious reader will forgive these trifles.'

"I for one do not at all feel disposed to do so."[1]

(Nor does St. George; nor has he either leave, or hope, to say, "God forgive them.")

[1] [For an answer to this letter, see Letter 71, § 18 (p. 750).]

LETTER 70

PROPERTY TO WHOM PROPER[1]

1. I HAVE been not a little pestered this month by the quantities of letters, which I can't wholly cure myself of the weakness of reading, from people who fancy that, like other political writers of the day, I print, on the most important subjects, the first thing that comes into my head; and may be made immediately to repent of what I have said, and generally to see the error of my ways, by the suggestions of their better judgment.

Letters of this sort do not surprise me if they have a Scottish postmark, the air of Edinburgh having always had a curiously exciting quality, and amazing power over weak heads; but one or two communications from modest and thoughtful English friends have seriously troubled me by the extreme simplicity of their objections to statements which, if not acceptable, I had at least hoped would have been intelligible to them.

2. I had, indeed, expected difficulty in proving to my readers the mischievousness of Usury; but I never thought to find confusion in their minds between Property itself, and its Interest. Yet I find this singular confusion at the root of the objections made by most of my cavilling correspondents: "How *are* we to live" (they say) "if, when we have saved a hundred pounds, we can't make a hundred and five of them, without any more trouble?"

Gentlemen and ladies all,—you are to live on your hundred pounds, saved; and if you want five pounds more,

[1] ["Property" and "The A B C of Property" were rejected titles for this Letter. For passages originally intended for the beginning of the Letter, see Appendix 17, Vol. XXIX. p. 570.]

you must go and work for five pounds more; just as a man who hasn't a hundred pounds must work for the first five he gets.

The following sentence, written by a man of real economical knowledge, expresses, with more than usual precision, the common mistake: "I much fear if your definition of Usury be correct, which is to the effect that it is a sin to derive money from the possession of capital, or otherwise than by our own personal work. Should we follow this proposition to its final logical conclusion, we must preach communism pure and simple, and contend that property is theft,—which God forbid."

To this correspondent I answered briefly, "Is my house not my property unless I let it for lodgings, or my wife not my property unless I prostitute her?"

3. But I believe it will be well, though I intended to enter on other matters this month, to repeat instead once more, in the shortest and strongest terms I can find, what I have now stated at least a hundred times[1] respecting the eternal nature and sanctity of "Property."

A man's "Property," the possession "proper" to him—his own, rightly so called, and no one else's on any pretence of their's—consists of,

A, The good things,

B, Which he has honestly got,

C, And can skilfully use.

That is the A B C of Property.

A. It must consist of good things—not bad ones. It is rightly called therefore a man's "Goods," not a man's "Bads."

If you have got a quantity of dung lodged in your drains, a quantity of fleas lodged in your bed, or a quantity of nonsense lodged in your brains,—that is not "Property," but the reverse thereof; the value to you of your drains, bed, and brains being thereby diminished, not increased.

[1] [See, for instance, Letters 5, 25, 28 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 90–95, 470, 521).]

Can you understand *that* much, my practical friend? *

B. It must be a good thing, honestly got. Nothing that you have stolen or taken by force, nor anything that your fathers stole or took by force, is your property. Nevertheless, the benignant law of Nature concerning any such holding, has always been quite manifestly that you may keep it—if you can,—so only that you acknowledge that and none other to be the condition of tenure.†

Can you understand that much more, my practical friend?

C. It must be not only something good, and not only something honestly got, but also something you can skilfully use.

For, as the old proverb, "You can't eat your pudding and have it," is utterly true in its bearing against Usury,—so also this reverse of it is true in confirmation of property —that you can't "have" your pudding unless you *can* eat it. It may be composed for you of the finest plums, and paid for wholly out of your own pocket; but if you can't stomach it—the pudding is not for *you*. Buy the finest horse on four legs, he is not "proper" to you if you can't ride him.[1] Buy the best book between boards,—Horace, or Homer, or Dante,—and if you don't know Latin, nor Greek, nor Christianity, the paper and boards are yours indeed, but the books—by no means.

You doubt this, my practical friend?

4. Try a child with a stick of barley-sugar;—tell him it is his, but he mustn't eat it; his face will express to you the fallaciousness of that principle of property in an unmistakable manner. But by the time he grows as old and

* I suppose myself, in the rest of this letter, to be addressing a "business man of the nineteenth century."

† Thus, in the earlier numbers of *Fors*, I have observed more than once,[2] to the present landholders of England, that they may keep their lands—if they can! Only let them understand that trial will soon be made, by the Laws of Nature, of such capacity in them.

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[1] [Compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 14 (Vol. XVII. p. 154).]

[2] [For references to the land question in the earlier numbers of *Fors*, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 30, 191, 233, 291, 368, 379-380, 471.]

stupid as you, perhaps he will buy barley-sugar that he can't taste, to please the public.

"I've no pleasure in that picture of Holman Hunt's," said a highly practical man of business to a friend of mine the other day, "nor my wife neither, for that matter; but I always buy under good advice as to market value; and one's collection isn't complete without one."

I am very doubtful, my stupid practical friend, whether you have wit enough to understand a word more of what I have got to say this month. However, I must say it on the chance. And don't think I am talking sentiment or metaphysics to you. This is the practicallest piece of lessoning you ever had in your days, if you can but make it out;—that you can only possess wealth according to your own capacity of it. An ape can only have wealth of nuts, and a dog of bones,* an earth-worm of earth, a charnel-worm of flesh, a West-end harlot of silk and champagne, an East-end harlot of gauze and gin, a modern average fine lady of such meat and drink, dress, jewels, and furniture, as the vile tradesmen of the day can provide, being limited even in the enjoyment of these,—for the greater part of what she calls "hers," she wears or keeps, either for the pleasure of others, if she is good, or for their mortification, if she is wicked,—but assuredly not for herself. When I buy a missal, or a picture, I buy it for myself, and expect everybody to say to me, What a selfish brute you are! But when a lady walks about town with three or four yards of silk tied in a bundle behind her, she doesn't see it herself, or benefit by it herself: she carries it for the benefit of beholders. When she has put all her

* A *masterless* dog, I should have written, but wanted to keep my sentence short and down to my practical friend's capacity. For if the dog have the good fortune to find a master, he has a possession thenceforth, better than bones; and which, indeed, he will, at any moment, leave, not his meat only, but his life for.[1]

[1] [Compare, above, p. 21.]

diamonds on in the evening, tell her to stay at home and enjoy them in radiant solitude; and the child, with his forbidden barley-sugar, will not look more blank. She carries her caparison either for the pleasure or for the mortification of society; and can no more enjoy its brilliancy by herself than a chandelier can enjoy having its gas lighted.

5. We must leave out of the question, for the moment,[1] the element of benevolence which may be latent in toilette;* for the main economical result of the action of the great law that we can only have wealth according to our capacity, in modern Europe at this hour, is that the greater part of its so-called wealth is composed of things suited to the capacity of harlots and their keepers,—(including in the general term harlot, or daughter of Babylon,[2] both the unmarried ones, and the married ones who have sold themselves for money),—as of watches, timepieces, tapestries, china, and any kind of pictures or toys good for bedrooms and boudoirs; but that, of any wealth which harlots and keepers of harlots have no mind to, Europe at present takes no cognizance whatsoever.

Now, what the difference may be in the quality of property which honest and dishonest women like is—for you, my practical friend—quite an unfathomable question; but you can at least understand that all the china, timepieces, and lewd pictures, which form the main "property" of Paris and her imitators, are verily, in the *commercial* sense of the word, property; and would be estimated as such by any Jew in any bankruptcy court; yet the harlots don't lend their china or timepieces, on usury, nor make an income out of their bed-*hangings*,—do they? So that you see it is perfectly possible to have property, and a very costly quantity of it, without making any profit of such capital!

* It is a very subtle and lovely one, not to be discussed hurriedly.

[1] [Ruskin did not return to the question.]
[2] [Psalms cxxxvii. 8; Isaiah xlvii. 1. Compare, above, p. 502.]

But the harlots have another kind of capital which you, my blind practical friend, don't call "Property"; but which I, having the use of my eyes as well as of my hands, do. They have beauty of body;—many of them, also, wit of mind. And on these two articles of property, you observe, my friend, being much *more* their own, and much more valuable things, if they knew it, than china and timepieces—on these they do make an annual income, and turn them over, as you call it, several times perhaps in the year.

Now, if beauty of body and wit of tongue can be thus made sources of income, you will rank them perhaps, even as I do, among articles of wealth.

6. But, in old usury, there was yet another kind of treasure held account of—namely, Beauty of Heart, and Wit of Brains;—or what was shortly called by the Greek usurers, Psyche—(you may have heard the word before, my practical friend; but I do not expect you to follow me further). And this Psyche, or Soul, was held by the two great old masters of economy—that is to say, by Plato[1] and David—the best property of all that a man had; except only one thing, which the soul itself must be starved without, yet which you would never guess, my practical friend, if you guessed yourself into your grave, to be an article of property at all! The Law of God, of which David says, "My *soul fainteth* for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments," or in terms which you can perhaps better understand, "The law of thy mouth is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver."[2]

But indeed the market value of this commodity has greatly fallen in these times. "Damn the Laws of God," answered a City merchant of standing to a personal friend of mine, who was advising him the other day to take a little of that capital into his business.

[1] [See below, § 11.]
[2] [Psalms cxix. 20, 72.]

7. Then, finally, there is just one article of property more to be catalogued, and I have done. The Lawgiver Himself, namely; the Master of masters, whom when, as human dogs, we discover, and can call our own Master, we are thenceforth ready to die for, if need be. Which Mr. Harrison and the other English gentlemen who are at present discussing, in various magazines,[1] the meaning of the word "religion"* (appearing never to have heard in the course of their education, of either the word "lictor" or "ligature"[2]), will find, is, was, and will be, among all educated scholars, the perfectly simple meaning of that ancient word; and that there can be no such thing, even for sentimental Mr. Harrison, as a religion of Manity, nor for the most orthodox hunting parson, as a religion of Dogity;[3] nor for modern European civilization as a religion of Bitchity, without such submission of spirit to the worshipped Power as shall in the most literal sense "bind" and chain us to it for ever.

8. And now, to make all matters as clear as may be, I will put down in the manner of a Dutch auction—proceeding to the lower valuation,—the articles of property, rightly so called, which belong to any human creature.

(I.) The Master, or Father, in the old Latin phrase, "Pater *Noster*"; of whom David wrote,[4] "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I

* See "definition" quoted as satisfactory in *Anthropological Magazine*, "the belief in spiritual beings," which would make the devil a religious person, inasmuch as he both believes—and fears.

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[1] [Mr. Harrison's article, already referred to (pp. 614, 619 *nn.*), in the *Contemporary Review* for May 1876, was prompted by one in the March number by Mark Pattison.]

[2] [Compare, above, pp. 156, 701, where Ruskin again discusses the meaning of the word—a subject on which various opinions were prevalent among the ancients. Cicero derived it from *relegere* (*Nat. Deorum*, ii. 28, 72); but Servius (*ad* Verg., *Æn.*, viii. 349) from *religare*. Modern etymologists agree with Ruskin in accepting the latter derivation, assuming as the root *lig* (*to bind*), whence also *lic-tor*, *lex*, ob-*lig*-atio. Compare also *Val d'Arno*, § 230 (Vol. XXIII. p. 134).]

[3] [See above, p. 701.]

[4] [Psalms lxxiii. 25.]

desire beside Thee;" but this possession includes, in Plato's catalogue, the attendant spirits, "θεοὺς, ὄντας δεσπότας, καὶ τοὺς τούτοις ἑπομένους"—"the Gods, being Masters, and those next to them,"[1] specially signified in another place as "the Gods, and the Angels, and the Heroes, and the Spirits of our Home, and our Ancestors."[2]

(II.) The Law or Word of God, which the Bible Society professes to furnish for eighteenpence. But which, indeed, as often heretofore stated in *Fors Clavigera*, is by no means to be had at that low figure:[3] the whole long hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm[4] being little more than one agonizing prayer for the gift of it; and a man's life well spent if he has truly received and learned to read ever so little a part of it.

(III.) The Psyche, in its sanity, and beauty (of which, when I have finished my inventory, I will give Plato's estimate in his own words[5]). Some curious practical results have followed from the denial of its existence by modern philosophers; for the true and divine distinction between "genera" of animals, and quite the principal "origin of species" in them, is in their Psyche:[6] but modern naturalists, not being able to vivisect the Psyche, have on the whole resolved that animals are to be classed by their bones; and whereas, for instance, by divine distinction of Psyche, the Dog and Wolf are precisely opposite creatures in their function to the sheepfold; and, spiritually, the Dominican or Dog of the Lord,[7] is for ever in like manner opposed to the Wolf of the Devil, modern science, finding Dog and

[1] [*Laws*, v. 727 A. In giving the passage in its context lower down (§ 11), Ruskin curiously translates it differently (and less accurately). Compare Letter 82, § 19 *n.* (Vol. XXIX. p. 241).]

[2] [*Laws*, iv. 717 B.]

[3] [See especially Letter 65, § 1 (p. 587); and compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 17 (Vol. XVIII. p. 67).]

[4] [To Ruskin "the most precious" of all the Psalms: see Letter 53, § 3 (p. 319). For the numerous references to it in his books, see the General Index.]

[5] [See below, § 11.]

[6] [Compare *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 341.

[7] [Compare Letter 62, § 4 (p. 514).]

Wolf indistinguishable in their Bones, declares them to be virtually one and the same animal.*

(IV.) The Body, in its sanity and beauty: strength of it being the first simple meaning of what the Greeks called virtue; and the eternity of it being the special doctrine of the form of religion professed in Christendom under the name of Christianity.

(V.) The things good and pleasing to the Psyche: as the visible things of creation,—sky, water, flowers, and the like; and the treasured-up words or feats of other Spirits.

(VI.) The things good and pleasing to the Body: summed under the two heads of Bread and Wine, brought forth by the Amorite King of Salem.[1]

(VII.) The documents giving claim to the possession of these things, when not in actual possession; or "money."

9. This catalogue will be found virtually to include all the articles of wealth which men can either possess or lend (for the fourth, fully understood, means the entire treasure of domestic and social affection); and the law of their tenure is that a man shall neither sell nor lend that which is indeed his *own;* neither his God, his conscience, his soul, his body, or his wife's; his country, his house, nor his tools. But that things which are not "his own," but over which he has charge or authority (as of more land than he can plough, or more books than he can read), these he is bound

* See the last results of modern enlightenment on this subject in Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins's directions for the scientific representation of Dogs,[2] illustrated by the charming drawings of that great artist;—especially compare the learned outlines of head and paw in Plate II., and the delineation of head without Psyche in Plate III., with the ignorant efforts of Velasquez in such extremities and features in our fourth photograph.[3] Perhaps Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins will have the goodness, in his next edition, to show us how Velasquez ought to have expressed the Scapholinear, Cuneiform, Pisiform, Trapezium, Trapezoid, Magnum, and Unciform bones in those miserably drawn fore-paws.

[1] [Hebrews vii. 1, 2; and compare Letter 65, § 12 (p. 598).]

[2] [*The Artistic Anatomy of the Dog and Deer*, by B. Waterhouse Hawkins, F.L.S., F.G.S., with Illustrations Drawn on Wood by the Author, 1876. For another reference to the book, see Letter 75, § 11 (Vol. XXIX. p. 69).]

[3] [See p. 627.]

to lend or give, as he sees they may be made serviceable to others; and not for further gain to himself. Thus his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is, under penalties, bound to make his very excellent library at Lambeth serviceable to other scholars;[1] but it is not at all permitted to his Grace, by the laws of God, to use any part of the income derived from his pretty estate on the slope of the Addington Hills, for the purchase of books, by the loan of which, in the manner of Mr. Mudie, to the ignorant inhabitants of the village of Croydon, his Grace may at once add to his income (not more than) five per cent. on the capital thus laid out in literature; and to his dignity as a Christian pastor. I know, as it happens, more about the heather than the rents of his Grace's estate at Addington;[2] my father and I having taken much pleasure in its bloom, and the gleaming of bluebells amongst it—when he, in broken health, sought any English ground that Scottish flowers grew on,[3] and I was but a child;—so that I thought it would please him to be laid in his last rest at the feet of those brown hills.[4] And thus, as I say, I know somewhat of their flowers, but never inquired into their rents; and perhaps, as I rather hope, the sweet wood and garden ground serve only for his Grace's entertainment—not emolument: but even if only so, in these hard times his Grace must permit me to observe that he has quite as much earthly ground and lodging as any angel of the Lord can be supposed to require; and

[1] [The library at Lambeth Palace, now housed in the great Hall, was founded by Archbishop Bancroft (1610), who left by will "to his successors the Archbishops of Canterbury, for ever, a great and famous library of bookes of divinity, and of many other sorts of learning," provided that they bound themselves to the necessary assurances for the continuance of such books to the archbishops successively; otherwise, they were to be bequeathed to the "publique library of the University of Cambridge." At the Revolution the library was moved to Cambridge, but at the Restoration it was recalled by Archbishop Juxon to Lambeth. The library, which has been added to by gifts and bequests from many archbishops, is freely open to scholars.]

[2] [The country estate of the Archbishops of Canterbury was sold by Archbishop Temple, with the consent of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to Mr. F. A. English in July 1898.]

[3] [Compare the sub-title to *Proserpina:* "Studies of Wayside Flowers, while the air was yet pure among the Alps, and in the Scotland and England which my Father knew."]

[4] [For the grave of Ruskin's father, see Vol. XVII. p. lxxvii.]

is under no necessity of adding to his possessions by the practice of usury. I do not know if the Archbishop has in his library the works of Mr. Thackeray; but he probably has sometimes relieved his studies of the Christian Fathers with modern literature, and may remember a figure of an amiable and economical little school-boy who begins life by lending three halfpence, early in the week, to the boys who had outrun their income, for four halfpence at the week's end.[1] The figure of the same little boy grown into an Archbishop, and making a few pence extra on his episcopal income by the loan of his old school-books, did not, it appears, suggest itself to the lamented author; but here it is, in relief, for us:[2]—

"EAST SURREY HALL, MUSEUM AND LIBRARY COMPANY (LIMITED).

Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 *and* 1867.

PRESIDENT,

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER, ESQ., *High Sheriff of Surrey.*
S. BIRCH, ESQ., LL.D., etc., *British Museum.*
REV. DR. MOFFAT, *late African Missionary.*
THE HIGH BAILIFF OF THE BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK.
THE MAYOR OF REIGATE.

IT is proposed to found at Croydon * an Institution to be called the *East Surrey Hall, Museum and Library.* This Institution, to be placed in the largest town of Surrey, is intended for the benefit and use of the whole county.

* Being somewhat interested in Croydon, as readers of past *Fors* know,[3] and in Museums also, I give large print to these proposals.

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[1] [Bob Stubbs in *The Fatal Boots.*]
[2] [For another reference to this prospectus, see (in a later volume of this edition) *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder*, § 12.]
[3] [See the account of his Croydon relations in Letter 46 (pp. 170–171.)]

The Hall will be adapted for public meetings of every description, and it is hoped that it will also be an ornament to the town.

In the Museum it is intended to form a collection of objects of historic, scientific, and artistic interest, particularly of such as may be found in the County of Surrey. The Museum will be free.

The Library will consist of standard works of reference, arranged in rooms suitably furnished for the purposes of reading and study. In addition to works on general literature, it is intended to place in this Library, Books, Maps, and everything of the like nature, tending to elucidate the History, Topography, etc., of the County of Surrey, and especially of the Parish of Croydon. In the Company's Memorandum of Association it is expressly stipulated that one department of this Library shall be Free.

Other parts of the building will be so arranged as to be suitable for occupation, or for letting as offices to Friendly Societies and other Public Bodies.

The Capital required to found this Institution will be raised by means of Donations and One Pound Shares.

The Donations will be applied to carrying out all or any of the above objects, according as the Donor may desire.

The Articles of Association provide that "no dividend shall be declared in any one year exceeding in amount £5 per cent. per annum upon the amount of the Capital of the Company for the time being called up. If, in any one year, the net earnings of the Company would allow of a dividend exceeding in amount the said dividend of £5 per cent. per annum being declared, the Directors shall employ the surplus earnings in improving the buildings of the Company, or in the purchase of additional stock or effects, or otherwise, for the benefit of the Company, as the Directors for the time being shall from time to time determine."

Venice, 16*th September*, 1876.

10. I am weary, this morning, with vainly trying to draw the Madonna-herb clustered on the capitals of St. Mark's porch;[1] and mingling its fresh life with the marble acanthus leaves which saw Barbarossa receive the foot of the Primate of Christendom on his neck;[2]—wondering within myself all the while, which did not further my painting, how far the existing Primate of Canterbury, in modestly declining to set his foot upon the lion and the adder,[3] was bettering the temper of the third Alexander; and wondering yet more whether the appointment—as vice-defender of the Faith for Her Majesty—of Lord Lonsdale to be curator of Lancashire souls, in the number implied by the catalogue of livings in his patronage, given in our third article of Correspondence [p. 729], gave to the Lord of the Dales of Lune more of the character of the Pope, or the Lion?

11. What may be the real value of the Lancashire souls as a property in trust, we may, perhaps, as clearly gather from the following passage of Plato as from any Christian political economist:[4]—

"And now, whosoever has been content to hear me speaking of the Gods, and of our dear ancestors, let him yet hear me in this. For next to the Gods, of all his possessions his soul is the mightiest, being the most his own.

"And the nature of it is in all things twofold; the part that is stronger and better, ruling, and the part that is weaker and worse, serving; and the part of it that rules is always to be held in honour before that that serves. I command, therefore, every man that he should rightly honour his soul, calling it sacred, next to the Gods and the higher Powers attendant on them.

"And indeed, to speak simply, none of us honours his soul rightly, but

[1] [Possibly Plate E in Vol. X. (p. 156); for it appears from the present passage that the vegetation on the capitals had remained at a much later date than is assumed in the editorial description of that plate (p. lxiv.).]

[2] [See Vol. IX. p. 28.]

[3] [Psalms xci. 13. Ruskin's note for his intended Index explains that "Usury" is "the adder (that biteth the horse heels)": Genesis xlix. 17.]

[4] [*Laws*, the beginning of book v.: 726–728 A.]

thinks he does. For Honour is a divine good, nor can any evil thing bring it,[a] or receive; and he who thinks to magnify his soul by any gifts to it, or sayings, or submittings, which yet do not make it better from less good, seems indeed to himself to honour it, but does so in nowise.

"For example, the boy just become man thinks himself able to judge of all things; and thinks that he honours his own soul in praising it; and eagerly commits to its doing whatsoever it chooses to do.

"But, according to what has been just said, in doing this he injures and does not honour his soul, which, second to the Gods, he is bound to honour.

"Neither when a man holds himself not guilty of his own errors, nor the cause of the most and the greatest evils that befall him;[b] but holds others to be guilty of them, and himself guiltless, always;—honouring his own soul, as it seems; but far away is he from doing this, for he injures it; neither when he indulges it with delights beyond the word and the praise of the Lawgiver;[c]—then he in nowise honours it, but disgraces, filling it with weaknesses and repentances; neither when he does not toil through, and endure patiently, the contraries of these pleasures, the divinely praised Pains, and Fears, and Griefs, and Mournings, but yields under them; then he does not honour it in yielding; but, in doing all these things, accomplishes his soul in dishonour; neither (even if living honourably)[d] when he thinks that life is wholly good, does he honour it, but shames it, then also weakly allowing his soul in the thought that all things in the invisible world are evil; and not resisting it, nor teaching it that it does not know but that, so far from being evil, the things that belong to the Gods of that world may be for us the best of all things. Neither when we esteem beauty of body more than beauty of soul, for nothing born of the Earth is more honourable than what is born of Heaven; and he who thinks so of his soul knows not that he is despising his marvellous possession: neither when one desires to obtain money in any dishonourable way, or having so obtained it, is not indignant and unhappy therefore—does he honour his soul with gifts; far otherwise: he has given away the glory and honour of it for a spangle of gold; and all the gold that is on the earth, and under the earth, is not a price for virtue."

[a] I have no doubt of the mingled active sense of *τίμιος* in this sentence,[1] necessary by the context; while also the phrase would be a mere flat truism, if the word were used only in its ordinary passive meaning.

[b] To see clearly that whatever our fates may have been, the heaviest calamity of them—and, in a sort, the only real calamity—is our own causing, is the true humility which indeed we profess with our lips, when our heart is far from it.[2]

[c] Pleasures which the Word of God, or of the earthly Lawgiver speaking in His Name, does not allow, nor *praise;* for all right pleasures it praises, and forbids sadness as a grievous sin.

[d] This parenthesis is in Plato's mind, visibly, though not in his words.

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[1] [*θεῖον γὰρ ἀγαθόν που τιμή, τῶν δὲ κακῶν οὐδὲν τίμιον.*]
[2] [Matthew xv. 8.]

12. That is as much of Plato's opinions concerning the Psyche as I can write out for you to-day; in next *Fors*, I may find you some parallel ones of Carpaccio's:[1] meantime I have to correct a mistake in *Fors*, which it will be great delight to all Amorites to discover; namely, that the Princess, whom I judged to be industrious because she went on working while she talked to her father about her marriage, cannot, on this ground, be praised beyond Princesses in general; for, indeed, the little mischief, instead of working, as I thought,—while her father is leaning his head on his hand in the greatest distress at the thought of parting with her,—is trying on her marriage ring![2]

[1] [See p. 732; also Letter 72, § 7 (pp. 761–762).]
[2] [See Letter 20, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 347).]

13. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I am sending in gifts to the men at Sheffield, wealth of various kinds, in small instalments—but in secure forms. Five bits of opal; the market value of one, just paid to Mr. Wright, of Great Russell Street, £3;[1] a beryl, of unusual shape, ditto, £2; a group of emeralds, from the mine of Holy Faith of Bogota, and two pieces of moss gold,—market value £2, 10s., —just paid to Mr. Tennant. Also, the first volume of the Sheffield Library; an English Bible of the thirteenth century,—market value £50,—just paid to Mr. Ellis.[2] I tell these prices only to secure the men's attention, because I am not sure what acceptant capacity they have for them. When once they recognize the things themselves to be wealth,—when they can see the opals, know the wonderfulness of the beryl, enjoy the loveliness of the golden fibres, read the illuminations of the Bible page,—they will not ask what the cost, nor consider what they can get for them. I don't believe they will think even of lending their Bible out on usury.

I have no subscriptions, or other progress of the Society, to announce this month.

14. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I am a little ashamed of my accounts this time, having bought a missal worth £320 for myself, and only given one worth £50 to Sheffield. I might state several reasons, more or less excusing this selfishness; one being that the £50 Bible is entirely perfect in every leaf, but mine wants the first leaf of Genesis; and is not, therefore, with all its beauty, fit for the first volume of the library. But it is one of my present principles of action not at all to set myself up for a reformer, and it must be always one not to set up for a saint; and I must beg my severely judging readers, in the meantime, rather to look at what I have done, than at what I have left undone, of the things I ask others to do. To the St. George's Fund I have given a tenth of my living,—and much more than the tenth of the rest was before, and is still, given to the poor. And if any of the rich people, whom we all know, will do as much as this, I believe you may safely trust them to discern and do what is right with the portion they keep (if kept openly, and not Ananias-fashion[3]), and if you press them farther, the want of grace is more likely on your part than theirs. I have never, myself, felt so much contempt for any living creature as for a miserable Scotch woman—curiously enough of Burns' country, and of the Holy Willie breed,[4]—whom I once

[1] [O. 3. in the Sheffield Catalogue: see Vol. XXVI. p. 429. The "beryl of unusual shape" is 9 B. 1 in the Museum; the "group of emeralds," 9 E. 1; and the pieces of moss gold are in Case G.]

[2] [See above, Letters 69, § 18 *n.* (p. 703), 73, § 4, and 86, § 1 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 16, 335.]

[3] [Acts v.]

[4] [That is, of course, hypocritical: see the note to "Holy Willie's Prayer" in Burns. For another reference to the poem, see Ruskin's note on line 143 of Sidney's Psalter in *Rock Honeycomb.*]

by mischance allowed to come and stay in my house; and who, asking, when I had stated some general truths of the above nature, "why I kept my own pictures;" and being answered that I kept them partly as a national property, in my charge, and partly as my tools of work,—said "she liked to see how people reasoned when their own interests were touched;"—the wretch herself evidently never in all her days having had one generous thought which could not have been smothered if it had touched "her own interest," and being therefore totally unable to conceive any such thought in others.

15. Farther, as to the price I ask for my books, and my continuing to take rent for my house property, and interest from the Bank,[1] I must request my readers still for a time to withhold their judgment;—though I willingly insert the following remonstrance addressed to my publisher on the subject by an American Quaker gentleman, whose benevolent satisfaction in sending Mr. Sillar's three shillings to St. George's Fund, has induced him farther to take this personal interest in the full carrying out of all my principles.

"33, Oak Street, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.,
"11*th mo.* 4*th.* 1875.

"George Allen.

"Respected Friend,—I have paid to the Post Office here, to be paid to thee in London, the equivalent of three shillings, which I have been requested to forward to thee for the St. George's Fund, in payment for W. C. Sillar's pamphlets on Usury.

"Thy Friend,
"Edward Rushmore.

"*P.S.*—I am a constant reader of *Fors Clavigera*, and was by it put in the way to obtain W. C. Sillar's pamphlets. I have abandoned the practice of usury, and take pleasure in the thought that the payment for the pamphlets, though trifling, goes to St. George's Fund. I sincerely wish Mr. Ruskin could feel it his duty to act promptly in withdrawing his money from usury. I think it would increase tenfold the force of his teaching on the subject. Please show this to him if convenient.—E. Rushmore."

16. I am partly, indeed, of my correspondent's way of thinking in this matter; but I must not allow myself to be dazzled by his munificence into an undue respect for his opinion; and I beg to assure him, and one or two other religious gentlemen who have had the goodness to concern themselves about my inconsistency, that the change in my mode of life which they wish me to carry out, while it would cause no inconvenience to *me*, seeing that I have before now lived in perfect comfort, and could now live in what is much more to me than comfort—peace—on a couple of guineas a week; plaguing myself no more either with authorship or philanthropy, and asking only so much charity from the Bursar of Corpus as to take charge for me of the sum of £2000 sterling, and dole me out my guineas from that dead capital monthly,—the surplus, less burial expenses, to be spent in MSS. for Corpus library at my death;—while, I say, this would be an entirely satisfactory arrangement, and serenely joyful release from care, to myself, it would be an exceedingly inconvenient arrangement to a number of persons who are at present dependent on me for daily bread, and who, not sharing

[1] [See Letter 44, § 14 (p. 139), and the passages there noted.]

my views about Interest, would have no consolation in their martyrdom. For which, and sundry valid reasons besides, I once for all assure my conscientious correspondents that the time is not yet come for me to do more than I have done already, and that I shall receive without cavilling, or asking for more, the tenth part of their own fortunes for St. George, with extreme pleasure.[1]

THE MASTER'S ACCOUNTS

		£	s.	d.
Aug. 21.	Crawley (*a*)	30	0	0
,,	George Inn, Aylesbury (*b*)	30	0	0
23.	Circular notes (*c*)	200	0	0
,,	Downs	50	0	0
25.	Annie Brickland[2]	10	0	0
Sept. 1.	Raffaelle[3]	10[4]	0	0
,,	Bernard Quaritch	320	0	0
		£655	0	0
	Balance, Aug. 15th	596	12	8
	Sale of £500 Bank Stock	1279	8	0
		1876	0	8
		655	0	0
	Balance, Sept. 15th	£1221	0	8

(*a*) Quarterly wages.

(*b*) Representing some dinners to friends; also exploring drives in the neighbourhood.

(*c*) Fast melting away in expensive inns, the only ones in which I can be quiet. If some pious young English boys and girls, instead of setting up for clergymen and clergywomen, would set up, on their marriage, for publicans, and keep clean parlours, lavendered sheets, and honest fare, all for honest price, for poor wanderers, like myself, I doubt not their reward would be great in Heaven.[5]

17. (III.) From *Carlisle Journal*, August 18th, 1876:—

"The deceased nobleman[6] was the third Earl of the second creation of the title. He was born on the 27th of March, 1818, and was consequently fifty-eight years of age when he died. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, taking the degree of M.A. in 1838. In 1841 he entered the Life Guards as Cornet, and retired as Captain in 1854. From 1847 to 1872 he represented West Cumberland in Parliament in the Conservative interest, and succeeded to the title of Earl of Lonsdale upon the death of his uncle in 1872. He was Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Hon. Colonel of the Royal Cumberland Militia, and of Cumberland Rifle Volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel of Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry Cavalry.

"The Earl was patron of more than forty church livings in this diocese. The following, forty-three in number, were, for the most part, wholly at his disposal,

[1] [Compare Letter 80 (Vol. XXIX. p. 180).]
[2] [See Letter 67, § 23 (p. 661 *n.*).]
[3] [Carloforti, the artist: see above, p. 583; and below, p. 769.]
[4] [This should be £15; for the author's correction, see Letter 72, § 13 (p. 769).]
[5] [Matthew v. 12. Compare Letter 36, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671).]
[6] [See above, § 10.]

and of course descend to his successor:—Aikton, Armathwaite, Bootle, Bolton, Bowness, Brigham, Buttermere, Cockermouth, Cleator, Corney, Distington, Embleton, Gosforth, Hensingham, Haile, Kirkandrews-upon-Eden, Kirkbride, Lorton, Loweswater, Morseby, Mosser, St. Bees, Threlkeld, Whicham, Whitbeck; St. James, Christ Church, St. Nicholas, and Holy Trinity, Whitehaven; Askham, Bampton, Barton, Kirkby Stephen, Lowther, Patterdale, Clifton, Ravenstondale, Shap, Startforth (Yorkshire), Bampton Kirk, Orton, St. John's-in-the-Vale, and Crosthwaite.

"The late Lord Lonsdale never took a prominent public part in political life, although he had a seat in the House of Commons for twenty-five years; but he had won much personal popularity as a country gentleman. In agriculture he was naturally interested, the rental of his landed estates in Cumberland alone being over £40,000 a year, and in Westmoreland nearly as much more; but it was that department concerning the breeding of horses to which he turned most attention. In the development of this taste he became an active member of the Turf. His horse 'King Lud' won the Cesarewitch Stakes in 1873, and it was its noble owner's ambition to win the Cumberland Plate with it the following year. An unfortunate accident, however, lost him the race, and as in the previous year the breakdown of 'The Preacher' had also proved a disappointment, he did not try again. But horse-racing was not the only kind of sport with which the late Earl was closely connected. In the hunting-field he was a popular M.F.H., but only the other day it was announced that failing health had compelled him to say that he could not after next season hunt the Cottesmore hounds, of which he has held the mastership for six years.

"The remains of the deceased peer were removed to Lowther Castle on Tuesday evening, and several members of the Town and Harbour Board accompanied them from Whitehaven Castle to the railway station. The hearse was followed by two mourning coaches, containing the Viscount Lowther and Colonel Williams; Mr. R. A. Robinson, Mr. Mawson, and Mr. Borthwick. After these followed servants in the employ of the late lord, the trustees, and other inhabitants.

"The funeral will probably take place to-morrow or on Monday, at the family mausoleum at Lowther.

"The flags on the public buildings of Whitehaven and Carlisle have since Tuesday been displayed half-mast high."

The *Sportsman* contains the following memoir of the late Lord Lonsdale as a patron of the Turf:—

"When he succeeded his uncle to the title of Earl of Lonsdale, in 1872, he relinquished his parliamentary duties. It was then that the observance of a very ancient custom devolved upon him—that of giving a cup to be raced for on Burgh Marsh, the contest to be confined to horses bred in the barony. The only occasions of race meetings being held on the Marsh, or foreshores of the Solway, are when there is a new Lord-Lieutenant of Cumberland; and from having assisted at the meeting—the management of which was entrusted to Mr. Lawley—I can well remember with what zeal his lordship entered into the rural sports, and the graceful speech he made when he presented the cup to Major Browne, who won with 'The Crow,' a son of 'Grand Secret,' that had been travelling the county. It was the especial delight of Lord Lonsdale that the winner was ridden by Jem Snowden—a native of Carlisle; and he presented the jockey with a handsome whip, and complimented the Cumberland horseman on his riding. There were not less than sixty thousand people present, and within almost a stone's-throw of the Grand Stand was the monument put up to mark the spot where died King Edward, who was on his way to Scotland when death overtook him. Lord Lonsdale acted as steward of Carlisle Races for years, and he took a great deal of interest in the meeting, as he also did in the local gathering on Harras Moor, close to Whitehaven."

18. (IV.) I am very grateful for the following piece of letter (as for all other kindness from the Companion to whom I owe it); and really I think it is "enough to make one give up wearing Valenciennes."[1]

"*August 9th*, 1876.

"MY DEAR MASTER,—I have tried in vain to resist those words in the August *Fors*,—'*some one tell me*,'[2] but at last resolve to say my say, trusting to your indulgence if it is in vain.

"Some years ago, a friend of mine visiting Brussels went over the Royal Lace Manufactory, and seeing a woman busily at work on a very fine, and, according to the then fashion, large, collar, went up to her, and inquired how long she had been over this one piece. The woman answered, four years; and handed the work for my friend to examine more closely, but without changing her position, or lifting her eyes from the spot on which they were fixed; and on being asked the reason of this, said it would take too long time to have again to *fix* her eyes, so she kept them to the *one* spot through all the working hours. This is quite true. But the women were working in a large, light room—I doubt the correctness of the dark cellar, and do not see the reason for it—but all who have ever done any fine work can understand the loss of time in moving the eyes. But, after all, is lace-making worse for women than the ceaseless treadle movement of the sewing-machine? Lace-making hurts eyes only; the machine injures the whole woman —so I am told."

19. (V.) A letter from a Methodist minister, though written on the 14th, only reaches me here at Venice on the 28th. It will appear in next *Fors*.[3] The gist of it is contradiction of Mr. Sillar's statement that the Wesleyans altered John Wesley's rules. "The alterations, whether good or bad" (says my new correspondent), "were made by himself." I am not surprised to hear this; for had Wesley been a wise Christian, there would no more, now, have been Wesleyan than Apollosian[4] ministers.

[1] [See Letter 68, § 27 (p. 685).]
[2] [*Ibid.*]
[3] [See Letter 71, § 18 (p. 750).]
[4] [See 1 Corinthians i. 12. Compare the next Letter, § 18 (p. 750).]

LETTER 71

THE FEUDAL RANKS[1]

VENICE, *4th October*, 1876.

1. I AM able at last to give you some of the long-promised opinions of Carpaccio on practical subjects;[2] not that, except ironically, I ever call them "opinions." There are certain men who *know* the truths necessary to human life; they do not "opine" them; and nobody's "opinions," on any subject, are of any consequence opposed to them.[3] Hesiod is one of these, Plato another, Dante another, Carpaccio is another. He speaks little, and among the inspired painters may be thought of as one of the lesser prophets; but his brief book is of extreme value.

I have been happy enough to get two of my faithful scholars to work upon it for me; and they have deciphered it nearly all—much more, at all events, than I can tell you either in this *Fors*, or in several to come.

2. His message is written in the Venetian manner, by painting the myths of the saints, in his own way.

If you will look into the introduction to the *Queen of the Air*, you will find it explained that a great myth *can* only be written in the central time of a nation's power.[4] This prophecy of Carpaccio's may be thought of by you as the sweetest, *because* the truest, of all that Venice was born to utter: the painted syllabling of it is nearly the last work and word of hers in true life. She speaks it, and virtually, thereafter, dies, or begins to die.

It is written in a series of some eighteen to twenty

[1] [See below, § 9. "The Feudal System," and "St. Ursula" were rejected titles for this Letter.]

[2] [See Letters 18, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 314), and 70, § 12 (above, p. 726).]

[3] [Compare Letter 6, §§ 2, 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 99).]

[4] [Lecture I., §§ 7 *seq.* (Vol. XIX. p. 301).]

pictures, chiefly representing the stories of St. Ursula, St. George, and St. Jerome.[1]

The first, in thoughtful order, of these, the dream of St. Ursula, has been already partly described in *Fors* (Letter 20, § 14[2]). The authorities of the Venetian Academy have been kind enough to take the picture down and give it me to myself, in a quiet room, where I am making studies, which I hope will be of use in Oxford, and elsewhere.

3. But there is this to be noted before we begin; that of these three saints, whose stories Carpaccio tells, one is a quite real one, on whose penman's work we depend for our daily Bible-bread.[3] Another, St. George, is a very dimly real one,—very disputable by American faith,[4] and we owe to him, only in England, certain sentiments;—the Order of the Garter, and sundry signboards of the George and Dragon. Venice supposed herself to owe more to him; but he is nevertheless, in her mind also, a very ghostly saint,—armour and all, too light to sink a gondola.[5]

Of the third, St. Ursula, by no industry of my good scholars, and none has been refused, can I find the slightest material trace. Under scholarly investigation, she vanishes utterly into the stars and the æther,—and literally, as you will hear, and see, into moonshine, and the modern German meaning of everything,[6]—the Dawn.* Not a relic, not a

* The primary form in which the legend shows itself is a Nature myth, in which Ursula is the Bud of flowers, enclosed in its rough or hairy calyx, and her husband, Æther—the air of spring. She opens into lovely life with "eleven" thousand other flowers—their fading is their sudden martyrdom. And—says your modern philosopher—"That's all"!

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[1] [For an account of these pictures, and Ruskin's work upon them, see the Introduction to Vol. XXIV. pp. lv.–lvii.]

[2] [Vol. XXVII. p. 343. For the subsequent re-hanging of the St. Ursula pictures, see Vol. XXIV. p. liv.]

[3] [For St. Jerome's translation of the Bible (the Vulgate), see *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iii. § 40.]

[4] [See Letter 26, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 475); Emerson on St. George.]

[5] [The reference is apparently to the legend of the great storm in 1341, when St. George (with St. Mark and St. Nicholas) entered a boat and exorcised the demons who were bent on destroying Venice.]

[6] [See, for instance, Lecture XI. ("Myths of the Dawn") in Max Müller's *Lectures on the Science of Language.*]

word remains of her, as what Mr. John Stuart Mill calls "a utility embodied in a material object."[1]

The whole of her utility is Immaterial—to us in England, immaterial, of late years, in every conceivable sense. But the strange thing is that Carpaccio paints, of the substantial and indisputable saint, only three small pictures; of the disputable saint, three more important ones; but of the entirely aerial saint, a splendid series, the chief labour of his life.

The chief labour;—and chief rest, or play, it seems also: questionable in the extreme as to the temper of Faith in which it is done.

4. We will suppose, however, at first, for your better satisfaction, that in composing the pictures he no more believed there ever had been a Princess Ursula than Shakespeare, when he wrote *Midsummer Night's Dream*, believed there had been a Queen Hippolyta: and that Carpaccio had just as much faith in angels as Shakespeare in fairies —and no more. Both these artists, nevertheless, set themselves to paint, the one fairies, the other angels and saints, for popular—entertainment (say your modern sages), or popular—instruction, it may yet appear. But take it your own way; and let it be for popular amusement. This play, this picture which I am copying for you, were, both of them we will say, toys, for the English and Venetian people.

5. Well, the next question is, whether the English and Venetians, when they *could* be amused with these toys, were more foolish than now, when they can only be amused with steam merry-go-rounds.

Below St. George's land at Barmouth, large numbers of the English populace now go to bathe. Of the Venetians, beyond St. George's island, many go now to bathe on the sands of Lido. But nobody thinks of playing a play about queens and fairies, to the bathers on the Welsh beach. The modern intellectual teacher erects swings upon

[1] [See Letter 4, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 64).]

the beach. There the suspended population oscillate between sea and sky, and are amused. Similarly in Venice, no decorative painter at Lido thinks of painting pictures of St. Nicholas of the Lido, to amuse the modern Venetian. The white-necktied orchestra plays them a "pot-pourri," and their steamer squeaks to them, and they are amused.[1]

And so sufficiently amused, that I, hearing with sudden surprise and delight the voice of native Venetian Punch last night, from an English ship, and instantly inquiring, with impatience, why I had not had the happiness of meeting him before, found that he was obliged to take refuge as a runaway, or exile, under the British Flag, being forbidden in his own Venice, for evermore—such the fiat of liberty towards the first Apostolic Vicar thereof.[2]

6. I am willing, however, for my own part, to take Carpaccio a step farther down in the moral scale still. Suppose that he painted this picture, not even to amuse his public—but to amuse himself!

To a great extent I *know* that this is true. I know —(you needn't ask how, because you can't be shown how, —but I *do* know, trust me), that he painted this picture greatly to amuse himself, and had extreme delight in the doing of it; and if he did not actually believe that the princess and angel ever were, at least he heartily wished there had been such persons, and could be.

Now this is the first step to real faith. There may never have been saints: there may be no angels,—there may be no God. Professors Huxley and Tyndall are of opinion that there is no God: they have never found one in a bottle. Well: possibly there isn't; but, my good Sheffield friends, do you wish there was? or are you of the French Republican opinion—"If there were a God, we should have to shoot him"[3] as the first great step

[1] [See Letter 42, § 5 (p. 94).]

[2] [Punchinello, or Policinello, was perhaps more a "native" of Rome, and in later days more at home in Naples than in Venice. Wherever he went, however, he was like his ancestor, the Maccus of the ancient Romans, a chartered libertine and a favourite instrument of audacious political satire.]

[3] [Compare Letter 53, § 11 (p. 328).]

towards the "abolition of caste" proposed by our American friends?*

7. You will say, perhaps,—It is not a proper intellectual state to approach such a question in, to wish anything about it. No, assuredly not,—and I have told you so myself, many a time.[1] But it is an entirely proper state to fit you for being approached by the Spirits that you wish for, if there are such. And if there are not, it can do you no harm.

Nor, so long as you distinctly understand it to be a wish, will it warp your intellect. "Oh, if I had but Aladdin's lamp, or Prince Houssain's carpet!" thinks the rightly-minded child, reading its *Arabian Nights*.[2] But he does not take to rubbing his mother's lamps, nor to squatting on scraps of carpet, hopefully.

Well—concerning these Arabian nights of Venice and the Catholic Church. Carpaccio thinks,—"Oh, if there had but been such a Princess as this—if there could but be! At least I can paint one, and delight myself in the image of her!"

8. Now, can you follow him so far as this? Do you really wish there were such a Princess? Do you so much as want any kind of Princess? Or are your aims fixed on the attainment of a world so constituted that there shall be no Princesses in it any more,—but only Helps in the kitchen, who shall "come upstairs to play the piano," according to the more detailed views of the American Socialist, displayed in our correspondence?[3]

I believe you can scarcely so much as propose this question to yourselves, not knowing clearly what a Princess

* Correspondence, Article VI. [p. 753].

[1] [See, for instance, Letter 53, § 4 (p. 319), where Ruskin speaks of the dangers of "any warp of mind," and *Time and Tide*, § 37 (Vol. XVII. p. 350) where he condemns the acceptance or rejection of doctrines according to one's fancy. With the passage in the text here, compare Vol. VII. p. 260 ("to a being undesirous of it, revelation is impossible").]

[2] [For other references to the "History of Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp," see Vol. XIX. p. 74; and to the "History of Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Pari-Banou," see above, p. 352.]

[3] [See below, pp. 753–755.]

is. For a Princess is truly one of the members of that Feudal System which, I hear on all hands, is finally ended. If it be so, it is needful that I should explain to you specifically what the Feudal System was, before you can wish for a Princess, or any other part of it, back again.

9. The Feudal System begins in the existence of a Master, or Mister; and a Mistress,—or, as you call her, Missis,—who have deputed authority over a piece of land, hereditarily theirs; and absolute authority in their own house, or home, standing on such land: authority essentially dual, and not by any means admitting two masters, or two missises, still less our American friend's calculated desirable quantity of 150, mixed. And the office of a Master implies the office of Servants; and of a Mistress, the office of Maids. These are the first Four Chemical Elements of the Feudal System.

The next members of it in order of rank are the Master of the Masters, and Mistress of the Mistresses; of whom they hold their land in fee, and who are recognized still, in a sort, as landlord and landlady, though for the most part now degenerate into mere tax-gatherers; but, in their true office, the administrators of law concerning land, and magistrates, and hearers of appeal between household and household:* their duty involving perfect acquaintance and friendship with all the households under their rule; and their dominion, therefore, not by any possibility extending over very large space of territory,—what is commonly called in England an "estate" being usually of approximately convenient space.

The next members of the Feudal System in order of rank,[1] are the Lord of the Landlords, and Lady of the Landladies; commonly called their Duke, Doge, or leader, and Duchess or Dogaressa: the authority of this fourth member of the Feudal System being to enforce law and hear appeal between Lord and Lord; and to consult with them respecting the harmonious government of their estates

* Compare Letter 58, § 22 [p. 436].

[1] [Compare Letter 89, § 6 (Vol. XXIX. p. 405).]

over such extent of land as may from some speciality of character be managed by common law referring to some united interest,—as, for instance, Cumberland, by a law having reference to pastoral life, Cornwall by laws involving the inspection of mines of tin, and the like,—these provinces, or shires, having each naturally a capital city, cathedral, town hall, and municipality of merchants.

As examples of which Fourth Order* in the Feudal System, the Dukes and Dukedoms of York, Lancaster, Venice, Milan, Florence, Orleans, and Burgundy, may be remembered by you as having taken very practical part in the government, or, it may be, misgovernment, of the former world.

Then the persons of the Fifth Order, in the Feudal System, are the Duke of the Dukes, and Duchess of the Duchesses, commonly called the King and Queen, having authority and magistracy over the Dukes of the provinces, to the extent in which such provinces may be harmoniously joined in a country or kingdom, separated from other portions of the world by interests, manners, and dialect.

Then the Sixth Order in the Feudal System, much, of late years, misunderstood, and even forgotten, is that of the Commander or Imperator of the Kings; having the same authority and office of hearing appeal among the Kings of kingdoms, as they among the Dukes of provinces.

10. The systems of all human civilized governments resolve themselves finally into the balance of the Semitic and Iapetic[1] powers under the anointed Cyrus of the East and Karl of the West.†

* I. Servant. II. Master. III. Lord. IV. Duke.

† I want to write a long note on Byzantine empire,—Commanders of the Faithful,—Grand Turks,—and the "Eastern question."[2] But can't: and perhaps the reader will be thankful.

[1] [Hitherto (in the octavo editions) misprinted "Lapetic"; corrected in the small editions to Iapetic. By "the Semitic and Iapetic," Ruskin appears to mean the spiritual and temporal powers; Iapetus, the father of Prometheus, and as such the ancestor of the human race, standing for a personification of the human, temporal, planning authority. On Cyrus, as the type of "imperial commander," see Letter 77, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 111); and compare Ruskin's Preface (§ 23) to *The Economist of Xenophon*.]

[2] [For Ruskin's remarks thereon, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 45–46.]

The practical power of the office has been necessarily lost since the Reformation; and in recent debates in an English Parliament on this subject,[1] it appeared that neither the Prime Minister of England, nor any of her Parliamentary representatives, had the slightest notion of the meaning of the word.

The reason that the power of the office has been lost since the Reformation, is that all these temporal offices are only perfected, in the Feudal System, by their relative spiritual offices. Now, though the Squire and the Rector still in England occupy their proper symmetrical position, the equally balanced authority of the Duke and Bishop has been greatly confused: that of the King and Cardinal was so even during the fully animated action of both; and all conception of that of the Emperor and Pope is of course dead in Protestant minds.

11. But there was yet, in the Feudal System, one Seventh and Final Authority, of which the imagination is like to be also lost to Protestant minds. That of the King of Kings, and Ruler of Empires; in whose ordinances and everlasting laws, and in "feudom" or faith and covenant with whom, as the Giver of Land and Bread, all these subordinate powers lived, and moved, and had their being.[2]

And truly if, since we cannot find this King of Kings in the most carefully digested residuum, we are sure that we cannot find Him anywhere; and if, since by no fineness of stopper we can secure His essence in a bottle, we are sure that we cannot stay Him anywhere, truly what I hear on all hands is correct; and the Feudal System, with all consequences and members thereof, is verily at an end.

12. In the meantime, however, you can now clearly understand the significance, in that system, of the word

[1] [The reference is to the numerous debates, during the session of 1876, on the Royal Titles Bill, which conferred the title "Empress of India" on the Queen.]

[2] [Acts xvii. 28.]

Princess, meaning a King's daughter, bred in such ways and knowledges as may fit her for dominion over nations. And thus you can enjoy, if otherwise in a humour for its enjoyment, the story of the Princess Ursula, here following,—though for the present you may be somewhat at a loss to discern the practical bearings of it; which, however, if you will note that the chief work of the Princess is to convert the savage minds of the "English," or people of Over-sea, from the worship of their god "Malcometto," to the "rule of St. John the Baptist,"—you may guess to be in some close connection with the proposed "practice" of St. George's Company;[1] not less, indeed, than the functions of Carpaccio's other two chiefly worshipped saints.

13. The legends of St. Ursula, which were followed by him, have been collated here at Venice, and reduced to this pleasant harmony, in true help to me, by my good scholar James Reddie Anderson.[2] For whose spirit thus active with us, no less than for the spirit, at rest, of the monk who preserved the story for us, I am myself well inclined to say another Pater and Ave.[3]

THE STORY OF ST. URSULA*

There was once a just and most Christian King of Britain, called Maurus. To him and to his wife Daria was born a little girl, the fairest creature that this earth ever saw. She came into the world wrapped in a hairy mantle, and all men wondered greatly what this might mean. Then the King gathered together his wise men to inquire of them. But they could not make known the thing to him, for only God in Heaven knew how the rough robe signified that she should follow holiness and purity all

* This Life of St. Ursula has been gathered from some of the stories concerning her which were current through Italy in the time of Carpaccio. The northern form of the legend, localized at Cologne, is neither so lovely nor so ancient.

[1] [See Letter 73, § 14 (Vol. XXIX. p. 23).]

[2] [Mr. Anderson's version is mainly based on a fourteenth-century "Leggenda," contained in *Leggende del Secolo XIV.* (published by Barbèra, Florence, 1863), vol. ii. Mr. Anderson added some things from the various Latin martyrologies. Recent Italian writers on Carpaccio seem to know only the Latin sources, and not the vernacular, which, however, is much more akin to Carpaccio.]

[3] [See the last lines of § 13, p. 744.]

her days, and the wisdom of St. John the Baptist. And because of the mantle, they called her "Ursula," "Little Bear."

Now Ursula grew day by day in grace and loveliness, and in such wisdom that all men marvelled. Yet should they not have marvelled, since with God all things are possible. And when she was fifteen years old she was a light of all wisdom, and a glass of all beauty, and a fountain of scripture and of sweet ways. Lovelier woman there was not alive. Her speech was so full of all delight that it seemed as though an angel of Paradise had taken human flesh. And in all the kingdom no weighty thing was done without counsel of Ursula.

So her fame was carried through the earth, and a King of England, a heathen of over-seas, hearing, was taken with the love of her. And he set all his heart on having her for wife to his son Æther, and for daughter in his home. So he sent a mighty and honourable embassy, of earls and marquesses, with goodly company of knights, and ladies, and philosophers; bidding them, with all courtesy and discretion, pray King Maurus to give Ursula in marriage to Æther. "But," he said, "if Maurus will not hear your gentle words, open to him all my heart, and tell him that I will ravage his land with fire, and slay his people, and make himself die a cruel death, and will, after, lead Ursula away with me. Give him but three days to answer, for I am wasted with desire to finish the matter, and hold Ursula in my ward."

But when the ambassadors came to King Maurus, he would not have his daughter wed a heathen; so, since prayers and gifts did not move him, they spoke out all the threats. Now the land of Britain was little, and its soldiers few, while the heathen was a mighty King and a conqueror; so Maurus, and his Queen, and his councillors, and all the people, were in sore distress.

But on the evening of the second day, Ursula went into her chamber, and shut close the doors; and before the image of the Father, who is very pitiful, prayed all night with tears, telling how she had vowed in her heart to live a holy maiden all her days, having Christ alone for spouse. But, if His will were that she should wed the son of the heathen King, she prayed that wisdom might be given her, to turn the hearts of all that people who knew not faith nor holiness; and power to comfort her father and mother, and all the people of her fatherland.

And when the clear light of dawn was in the air, she fell asleep. And the Angel of the Lord appeared to her in a dream, saying, "Ursula, your prayer is heard. At the sunrising you shall go boldly before the ambassadors of the King of Over-sea, for the God of Heaven shall give you wisdom, and teach your tongue what it should speak." When it was day, Ursula rose to bless and glorify the name of God. She put on for covering and for beauty an enwrought mantle like the starry sky, and was crowned with a coronet of gems. Then, straightway passing to her father's chamber, she told him what grace had been done to her that night, and all that now was in her heart to answer to the ambassadors of Over-sea. So, though long he would not, she persuaded her father.

Then Maurus, and his lords and councillors, and the ambassadors of the heathen King, were gathered in the Hall of Council. And when Ursula entered the place where these lords were, one said to the other,

"Who is this that comes from Paradise?" For she moved in all noble gentleness, with eyes inclined to earth, learned, and frank, and fair,[1] delightful above all women upon earth. Behind her came a hundred maidens, clothed in white silk, fair and lovely. They shone brightly as the stars, but Ursula shone as the moon and the evening star.

Now this was the answer Ursula made, which the King caused to be written, and sealed with the royal seal, and gave to the ambassadors of the King of Over-sea.

"I will take," she said, "for spouse, Æther, the son of my lord the King of Over-sea. But I ask of my lord three graces, and with heart and soul * pray of him to grant them.

"The first grace I ask is this, that he, and the Queen, and their son, my spouse, be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

"The second grace is that three years may be given me, before the bridal, in which to go to and fro upon the sea, that I may visit the bodies of the Saints in Rome, and the blessed places of the Holy Land.

"And for the last grace, I ask that he choose ten fair maidens of his kingdom, and with each of these a thousand more, all of gentle blood, who shall come to me here, in Britain, and go with me in gladness upon the sea, following this my holy pilgrimage."

Then spake one of the nobles of the land to Maurus, saying, "My lord the King, this your daughter is the Dove of Peace come from Paradise, the same that in the days of the Flood brought to the Ark of Noah the olive-branch of good news." And at the answer, were the ambassadors so full of joy that they well-nigh could not speak, and with praise and triumph they went their way, and told their master all the sweet answer of Ursula.

Then my lord the King said, "Praised and blessed be the name of our God Malcometto, who has given my soul for comfort that which it desired. Truly there is not a franker lady under the wheel of the sun; and by the body of my mother I swear there is nothing she can ask that I will not freely give. First of the maidens she desires shall be my daughter Florence." Then all his lords rose, man by man, and gladly named, each, his child.

So the will of Ursula was done; and that King, and all his folk, were baptized into the Holy Faith. And Æther, with the English maidens, in number above ten thousand, came to the land of Britain.

Then Ursula chose her own four sisters, Habila, and Julia, and Victoria, and Aurea, and a thousand daughters of her people, with certain holy bishops, and great lords, and grave councillors, and an abbot of the order of St. Benedict, men full of all wisdom, and friends of God.

So all that company set sail in eleven ships, and passing this way and that upon the sea, rejoiced in it, and in this their maiden pilgrimage. And those who dwelt by the shores of the sea came forth in multitudes

* Molto incarnalmente.

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[1] [For a reference to this "lovely description of St. Ursula," see Letter 77, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 115).]

to gaze upon them as they passed, and to each man it appeared a delightful vision. For the ships sailed in fair order, side by side, with sound of sweet psalms and murmur of the waters. And the maidens were clad, some in scarlet and some in pure samite, some in rich silk of Damascus, some in cloth of gold, and some in the purple robe that is woven in Judea. Some wore crowns, others garlands of flowers. Upon the shoulder of each was the visible cross, in the hands of each a pilgrim's staff, by their sides were pilgrims' scrips, and each ship's company sailed under the gonfalon of the Holy Cross. Ursula in the midst was like a ray of sunlight, and the Angel of the Lord was ever with them for guide.

So in the holy time of Lent they came to Rome. And when my Lord the Pope came forth, under the Castle of St. Angelo, with great state, to greet them, seeing their blessed assembly, he put off the mantle of Peter, and with many bishops, priests, and brothers, and certain cardinals, set himself to go with them on their blessed pilgrimage.

At length they came to the land of Slavonia, whose ruler was friend and liegeman to the Soldan of Babylon. Then the Lord of the Saracens sent straightway to the Soldan, telling what a mighty company had come to his land, and how they were Christian folk. And the Soldan gathered all his men of war, and with great rage the host of the heathen made against the company of Ursula.

And when they were nigh, the Soldan cried and said, "What folk are ye?" And Ursula spake in answer, "We are Christian folk: our feet are turned to the blessed tomb of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the saving of our souls, and that we may win grace to pass into eternal life, in the blessed Paradise." And the Soldan answered, "Either deny your God, or I will slay you all with the sword. So shall ye die a dolorous death, and see your land no more." And Ursula answered, "Even so we desire to be sure witnesses for the name of God, declaring and preaching the glory of His name; because He has made heaven and earth and the sea by His Word; and afterward all living things; and afterward has willed, Himself, to die, for our salvation and glory. And who follows Him shall go to rejoice in *His* Fatherland and in His Kingdom."

Then she turned to her people: "My sisters and my brothers, in this place God has given us great grace. Embrace and make it sure, for our death in this place will be life perpetual, and joy, and sweetness never-ending. And there, above, we shall be with the Majesty and the angels of Paradise." Then she called her spouse to comfort and teach him. And he answered her with these words, "To me it appears three thousand years that death is a-coming, so much have I already tasted of the sweetness of Paradise."

Then the Soldan gave commandment that they should all be slain with the sword. And so was it done.

Yet when he saw Ursula standing, in the midst of all that slaughter, like the fairest stalk of corn in harvest, and how she was exceeding lovely, beyond the tongues of this earth to tell, he would have saved her alive, and taken her for wife. But when she would not, and rebuked him, he was moved with anger. Now there was a bow in his hand, and he set an arrow on the string, and drew it with all his strength, and it pierced the heart of the glorious maiden. So she went to God.

And one maiden only, whose name was Corbula, through fear hid herself in the ship. But God, who had chosen all that company, gave her heart, and with the dawn of the next day she came forth willingly, and received the martyr's crown.

Thus all were slain, and all are gone to Paradise, and sing the glad and sweet songs of Paradise.

Whosoever reads this holy history, let him not think it a great thing to say an Our Father, and a Hail Mary, for the soul of him who has written it.

14. Thus far the old myth. You shall hear now in what manner such a myth is re-written by a great man, born in the days of a nation's strength.

Carpaccio begins his story with what the myth calls a dream. But he wishes to tell you that it was no dream,—but a vision;—that a real angel came, and was seen by Ursula's soul, when her mortal eyes were closed.

"The Angel of the Lord," says the legend. What!—thinks Carpaccio;—to this little maid of fifteen, the angel that came to Moses and Joshua? Not so, but her own guardian angel.

Guardian, and to tell her that God will guide her heart to-morrow, and put His own answer on her lips, concerning her marriage. Shall not such angel be crowned with light, and strew her chamber with lilies?

There is no glory round his head; there is no gold on his robes; they are of subdued purple and grey. His wings are colourless—his face calm, but sorrowful,—wholly in shade. In his right hand he bears the martyr's palm; in his left, the fillet borne by the Greek angels of victory, and, together with it, gathers up, knotted in his hand, the folds of shroud* with which the Etrurians veil the tomb.

* I could not see this symbol at the height at which the picture hung from the ground, when I described it in 1872.[1] The folds of the drapery in the *hand* are all but invisible, even when the picture is seen close; and so neutral in their grey-green colour that they pass imperceptibly into violet, as the faint green of evening sky fades into its purple. But the folds are continued under the wrist in the alternate waves which the reader

[1] [See Letter 20, §§ 14–16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 344).]

He comes to her, "in the clear light of morning"; the Angel of Death.

You see it is written in the legend that she had shut close the doors of her chamber.

They have opened as the angel enters,—not one only, but all in the room,—all in the house. He enters by one at the foot of her bed; but beyond it is another—open into the passage; out of that another into some luminous hall or street. All the window-shutters are wide open; they are made dark that you may notice them,—nay, all the press doors are open! No treasure bars shall hold, where *this* angel enters.

Carpaccio has been intent to mark that he comes in the light of dawn. The blue-green sky glows between the dark leaves of the olive and dianthus in the open window.

may see on the Etruscan tomb in the first room of the British Museum,[1] with a sculpturesque severity which I could not then understand, and could only account for by supposing that Carpaccio had meant the Princess to "dream out the angel's dress so particularly"! I mistook the fillet of victory also for a scroll; and could not make out the flowers in the window. They are pinks, the favourite ones in Italian windows to this day, and having a particular relation to St. Ursula in the way they rend their calyx; and I believe also in their peculiar relation to the grasses (of which more in *Proserpina*[2]). St. Ursula is not meant, herself, to recognize the angel. He enters under the door over which she has put her little statue of Venus; and through that door the room is filled with light, so that it will not seem to her strange that his own form, as he enters, should be in shade; and she cannot see his dark wings. On the tassel of her pillow (Etrurian also[3]) is written "Infantia"; and above her head, the carving of the bed ends in a spiral flame, typical of the finally ascending Spirit. She lies on her bier, in the last picture but one, exactly as here on her bed; only the coverlid is there changed from scarlet to pale violet. See notes on the meaning of these colours in third *Deucalion*.[4]

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[1] [Compare above, p. 626. But Ruskin may possibly be alluding here to one or other of the Etruscan sarcophagi (now placed in the annexe to the "Græco-Roman Basement"), some of which were, at the time when he wrote, in the "first room of the British Museum" (the "Gallery of Roman Busts").]

[2] [Ruskin, however, did not include any discussion of the Grasses in *Proserpina*, as published. He had begun to write upon the various methods in which flowers rend their calyx: see Note 7 (Vol. XXV. p. 548).]

[3] [Compare above, p. 626.]

[4] ["Third *Deucalion*" means the third of the Parts in which the book was originally issued: vol. i. ch. vii. ("The Iris of the Earth"); scarlet, § 32 (iv.); violet, § 32 (ix.), Vol. XXVI. pp. 184, 187.]

But its light is low compared to that which enters *behind* the angel, falling full on Ursula's face, in divine rest.

In the last picture but one, of this story, he has painted her lying in the rest which the angel came to bring: and in the last, is her rising in the eternal Morning.[1]

For this is the first lesson which Carpaccio wrote in his Venetian words for the creatures of this restless world,—that Death is better than *their* life; and that not bridegroom rejoices over bride[2] as they rejoice who marry not, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God, in Heaven.[3]

[1] [See Plates LII. and LIII. in Vol. XXIV. (pp. 176, 178).]
[2] [Isaiah lxii. 5.]
[3] [Matthew xxii. 30.]

15. (I.) AFFAIRS of the Company.

Venice, October 20th.—I have sent for press, to-day, the fourth number of *Deucalion*,[1] in which will be found a statement of the system on which I begin the arrangement of the Sheffield Museum.

There are no new subscriptions to announce. Another donation, of fifty pounds, by Mrs. Talbot, makes me sadly ashamed of the apathy of all my older friends. I believe, in a little while now, it will be well for me to throw them all aside, and refuse to know any one but my own Companions, and the workmen who are willing to listen to me. I have spoken enough to the upper classes, and they mock me;—in the seventh year of *Fors*[2] I will speak more clearly than hitherto,—but not to *them*.

Meantime, my Sheffield friends must not think I am neglecting them, because I am at work here in Venice, instead of among them. They will know in a little while the use of my work here. The following portions of letter from the Curator of our Museum, with the piece of biography in it, which I venture to print, in haste, assuming permission, will be of good service to good workers everywhere.

"H. SWAN *to* J. RUSKIN.

"WALKLEY, SHEFFIELD, *October* 18, 1876.

"DEAR MASTER,—The interest in the Museum seems still increasing. Yesterday (Sunday), in addition to our usual allotment of casual calls at the Museum, we had a visit from a party of working men; two or three of them from Barnsley, but the most Sheffielders, among which last were several of those who came to meet thee on the last occasion. Their object was a double one; first, to see what progress we were making with the Museum; and, secondly, to discuss the subject of Usury, the unlawfulness of which, in its ordinary aspects, being (unlike the land question) a perfectly new notion to all except one or two. The objection generally takes this shape: 'If I have worked hard to earn twenty pounds, and it is an advantage to another to have the use of that twenty pounds, why should he get that advantage without paying me for it?' To which my reply has been, There may, or may not, be reasons why the lender should be placed in a better position for using his powers of body or mind; but the special question for you, with your twenty pounds, now is, not what right has he to use the money without payment—(he has every right, if you give him leave; and none, if you don't);—the question *you* have to propose to yourself is this, 'Why should I, as a man and a Christian, after having been paid for what I have earned, expect or desire to make an agreement by which I may get, from the labour of others, money I have not earned?' Suppose, too, bail for a hundred pounds to be required for a prisoner

[1] [Chaps. viii.–x.: see Vol. XXVI. pp. 197 *seq.*]
[2] [*i.e.*, Letters 73–84.]

in whose innocence you believed, would you say, 'I will be bail for the hundred pounds, but I shall expect five pounds from him for the advantage he will thereby get'? No; the just man would weigh well whether it be right or no to undertake the bail; but, having determined, he would shrink from receiving the unearned money, as I believe the first unwarped instinct of a good man does still in the case of a loan.

"Although, as I have said, all question as to the right of what is called a moderate rate of interest was new to most of our visitors, yet I found a greater degree of openness to the truth than might have been expected. One of the most interesting parts of the discussion was the relation by one of the party of his own experiences, in years past, as a money-lender. 'In the place where I used to work at that time,' said he, 'there was a very many of a good sort of fellows who were not so careful of their money as I was, and they used often to run out of cash before the time came for them to take more. Well, knowing I was one that always had a bit by me, they used to come to me to borrow a bit to carry them through to pay-day. When they paid me, some would ask if I wanted aught for the use of it. But I only lent to pleasure them, and I always said, No, I wanted nought. One day, however, Jack —— came to me, and said, "Now, my lad, dost want to get more brass for thyself, and lay by money? because I can put thee in the way of doing it." I said that was a great object for me. "Well," said he, "thou must do as I tell thee. I know thou'rt often lending thy brass to them as want a lift. Now thou must make them pay for using thy money, and if thou works as I tell thee, it'll grow and grow. And by-and-by they'll be paying and paying for the use of their own money over and over again." Well, I thought it would be a good thing for me to have the bits of cash come in and in, to help along with what I earned myself. So I told each of the men, as they came, that I couldn't go on lending for nothing, and they must pay me a bit more when they got their pay. And so they did. After a time, Jack —— came again, and said, "Well, how'rt getting on?" So I told him what I was doing, and that seemed all right. After a time, he came again, and said, "Now thou finds what I said was right. The men can spare thee a bit for thy money, and it makes things a deal more comfortable for thyself. Now I can show thee how a hundred of thy money shall bring another hundred in." "Nay," said I, "thou canst not do that. That can't be done." "Nay, but it can," said Jack. And he told me how to manage; and that when I hadn't the cash, he would find it, and we'd halve the profits. [Say a man wants to borrow twenty pounds, and is to pay back at three shillings a week. The interest is first deducted for the whole time, so that if he agrees to pay only five per cent. he will receive but nineteen pounds; then the interest is more than five per cent. on the money actually out during the very first week, while the rate gradually rises as the weekly payments come,—slowly at first, but at the last more and more rapidly, till, during the last month, the money-lender is obtaining two hundred per cent. for the amount (now, however, very small) still unpaid.]

"'Well, it grew and grew. Hundreds and hundreds I paid and received every week (and we found that among the poorest little shops it worked the best for us). At last it took such hold of me that I became a regular bloodsucker—a bloodsucker of poor folk, and nothing else. I was always reckoning up, night and day, how to get more and more, till I got so thin and ill I had to go to the doctor. It was old Dr. Sike, and he said, "Young man, you must give up your present way of work and life, or I can do nothing for you. You'll get worse and worse."

"'So I thought and thought, and at last I made up my mind to give it all up, though I was then getting rich. But there was no blessing on what I'd got, and I lost it every farthing, and had to begin again as poor as I was when I first left the workhouse to learn a trade. And now, I've prospered and prospered in my little way till I've no cause to worry anyways about money, and I've a few men at work with me in my shop.

"'Still, for all that, I don't see why I shouldn't have interest on the little capital I've saved up *honestly*; or how am I to live in my old age?'

"Another workman suggested, 'Wouldn't he be able to live on his capital?'

'Aye, but I want to leave that to somebody else,' was the answer. [Yes, good friend, and the same excuse might be made for any form of theft.—J. R.]

"I will merely add, that if there were enforced and public account of the amount of moneys advanced on loan, and if the true conditions and workings of those loans could be shown, there would be revealed such an amount of cruel stress upon the foolish, weak, and poor of the small tradesmen (a class far more numerous than are needed) as would render it very intelligible why so many faces are seamed with lines of suffering and anxiety. I think it possible that the fungus growth and increasing mischief of these loan establishments may reach such a pitch as to necessitate legislative interference, as has been the case with gambling. But there will never fail modes of evading the law, and the sufficient cure will be found only when men shall consider it a dishonour to have it imputed to them that *any* portion of their income is derived from usury."

16. THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

1876		*Dr.*	£	s.	d.
Aug.	16.	To Balance	94	3	4
Oct.	12.	„ Draft at Bridgwater (per Mr. Ruskin)	50	0	0
	24.	„ (J. P. Stilwell)	25	0	0
			£169	3	4

		Cr.	£	s.	d.
Oct.	12.	By Postage of Pass Book	0	0	3
	25.	Balance	169	3	1
			£169	3	4

17. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

			£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Sept.	15.	Balance (*a*)				1221	0	8
	20.	Kate	100	0	0			
	26.	—— at Venice, Antonio (*b*)	50	0	0			
Oct.	1.	Secretary	25	0	0			
	3.	Downs	50	0	0			
	5.	Gift (*c*)	20	0	0			
	10.	Loan	200	0	0			
,,		Jackson	50	0	0			
						495	0	0
Oct.	15.	Balance				£726	0	8

(*a*) By report from Bank; but the "repayments" named in it should not have been added to the cash account, being on separate account with the Company. I will make all clear in December.[1]

(*b*) For Signor Caldara (Venetian botany[2]).

(*c*) Nominally loan, to poor relation, but I do not suppose he will ever be able to pay me. The following £200 I do not doubt receiving again.

[1] [Letter 72: see p. 769.]

[2] [See above, p. 583; and compare Vol. XXIX. p. 31 *n.*]

18. (III.) I print the following letter with little comment, because I have no wish to discuss the question of the uses of Dissent with a Dissenting Minister; nor do I choose at present to enter on the subject at all. St. George, taking cognizance only of the postscript, thanks the Dissenting Minister for his sympathy; but encourages his own servant to persist in believing that the "more excellent way"[1] (of Charity), which St. Paul showed, in the 13th of Corinthians, is quite as truly followed in devoting the funds at his said servant's disposal to the relief of the poor, as in the maintenance of Ruskinian Preachers for the dissemination of Ruskinian opinions, in a Ruskinian Society, with the especial object of saving Mr. Ruskin's and the Society's souls.

"*September* 14*th*, 1876.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—Mr. Sillar's 'valuable letter' in last month's *Fors*,[2] (*a*) would have been more valuable if he had understood what he was writing about. Mr. Tyerman (in his *Life and Times of Wesley*, p. 431) gives the trifling differences between the present Rules of the Methodist Societies and the first edition issued in 1743. Instead of '*interested persons* having altered old John Wesley's rules' (he was forty years old when he drew them up) 'to suit *modern ideas*'—the alterations, whether good or bad, were made by himself.

"The first contributions in the 'Classes' were made for the express purpose of discharging a debt on a preaching house. Then they were devoted '*to the relief of the poor*,' there being at the time no preachers dependent on the Society for support. *After* 1743, when circuits had been formed and preachers stationed in certain localities, their maintenance gradually became the principal charge upon the Society's funds. (See Smith's *History of Methodism*, vol. i., p. 669.) In 1771 Wesley says expressly that the contributions are applied '*towards the expenses of the Society.*' (*b*) (*Journal*, vol. iii., p. 205.) Certainly Methodism, thus supported, has done far more to benefit the poor and raise them, than any amount of mere almsgiving could have done. Methodist preachers have at least one sign of being in the apostolical succession. They can say, with Paul, 'as poor, yet making many rich.' (*c*)

"'Going to law' was altered by Mr. Wesley to 'brother going to law with brother,' in order, no doubt, to bring the rule into verbal agreement with 1 Cor. vi. 6. (*d*)

"'Usury' was defined by Mr. Wesley to be 'unlawful interest,' (*e*) in accordance with the ordinary notions of his day. He was greatly in advance of his age, yet he could scarcely have been expected to anticipate the definition of Usury given, as far as I know, (*f*) for the first time in *Fors* for August, 1876 [Letter 68]. I don't see why we Methodists should be charged with breaking the laws of Moses, David, and Christ (*Fors*, Letter 68, § 9 *n.*), if we consider 'old John Wesley's' definition to be as good as the 'modern idea.'

"Of course St. George, for whom I have the greatest respect and admiration, will correct Mr. Sillar's mistake.

"I am, Sir,

"ANOTHER READER OF 'FORS' (which I wish you would sell a little cheaper), and

"A METHODIST PREACHER.

"*P.S.*—Why should you not copy old John Wesley, and establish your St. George's Company on a legal basis? In 1784 he drew up a Deed of Declaration, which was duly enrolled in Chancery. It stated the purposes for which his Society was formed, and the mode in which it was to be governed. A Deed of Trust was

[1] [1 Corinthians xii. 31.]
[2] [Letter 69, § 24 (p. 710).]

afterwards drawn up for *one* of our chapels, reciting at length this Deed of Declaration, and all the purposes for which the property was to be used. All our other property is settled on the same trusts. A single line in each subsequent chapel deed —stating that all the trusts are to be the same as those of the 'Model Deed,' as we call the first one—obviates the necessity and expense of *repeating* a very long legal document.

"Success to St. George,—yet there is, I think, 'a more excellent way.'"

19. *a.* Mr. Sillar's letter did not appear in last month's *Fors*. A small portion of it appeared, in which I regret that Mr. Sillar so far misunderstood John Wesley as to imagine him incapable of altering his own rules so as to make them useless.

b. I wish the Wesleyans were the only Society whose contributions are applied to no better purpose.

c. I envy my correspondent's complacency in his own and his Society's munificence, too sorrowfully to endeavour to dispel it.

d. The "*verbal*" agreement is indeed secured by the alteration. But as St. Paul, by a "brother," meant any Christian, I shall be glad to learn from my correspondent whether the Wesleyans understand their rule in that significance.

e. Many thanks to Mr. Wesley. Doubtless his disciples know what rate of interest is lawful, and what not; and also by what law it was made so; and always pause with pious accuracy at the decimal point whereat the excellence of an investment begins to make it criminal. St. George will be grateful to their representative for information on these—not unimportant —particulars.

f. How far that *is*, my correspondent's duly dissenting scorn of the wisdom of the Greeks, and legality of the Jews, has doubtless prevented his thinking it necessary to discover. I must not waste the time of other readers in assisting his elementary investigations; but have merely to point out to him that definitions either of theft, adultery, usury, or murder, have only become *necessary* in modern times: and that Methodists, and any other persons, are charged by me with breaking the law of Moses, David, and Christ, in so far only as they do accept Mr. John Wesley's, or any other person's, definition instead of *their* utterly unquestionable meaning.[1] (Would T. S., of North Tyne, reprint his letters for me from the Sunderland paper, to be sent out with December *Fors*?[2])

20. (IV.) I reprint the following paragraph chiefly as an example of our ineffable British absurdity. It is perfectly right to compel fathers to send their children to school; but, once sent, it is the schoolmaster's business to keep hold of them. In St. George's schools, it would have been the little runaway gentleman who would have got sent to prison; and kept, sotto piombi,[3] on bread and water, until he could be trusted with more liberty. The fate of the father, under the present application of British

[1] [For reply of "A Methodist Preacher" to Ruskin's criticism, see Letter 73, § 18 (Vol. XXIX. p. 28).]

[2] [The letters were reprinted in a pamphlet entitled *John Wesley and Usury, Notes of a Discussion by T. S. and others in the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," July and August, 1876:* Sunderland 1877.]

[3] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 342) and *ibid.*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 185).]

law, leaves the problem, it seems to me, still insoluble but in that manner. But I should like to know more of the previous history of parent and child.

"The story of George Widowson, aged fifty-seven, told at the inquest held on his remains at Mile End Old Town on Wednesday, is worth recording. Widowson was, as appears by the evidence of his daughter, a sober, hard-working man until he was sent to prison for three days in last December in default of paying a fine for not sending his son, a boy eleven years of age, to school. The deceased, as several witnesses deposed, constantly endeavoured to make the child go to school, and had frequently taken him there himself; but it was all in vain. Young Widowson when taken to school invariably ran away, the result being that his father was driven to distraction. His imprisonment in December had preyed on his mind, and he took to drinking. He frequently threatened to destroy himself rather than be imprisoned again. Hearing that another summons was about to be issued against him, he broke up his home, and on the night of the 30th ultimo solved the educational problem by throwing himself into the Regent's Canal. Fear of being again sent to prison by the School Board was, his daughter believed, the cause of his committing this act. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with this opinion; and although George Widowson was wrong to escape from the clutches of the friends of humanity by putting an end to his life, those who blame him should remember that imprisonment to a *bonâ fide* working man of irreproachable character, is simply torture. He loses all that in his own eyes makes life worth preservation."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, July 7th, 1876.

21. (V.) The next extract contains some wholesome comments on our more advanced system of modern education.

"Indian Civil Service.—At a meeting of the Indian section of the Society of Arts, under the presidency of Mr. Andrew Cassels, a paper on 'Competition and its Effects upon Education' was read by Dr. George Birdwood. In the course of his remarks, he commented at length upon the India Office despatch of Feb. 24, regarding 'the selection and training of candidates for the Indian Civil Service,' and feared that it would but serve to confirm and aggravate and rapidly extend the very worst evil of the old system of competition—namely, the degeneration of secondary education throughout England. . . . The despatch tended to make over all the secondary schooling of the country to the crammers, or to reduce it to the crammers' system. They were making the entrance examinations year by year more and more difficult—as their first object must necessarily now be, not the moral and intellectual discipline of the boyhood of England, but to show an ever-growing percentage of success at the various competitive examinations always going on for public services. 'The devil take the hindermost' was fast becoming the ideal of education, even in the public schools. If they seriously took to cramming little fellows from twelve to fourteen for entrance into public schools, the rising generation would be used up before it reached manhood. A well-known physician of great experience told him that the competition for all sorts of scholarships and appointments was showing its evil fruits in the increase of insanity, epilepsy, and other nervous diseases amongst young people of the age from seventeen to nineteen, and especially amongst pupil-teachers; and if admission into the public schools of England was for the future to be regulated by competition, St. Vitus's dance would soon take the place of gout, as the fashionable disease of the upper classes. This was the inevitable result of the ill-digested and ill-regulated system of competition for the public services, and especially the Indian Civil Service, which had prevailed; and he feared that the recent despatch would only be to hasten the threatened revolution in their national secondary schools, and the last state of cramming under the despatch would be worse than the first. . . . The best of

examiners was the examiner of his own pupils; for no man could measure real knowledge like the teacher. What should be aimed at was regular moderate study and sound and continuous discipline to start the growing man in life in the healthiest bodily and moral condition possible. He objected to children striving for prizes, whether in games or in studies. The fewer prizes won at school, the more would probably be won in life. Let their only anxiety be to educate their children well, and suffer no temptation to betray them into cramming, and the whole world was open to them."—*Daily Telegraph.*[1]

22. (VI.) The development of "humanity" in America is so brilliantly illustrated in the following paragraphs, that I have thought them worth preserving:—

From "The American Socialist, devoted to the Enlargement and Perfection of Home"

"THE FUTURE OF SOCIETY

"An American, visiting Europe, notices how completely there the various functions of the social body are performed. He finds a servant, an officer, a skilled workman, at every place. From the position of the stone-breaker on the highway, up to that of the highest Government official, every post is filled; every personal want of the traveller or the citizen is attended to. Policemen guard him in the streets, lackeys watch for his bidding at the hotels, railroad officials with almost superfluous care forward him on his way. As compared with American railroad management, the great English roads probably have four *employés* to our one. This plenitude of service results from three things—viz., density of population, which gives an abundant working class; cheapness of labour; and the aristocratic formation of society that tends to fix persons in the caste to which they were born. The effect is to produce a smoothness in the social movement—an absence of jar and friction, and a release in many cases from anxious, personal outlook, that are very agreeable. The difference between English and American life in respect to the supply of service is like that between riding on a highly-finished macadamized way, where every rut is filled and every stone is removed, and picking one's way over our common country roads.

"Another thing that the traveller observes in Europe is the abundance everywhere of works of art. One's sense of beauty is continually gratified; now with a finished landscape, now with a noble building, now with statues, monuments, and paintings. This immense accumulation of art springs in part of course from the age of the nations where it is found; but it is also due in a very great degree to the employment given to artists by persons of wealth and leisure. Painting, sculpture, and architecture have always had constant, and sometimes munificent, patrons in the nobility and the Established Church.

"Observing these things abroad, the American asks himself whether the institutions of this country are likely to produce in time any similar result here. Shall we have the finished organization, the mutual service, and the wealth of art that characterize European society? Before answering this, let us first ask ourselves whether it is desirable that we should have them in the same manner that they exist abroad? Certainly not. No American would be willing to pay the price which England pays for her system of service. The most painful thing which one sees abroad is the utter absence of ambition in the class of household servants.

[1] [May 27, 1876. Sir George Birdwood's paper was printed *in extenso* in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, June 2, 1876, vol. 24, pp 681-687.]

Men who in this country would be looking to a seat in the legislature,[a] and who would qualify themselves for it, there dawdle away life in the livery of some noble, in smiling, aimless, do-nothing content, and beget children to follow in their steps. On seeing these servile figures, the American thanks heaven that the ocean rolls between his country and such a system. Rather rudeness, discomfort, self-service, and poverty, with freedom and the fire of aspiration, than luxury purchased by the enervation of man!

"Still, cannot we have the good without the bad? Cannot we match Europe in culture and polish without sacrificing for it our manhood? And if so, what are the influences in this country that are working in that direction? In answering this question, we have to say frankly that we see nothing in democracy alone that promises to produce the result under consideration. In a country where every one is taught to disdain a situation of dependence, where the hostler and the chambermaid see the way opened for them to stand even with the best in the land, if they will but exercise their privilege of 'getting on,' there will be no permanent or perfect service. And so long as every man's possessions are divided and scattered at his death, there will be no class having the secured leisure and the inducement to form galleries of art. Why should John Smith take pains to decorate his house with works of art, when he knows that within a year after his death it will be administered upon by the Probate Court, and sold with its furniture for the benefit of his ten children?" (Well put,—republican sage.)

"In a word, looking at the æsthetic side of things, our American system must be confessed to be not yet quite perfect." (You don't say so!) "Invaluable as it is for schooling men to independence and aspiration, it requires, to complete its usefulness, another element. The Republic has a sequel. That completing element, that sequel, is Communism. Communism supplies exactly the conditions that are wanting in the social life of America, and which it must have if it would compete with foreign lands in the development of those things which give ease and grace to existence.

"For instance, in respect to service: Communism, by extinguishing caste and honouring labour, makes every man at once a servant and lord. It fills up, by its capacity of minute organization, all the social functions as completely as the European system does; while, unlike that, it provides for each individual sufficient leisure, and frequent and improving changes of occupation. The person who serves in the kitchen this hour may be experimenting with a microscope or giving lessons on the piano the next. Applying its combined ingenuity to social needs, Communism will find means to consign all repulsive and injurious labour to machinery. It is continually interested to promote labour-saving improvements. The service that is performed by brothers and equals from motives of love will be more perfect than that of hired lackeys, while the constantly varying round of occupation granted to all will form the most perfect school for breadth of culture and true politeness. Thus Communism achieves through friendship and freedom that which the Old World secures only through a system little better than slavery.

"In the interest of art and the cultivation of the beautiful, Communism again supplies the place of a hereditary aristocracy and a wealthy church. A Community family, unlike the ephemeral households of ordinary society, is a permanent thing. Its edifice is not liable to be sold at the end of every generation, but like a cathedral descends by unbroken inheritance. Whatever is committed to it remains, and is the care of the society from century to century. With a home thus established, all the members of a Community are at once interested to gather about it objects of art. It becomes a picture-gallery and a museum, by the natural accretion of time, and by the zeal of persons who know that every embellishment added to their home will not only be a pleasure to them personally, but will remain to associate them with the pleasure of future beholders in all time to come.

[a] May St. George be informed of how many members the American Legislature is finally to be composed; and over whom it is to exercise the proud function of legislation, which is to be the reward of heroic and rightly-minded flunkeys?

"Thus in Communism we have the conditions that are necessary to carry this country to the summit of artistic and social culture. By this route, we may at one bound outstrip the laboured attainments of the aristocracies of the Old World. The New York Central Park shows what can be achieved by combination on the democratic plan, for a public pleasure-ground. No other park is equal to it. Let this principle of combination be extended to the formation of homes as well as to municipal affairs, and we shall simply dot this country over with establishments (*b*) as much better than those of the nobles of England as they are better than those of a day-labourer. We say better, for they will make art and luxury minister to universal education, and they will replace menial service with downright brotherhood. Such must be the future of American society."

"*To the Editor of the 'American Socialist.'*

"In your first issue you raise the question, '*How large ought a Home to be?*' This is a question of great interest to all; and I trust the accumulated answers you will receive will aid in its solution.

"I have lived in homes varying in numbers from one (the bachelor's home) to several hundred; and my experience and observation lead me to regard one hundred and twenty-five as about the right number to form a complete home. I would not have less than seventy-five nor more than one hundred and fifty. In my opinion a Home should minister to all the needs of its members, spiritual, intellectual, social, and physical. This ordinary monogamic homes cannot do; hence resort is had to churches, colleges, club-rooms, theatres, etc.; and in sparsely settled regions of country, people are put to great inconvenience and compelled to go great distances to supply cravings as imperative as the hunger for bread. This view alone would not limit the number of persons constituting a Home; but I take the ground that in a perfect Home there will be a perfect blending of all interests and perfect vibration in unison of all hearts; and of course thorough mutual acquaintance. My experience and observation convince me that it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to secure these results in a family of over one hundred and fifty members.

"In simply a monetary view it is undoubtedly best to have large Homes of a thousand or more; but money should not have great weight in comparison with a man's spiritual, intellectual, and social needs.—D. E. S."

[b] As a painter, no less than a philanthropist, I am curious to see the effect of scenery, in these "polite" terms of description, "dotted over with establishments."

LETTER 72

THE FATHERLAND[1]

VENICE, *9th November*, 1876, 7 *morning*.

1. I HAVE set my writing-table close to the pillars of the great window of the Ca' Ferro, which I drew, in 1841, carefully, with those of the next palace, Ca' Contarini Fasan. Samuel Prout was so pleased with the sketch that he borrowed it, and made the upright drawing from it of the palace with the rich balconies, which now represents his work very widely as a chromo-lithotint.*

Between the shafts of the pillars, the morning sky is seen pure and pale, relieving the grey dome of the church of the Salute; but beside that vault, and like it, vast thunderclouds heap themselves above the horizon, catching the light of dawn upon them where they rise, far westward, over the dark roof of the ruined Badia;[2]—but all so massive, that half-an-hour ago, in the dawn, I scarcely knew the Salute dome and towers from theirs; while the sea-gulls, rising and falling hither and thither in clusters above the green water beyond my balcony, tell me that the south wind is wild on Adria.

"Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ."[3]—The Sea has her Lord, and the sea-birds are prescient of the storm; but my own England, ruler of the waves in her own proud thoughts, can she rule the tumult of her people or, pilotless, even so

* My original sketch is now in the Schools of Oxford.[4]

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[1] [See below, § 11.]
[2] [The Abbazia di S. Gregorio.]
[3] [Horace, *Odes*, III. iii. 5.]
[4] [Reference Series, No. 65: see Vol. XXI. p. 31. The drawing is reproduced in Vol. III., Plate 2 (p. 212).]

much as discern the thunderclouds heaped over her Galilean lake of life?[1]

2. Here is a little grey cockle-shell, lying beside me,[2] which I gathered, the other evening, out of the dust of the Island of St. Helena; and a brightly-spotted snail-shell, from the thistly sands of Lido; and I want to set myself to draw these, and describe them, in peace.

"Yes," all my friends say, "that is my business; why can't I mind it, and be happy?"[3]

Well, good friends, I would fain please you, and myself with you; and live here in my Venetian palace, luxurious; scrutinant of dome, cloud, and cockle-shell. I could even sell my books for not inconsiderable sums of money if I chose to bribe the reviewers, pay half of all I got to the booksellers, stick bills on the lamp-posts, and say nothing but what would please the Bishop of Peterborough.[4]

I could say a great deal that would please him, and yet be very good and useful; I should like much again to be on terms with my old publisher,[5] and hear him telling me nice stories over our walnuts, this Christmas, after dividing his year's spoil with me in Christmas charity. And little enough mind have I for any work, in this seventy-seventh year that's coming of our glorious century, wider than I could find in the compass of my cockle-shell.

3. But alas! my prudent friends, little enough of all that I have a mind to may be permitted me. For this green tide that eddies by my threshold is full of floating corpses, and I must leave my dinner to bury them, since I cannot save;[6] and put my cockle-shell in cap, and take

[1] [For the reference here to Milton, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 20 (Vol. XVIII. p. 69).]

[2] [Ruskin's diary shows that on November 16 he "stayed in all day resting and painting cockle-shell successfully."]

[3] [For Ruskin's "tragic power" in not being able to dissociate his thoughts from misery or destruction around him, see his Preface of 1883 to *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 9). For the island of St. Helena, see Vol. X. p. 423 *n.*, and Vol. XXIV. p. xliii.]

[4] [Who had been reported as advising "strict neutrality" on questions of Political Economy: see the next page, and below, p. 770.]

[5] [See the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. (p. lxxxiv.).]

[6] [Compare *Time and Tide*, § 112 (Vol. XVII. p. 411).]

my staff in hand, to seek an unencumbered shore. This green sea-tide!—yes, and if you knew it, your black and sulphurous tides also—Yarrow, and Teviot, and Clyde, and the stream, for ever now drumly and dark as it rolls on its way, at the ford of Melrose.[1]

Yes, and the fair lakes and running waters in your English park pleasure-grounds,—nay, also the great and wide sea, that gnaws your cliffs,—yes, and Death, and Hell also, more cruel than cliff or sea; and a more neutral episcopal person than even my Lord of Peterborough * stands, level-barred balance in hand,—waiting (how long?) till the Sea shall give up the dead which are in it, and Death, and Hell, give up the dead which are in them.[2]

4. Have you ever thought of, desired to know, the real meaning of that sign, seen with the human eyes of his soul by the disciple whom the Lord loved? Yes, of course you have! and what a grand and noble verse you always thought it! "And the Sea——" Softly, good friend,—I know you can say it off glibly and pompously enough, as you have heard it read a thousand times; but is it, then, merely a piece of pomp? mere drumming and trumpeting, to tell you—what might have been said in three words—that all the dead rose again, whether they had been bedridden, or drowned, or slain? If it means no more than that, is it not, to speak frankly, bombast, and even bad and half unintelligible bombast?—for what does "Death" mean, as distinguished from the Sea,—the American lakes? or Hell as distinguished from Death,—a family vault instead of a grave?

But suppose it is not bombast, and does mean something that it would be well you should think of,—have you yet understood it,—much less, thought of it? Read the whole

* See third Article of Correspondence [p. 770].

[1] [For the fouling of Teviot, see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 242 (Vol. XXII. p. 473); of Clyde, Letter 16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 288); and of the Tweed, at Melrose, Letter 33, (*ibid.*, p. 622).]

[2] [Revelation xx. 13.]

passage from the beginning: "I saw the Dead, small and great, stand before God. And the Books were opened;"[1]—and so to the end.

"*Stand*" in renewed perfectness of body and soul—each redeemed from its own manner of Death.

For have not they each their own manner? As the seed by the drought, or the thorn,—so the soul by the soul's hunger, and the soul's pang;—athirst in the springless sand; choked in the return wave of Edom; grasped by the chasm of the earth: some, yet calling "out of the depths";[2] but some—"Thou didst blow with Thy wind and the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters."[3] But *now* the natural grave, in which the gentle saints resigned their perfect body to the dust, and perfect spirit to Him who gave it;[4]—and now the wide sea of the world, that drifted with its weeds so many breasts that heaved but with the heaving deep;[5]—and now the Death that overtook the lingering step, and closed the lustful eyes;—and now the Hell, that hid with its shade, and scourged with its agony, the fierce and foul spirits that had forced its gates in flesh:*—all these the Loved Apostle saw compelled to restore their ruin; and all these, their prey, stand once again, renewed, as their Maker made them, before their Maker. "And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it, and Death, and Hell, the dead which were in them."[6]

Not bombast, good reader, in any wise; nor a merely soothing melody of charming English, to be mouthed for a "second lesson."

But is it worse than bombast, then? Is it, perchance, pure Lie?

5. Carpaccio, at all events, thought not; and this, as I

* Conf. *Inferno*, XXXIII. 123.

[1] [Revelation xx. 12.]
[2] [Psalms cxxx. 1.]
[3] [Exodus xv. 10.]
[4] [Ecclesiastes xii. 7.]
[5] [Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xi.]
[6] [Revelation xx. 13.]

have told you,[1] is the first practical opinion of his I want you to be well informed of.

Since that last *Fors* was written, one of my friends found for me the most beautiful of all the symbols in the picture of the Dream;[2]—one of those which leap to the eyes when they are understood, yet which, in the sweet enigma, I had deliberately twice painted, without understanding.[3]

At the head of the princess's bed is embroidered her shield (of which elsewhere[4]);—but on a dark blue-green space in the cornice above it is another very little and bright shield, it seemed,—but with no bearing. I painted

[1] [See above, p. 732.]

[2] [The following letter to Mr. James Reddie Anderson bears upon these matters:—

"VENICE, *3rd January*, 1877.

"MY DEAREST JAMIE,—I should have written to you on the first day of the year, had I not been passing, since Christmas day, through a course of teaching, which began with a gift from St. Ursula of a sprig of vervain, and a pot of pinks, 'with her love,' and went on unceasingly through the Christmas week and New Year's day, closing and leaving me again in this material world—yesterday morning. The principal piece of it was through your discovery of the Porphyrio, and I am certain now that what you and Mr. Caird have done is the most important contribution to historical theology that could possibly have been made in these days, and I look with quite intense and securely trustful interest to the results of your collected evidence.

"Infidel that you were! You will end by living a Vita Nuova, and giving it to many and many a soul besides.

"I have been to look at St. Jerome, but it was too dark for the astronomy.

"The last (probable) additions to our picture reading of the Dream are that the deep crimson rods of the flower-pot are the four nails and lance point of her Lord, and that the singularly open book in her book-case is the Book of her Life, the black clasp—arrow-head again—marking the place where, in sacred pause, 'Quel giorno non piu leggemmo avanti.'

"Both these symbols are Mr. Bunney's finding (except the Dante finish, which is *my* little contribution—but owing to your hint about Dante).

"Ever your affectionate,

"J. R.

For the "gift from St. Ursula," see in the next volume, p. 30. For the "discovery of the Porphyrio," ("the bird of chastity with the bent spray of vervain in its beak"), see *St. Mark's Rest*, § 28 (Vol. XXIV. p. 230). The "contribution to historical theology" is doubtless the interpretation of "St. Jerome in his Study," given in *St. Mark's Rest*, Vol. XXIV. pp. 353-356. For the quotation from Dante, see *Inferno*, v. 138 (quoted also above, p. 354).]

[3] [See Letter 20, §§ 14, 15 (Vol. XXVII. p. 342).]

[4] [Ruskin did not, however, return to the subject. By "elsewhere" he probably meant his intended, but unwritten, "Separate Guide to the Works of Carpaccio in Venice" (see Vol. XXIV. p. 179 *n.*).]

it, thinking it was meant merely for a minute repetition of the escutcheon below, and that the painter had not taken the trouble to blazon the bearings again. (I might have known Carpaccio never would even *omit* without meaning.) And I never noticed that it was not in a line above the escutcheon, but exactly above the princess's head. It gleams with bright silver edges out of the dark-blue ground—the point of the mortal Arrow!

At the time it was painted the sign would necessarily have been recognized in a moment; and it completes the meaning of the vision without any chance of mistake.

6. And it seems to me, guided by such arrow-point, the purpose of Fors that I should make clear the meaning of what I have myself said on this matter, throughout the six years in which I have been permitted to carry on the writing of these letters, and to preface their series for the seventh year, with the interpretation of this Myth of Venice.

I have told you that all Carpaccio's sayings are of knowledge, not of opinion.[1] And I mean by knowledge, *communicable* knowledge. Not merely personal, however certain —like Job's "I know that my Redeemer liveth,"[2] but discovered truth, which can be shown to all men who are willing to receive it. No great truth is allowed by nature to be demonstrable to any person who, foreseeing its consequences, desires to refuse it. He has put himself into the power of the Great Deceiver; and will in every effort be only further deceived, and place more fastened faith in his error.

7. This, then, is the truth which Carpaccio knows, and would teach:—

That the world is divided into two groups of men; the first, those whose God is their God, and whose glory is their glory, who mind heavenly things; and the second, men whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their

[1] [See Letter 71, § 1 (p. 732).]
[2] [Job xix. 25.]

shame,* who mind earthly things.[1] That is just as demonstrable a scientific fact as the separation of land from water. There may be any quantity of intermediate mind, in various conditions of bog;—some, wholesome Scotch peat,—some, Pontine marsh,—some, sulphurous slime, like what people call water in English manufacturing towns; but the elements of Croyance and Mescroyance[2] are always chemically separable out of the putrescent mess: by the faith that is in it, what life or good it can still keep, or do, is possible; by the miscreance in it, what mischief it can do, or annihilation it can suffer, is appointed for its work and fate. All strong character curdles itself out of the scum into its own place and power, or impotence: and they that sow to the Flesh, do of the Flesh reap corruption; and they that sow to the Spirit, do of the Spirit reap Life.[3]

I pause, without writing "everlasting," as perhaps you expected. Neither Carpaccio nor I know anything about Duration of life, or what the word translated "everlasting," means.[4] Nay, the first sign of noble trust in God and man, is to be able to act without any such hope.[5] All the heroic deeds, all the purely unselfish passions of our existence, depend on our being able to live, if need be, through the Shadow of Death: and the daily heroism of simply brave men consists in fronting and accepting Death as such, trusting that what their Maker decrees for them shall be well.

8. But what Carpaccio knows, and what I know also, are precisely the things which your wiseacre apothecaries,

* Mr. Darwin's last discoveries of the gestures of honour and courtesy among baboons are a singular completion of the types of this truth in the natural world.[6]

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[1] [Philippians iii. 19.]

[2] [Compare Letters 5 and 25 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 81, 466).]

[3] [Galatians vi. 8.]

[4] [On the meaning of *αἰώνιος*, translated "everlasting" (without any sufficient authority), see Excursus III. in Dean Farrar's *Eternal Hope*.]

[5] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, Introduction, §§ 13 *seq.* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 394 *seq.*).]

[6] [The reference is to a paper by Darwin in *Nature*, November 2, 1876 (vol. 15, pp. 18, 19) describing certain "indecorous habits" of monkeys on occasions of ceremony and in courtship.]

and their apprentices, and too often your wiseacre rectors and vicars, and *their* apprentices, tell you that you can't know, because "eye hath not seen nor ear heard them," the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God has revealed them to *us*,[1]—to Carpaccio, and Angelico, and Dante, and Giotto, and Filippo Lippi, and Sandro Botticelli, and me, and to every child that has been taught to know its Father in heaven,—by the Spirit; because we have minded, or do mind, the things of the Spirit in some measure, and in such measure have entered into our rest.

"The things which God *hath prepared* for them that love Him." Hereafter, and up there, above the clouds, you have been taught to think; until you were informed by your land-surveyors that there was neither up nor down; but only an axis of x and an axis of y; and by aspiring aeronauts that there was nothing in the blue but damp and azote. And now you don't believe these things are prepared *any*where? They are prepared just as much as ever, when and where they used to be: just now, and here, close at your hand. All things are prepared,—come ye to the marriage. Up and down on the old highways which your fathers trod, and under the hedges of virgin's bower and wild rose which your fathers planted, there are the messengers crying to you to come. Nay, at your very doors, though one is just like the other in your model lodging-houses,—there is One knocking, if you would open, with something better than tracts in His basket;—supper, and very material supper, if you will only condescend to eat of angels' food first.[2] There are meats for the belly, and the belly for meats: doth not your Father know that ye have need of these things? But if you make your belly your only love, and your meats your only masters, God shall destroy both it and them.

[1] [1 Corinthians ii. 9, 10. The other Bible references in § 8 are Romans viii. 5; Hebrews iv. 11; Matthew xxii. 4; Revelation iii. 20; 1 Corinthians vi. 13; Luke xii. 30; and Psalms xiv. 1.]

[2] [For explanation of this passage, see Letter 74, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 35).]

Truly, it is hard for you to hear the low knocking in the hubbub of your Vanity Fair. You are living in the midst of the most perfectly miscreant crowd that ever blasphemed creation. Not with the old snap-finger blasphemy of the wantonly profane, but the deliberate blasphemy of Adam Smith: "Thou shalt hate the Lord thy God, damn His laws, and covet thy neighbour's goods."[1] Here's one of my own boys[2] getting up that lesson beside me for his next Oxford examination. For Adam Smith is accepted as the outcome of Practical Philosophy, at our universities; and their youth urged to come out high in competitive blasphemy. Not the old snap-finger sort,* I repeat, but that momentary sentiment, deliberately adopted for a national law. I must turn aside for a minute or two to explain this to you.

9. The eighth circle of Dante's Hell (compare *Fors* of December, 1872, Letter 24, § 15[3]) is the circle of fraud, divided into ten gulphs; in the seventh of these gulphs are the Thieves, by Fraud,—brilliantly now represented by the men who covet their neighbours' goods and take them in any way they think safe, by high finance, sham companies, cheap goods, or any other of our popular modern ways.

Now there is not in all the *Inferno* quite so studied a piece of descriptive work as Dante's relation of the infection of one cursed soul of this crew by another. They

* In old English illuminated Psalters, of which I hope soon to send a perfect example to Sheffield[4] to companion our Bible, the vignette of the Fool saying in his heart, "There is no God," nearly always represents him in this action. Vanni Fucci makes the Italian sign of the Fig,—"A fig for you!"[5]

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[1] [For another reference to Adam Smith's "new Commandment," see Letters 78 and 79 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 134, 146).]

[2] [One of his Oxford pupils, with him at this time in Venice: see Vol. XXIV. p. xli.]

[3] [Vol. XXVII. p. 426.]

[4] [The Psalter referred to was, however, not sent.]

[5] [Dante, *Inferno*, xxv. 2, where in noticing the sacrilegious Vanni Fucci, Dante describes how "the sinner raised his hands pointed in mockery" ("le mani alzò con ambedue le fiche")—the practice of thrusting out the thumb between the first and second fingers having prevailed very generally among European nations as an expression of insolent contempt.]

change alternately into the forms of men and serpents, each biting the other into this change—

> "Ivy ne'er clasped
> A doddered oak, as round the other's limbs
> The hideous monster intertwined his own;
> Then, as they both had been of burning wax,
> Each melted into other."[1]

Read the story of the three transformations for yourself (Cantos xxiv., xxv.), and then note the main point of all, that the spirit of such theft is especially indicated by its intense and direct manner of blasphemy:—

> "I did not mark,
> Through all the gloomy circle of the abyss,
> Spirit that swelled so proudly 'gainst its God,
> Not him who headlong fell from Thebes."[2]

The soul is Vanni Fucci's, who rifled the sacristy of St. James of Pistoja, and charged Vanni della Nona with the sacrilege, whereupon the latter suffered death. For in those days, death was still the reward of sacrilege by the Law of State; whereas, while I write this *Fors*, I receive notice of the conjunction of the sacred and profane civic powers of London to de-consecrate, and restore to the definitely pronounced "unholy" spaces of this world, the church of All-Hallows, wherein Milton was christened.

A Bishop was there to read, as it were, the Lord's Prayer backwards, or at least address it to the Devil instead of to God, to pray that over this portion of British Metropolitan territory *His* Kingdom might again come.[3]

[1] [*Inferno* (Cary's translation), xxv. 51–55.]

[2] [*Ibid.* (Cary's translation), xxv. 12–15. Cary has "circles" and "his" God.]

[3] [In 1876 the parish of All Hallows, Bread Street, was united with that of St. Mary-le-Bow, and the church itself was pulled down at the end of 1877. On the east side of Bread Street, marking the spot formerly occupied by the church, a bust of Milton has been let into the wall, with an inscription recording that he was there baptized. The ceremony of deconsecration was performed by Bishop Claughton, and reported in the *Times* of October 20, 1876. "A momentary sensation was caused," says the report, "by a man in the congregation at the foot of the church declaring in a loud voice that he protested against the proceedings." The *Times* of subsequent days makes no mention of any arrest.]

10. A notable sign of the times,—completed, in the mythical detail of it, by the defiance of the sacred name of the Church, and the desecration of good men's graves,* lest, perchance, the St. Ursulas of other lands should ever come on pilgrimage, rejoicing, over the sea, hopeful to see such holy graves among the sights of London.

Infinitely ridiculous, such travelling as St. Ursula's, you think,—to see dead bodies, forsooth, and ask, with every poor, bewildered Campagna peasant, "Dov' è San Paolo?"[1] Not at all such the object of modern English and American Tourists!—nay, sagacious Mr. Spurgeon came home from his foreign tour, and who more proud than he to have scorned, in a rational manner, all relics and old bones?[2] I have some notes by me, ready for February,[3] concerning the unrejoicing manner of travel adopted by the sagacious modern tourist, and his objects of contemplation, for due comparison with St. Ursula's; but must to-day bring her lesson close home to your own thoughts.

11. Look back to §§ 5 and 16 of the *Fors* of January for this year.[4] The first tells you, what this last sign of Church desecration now confirms, that you are in the midst of men who, *if* there be truth in Christianity at all, must be punished for their open defiance of Heaven by the withdrawal of the Holy Spirit, and the triumph of the Evil One. And you are told in the last paragraph that by the service of God only you can recover the presence of the Holy Ghost of Life and Health—the Comforter.

This—vaguely and imperfectly, during the last six years,

* My friend Mr. W. C. Sillar rose in the church, and protested, in the name of God, against the proceedings. He was taken into custody as disorderly,—the press charitably suggested, only drunk;—and was, I believe, discharged without fine or imprisonment, for we live in liberal days.

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[1] [See Letter 43, § 13 (p. 119).]

[2] [See, for instance, *My Run to Naples and Pompeii*, a lecture by C. H. Spurgeon on Tuesday, January 28, 1873.]

[3] [When the time came, however, other topics intervened. The notes in question are now printed in Appendix 18 (Vol. XXIX. p. 574).]

[4] [Letter 61 (above, pp. 488–489, 501–502).]

proclaimed to you, as it was granted me—in this coming seventh year I trust to make more simply manifest;[1] and to show you how every earthly good and possession will be given you, if you seek first the Kingdom of God and His Justice.[2] If, in the assurance of Faith, you can ask and strive that such kingdom may be with you, though it is not meat and drink, but Justice, Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghost,[3]—if, in the first terms I put to you for oath,* you will do good work, whether you live or die,[4] and so lie down at night, whether hungry or weary, at least in peace of heart and surety of honour;—then, you shall rejoice, in your native land, and on your nursing sea, in all fulness of temporal possession;—then, for you the earth shall bring forth her increase, and for you the floods clap their hands;[5] —throughout your sacred pilgrimage, strangers here and sojourners with God, yet His word shall be with you,—"the land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is Mine,"[6] and after your numbered days of happy loyalty, you shall go to rejoice in His Fatherland, and with His people.

* Compare Letter 46, § 8, to end, observing especially the sentence out of 2nd Esdras, "before *they* were sealed that have gathered Faith for a Treasure" [§ 9].[7]

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[1] [See Letter 81 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 194-195).]
[2] [Matthew vi. 33.]
[3] [Romans xiv. 17.]
[4] [Compare Letter 2, § 22 (Vol. XXVII. p. 44).]
[5] [Psalms lxvii. 6, xcviii. 8.]
[6] [Leviticus xxv. 23: see above, p. 672 *n.*]
[7] [2 Esdras vi. 4, 5.]

12. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

There is no occasion to put our small account again in print till the end of the year: we are not more than ten pounds ahead, since last month.[1]

I certainly would not have believed, six years ago, that I had so few friends who had any trust in me; or that the British public would have entirely declined to promote such an object as the purchase of land for national freehold.

Next year I shall urge the operatives whom any words of mine may reach, to begin some organization with a view to this object among themselves. They have already combined to build co-operative mills; they would find common land a more secure investment.

I am very anxious to support, with a view to the determination of a standard of material in dress, the wool manufacture among the old-fashioned cottagers of the Isle of Man; and I shall be especially grateful to any readers of *Fors* who will communicate with Mr. Egbert Rydings (Laxey, Isle of Man) on this subject. In the island itself, Mr. Rydings tells me, the stuffs are now little worn by the better classes, because they "wear too long,"—a fault which I hope there may be yet found English housewives who will forgive. At all events, I mean the square yard of Laxey homespun of a given weight, to be one of the standards of value in St. George's currency.[2]

The cheque of £25, sent to Mr. Rydings for the encouragement of some of the older and feebler workers, is the only expenditure, beyond those for fittings slowly proceeded with in our museum at Sheffield, to which I shall have to call attention at the year's end.

13. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

Though my readers, by this time, will scarcely be disposed to believe it, I really *can* keep accounts, if I set myself to do so: and even greatly enjoy keeping them, when I do them the first thing after my Exodus or Plato every morning; and keep them to the uttermost farthing. I *have* examples of such in past diaries; one, in particular, great in its exhibition of the prices of jargonel and Queen Louise pears at Abbeville.[3] And my days always go best when they are thus begun, as far as pleasant feeling and general prosperity of work are concerned. But there is a great deal of work, and especially such as I am now set on, which does not admit of accounts in the morning; but imperatively requires the fastening down forthwith of what first comes into one's mind after waking. Then the accounts get put off; tangle their thread—(so the Fates always instantly then ordain)—in some eightpenny matter, and without Œdipus to help on the right hand and Ariadne on the left, there's no bringing them right

[1] [See above, p. 749.]
[2] [For Mr. Rydings and the Laxey homespuns, see above, p. 585, and Vol. XXX.]
[3] [The diary of 1868.]

again. With due invocation to both, I think I have got my own accounts, for the past year, stated clearly below.

	Receipts.			Expenditure.			Balance.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
February	1344	17	9	817	0	0	527	17	9
March	67	10	0	370	2	3	225	5	6
April	1522	12	4	276	10	0	1471	7	10
May	484	18	3	444	16	3	1511	9	10
June	179	0	0	464	11	0	1225	18	10
July	0	0	0	460	0	0	765	18	10
August	180	11	8	328	19	6	617	11	0
September	0	0	0	427	5	0	190	6	0
October	1279	8	0	655	0	0	814	14	0
November	0	0	0	495	0	0	784	8	0[1]
December	592	15	4	242	0	0	1135	3	4[1]

In the first column are the receipts for each month; in the second, the expenditure; in the third, the balance, which is to be tested by adding the previous balance to the receipts in the first column, and deducting the expenditure from the sum.

The months named are those in which the number of *Fors* was published in which the reader will find the detailed statements: a grotesque double mistake, in March, first in the addition and then in the subtraction, concludes in a total error of threepence; the real balance being £225, 5s. 6d. instead of £225, 5s. 9d. I find no error in the following accounts beyond the inheritance of this excessive threepence (in October, p. 334,[2] the entry under September 1 is misprinted 10 for 15; but the sum is right), until the confusion caused by my having given the banker's balance in September, which includes several receipts and disbursements not in my own accounts, but to be printed in the final yearly estimate in *Fors* of next February. My own estimate, happily less than theirs, brings my balance for last month to £784, 8s.; taking up which result, the present month's accounts are as follows:—

	Receipts	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Oct. 15.	Balance	784	8	0			
	Dividend on £6500 Stock	292	10	0			
	Rents, Marylebone	90	15	4			
	Rents, Herne Hill	30	0	0			
	Oxford, Half-year's Salary	179	10	0			
					1377	3	4
	Expenditure						
Oct. 15 to *Nov.* 15.	Self at Venice	150	0	0			
Oct. 24.	Burgess	42	0	0			
Nov. 1.	Raffaelle[3]	15	0	0			
,, 7.	Downs.	25	0	0			
,, 11.	Crawley	10	0	0			
					242	0	0
					£1135	3	4

[1] [These balances should be £319, 14s. and £670, 9s. 4d.: see the author's correction, Letter 74, § 18 (Vol. XXIX. p. 50).]

[2] [Letter 70, § 16 (p. 729).]

[3] [See above, pp. 583, 729.]

14. (III.) I have lost the reference to a number of the *Monetary Gazette*, of three or four weeks back, containing an excellent article on the Bishop of Peterborough's declaration, referred to in the text,[1] that the disputes between masters and men respecting wages were a question of Political Economy, in which the clergy must remain "strictly neutral."

Of the Bishop's Christian spirit, in the adoption of his Master's "Who made me a divider?"[2] rather than of the earthly wisdom of John the Baptist, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you,"[3] the exacting public will not doubt. I must find out, however, accurately what the Bishop *did* say; and then we will ask Little Bear's opinion on the matter. For indeed, in the years to come, I think it will be well that nothing should be done without counsel of Ursula.

15. (IV.) The following is, I hope, the true translation of Job xxii. 24, 25, 26. I greatly thank my correspondent for it.

"Cast the brass to the dust, and the gold of Ophir to the rocks of the brooks.

"So, will the Almighty be thy gold and thy shining silver.*

"Yes, then wilt thou rejoice in the Almighty and raise thy countenance to God."

16. (V.) The following letter from a Companion may fitly close the correspondence for this year. I print it without suppression of any part, believing it may encourage many of my helpers, as it does myself:[4]—

"MY DEAR MASTER,—I have learnt a few facts about Humber keels. You know you were interested in my little keel scholars, because their vessels were so fine, and because they themselves were once simple bodies, almost guiltless of reading and writing. And it seems as if even the mud gives testimony to your words. So if you don't mind the bother of one of my tiresome letters, I'll tell you all I know about them.

"The Humber keels are, in nearly all cases, the property of the men who go in them. They are house and home to the keel family, who never live on shore like other sailors. It is very easy work navigating the rivers. There's only the worry of loading and unloading,—and then their voyages are full of leisure.

"Keelmen are rural sailors, passing for days and days between cornfields and poppy banks, meadows and orchards, through low moist lands, where skies are grand at sunrise and sunset.

"Now all this evidently makes a happy joyous life, and the smart colours and decoration of the boats are signs of it. Shouldn't you say so? Well, then, independence, home, leisure, and nature are right conditions of life—and that's a bit of St. George's doctrine I've verified nearly all by myself; and there are things I know about keel folks besides, which quite warrant my conclusions. But to see these very lowly craft stranded low on the mud at low tide, or squeezed in

* Silver of strength.

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[1] [See above, § 3. Search in the *Monetary Gazette* has failed to find the passage; nor can the Bishop's declaration be traced in his *Life* or *Addresses*. For another reference by Ruskin to it, see Letter 76, § 13 (Vol. XXIX. p. 95).]

[2] [Luke xii. 14.]

[3] [Luke iii. 13.]

[4] [For a further reference to the letter, see Letter 75, § 17 (Vol. XXIX. p. 72).]

among other ships—big and grimy things—in the docks, you would think they were too low in the scale of shipping to have any pride or pleasure in life; yet I really think they are little arks, dressed in rainbows. Remember, please, Humber keels are quite different things to barges of any kind. And now keels are off my mind—except that if I can ever get anybody to paint me a gorgeous one, I shall send it to you.

"My dear Master, I have thought so often of the things you said about yourself, in relation to St. George's work; and I feel sure that you are disheartened, and too anxious about it—that you have some sort of feeling about not being sufficient for all of it. Forgive me, but it is so painful to think that the Master is anxious about things which do not need consideration. You said, I think, the good of you was, that you collected teaching and laws for us. But is that just right? Think of your first impulse and purpose. Was not that your commission? Be true to it. To me it seems that the good of you (as you say it) is that you have a heart to feel the sorrows of the world—that you have courage and power to speak against injustice and falsehood, and more than all, that you act out what you say. Everybody else seems asleep or dead—wrapped up in their own comfort or satisfaction,—and utterly deaf to any appeal. Do not think your work is less than it is, and let all unworthy anxieties go. The work is God's, if ever any work was, and He will look after its success. Fitness or unfitness is no question, for you are chosen. Mistakes do not matter. Much work does not matter. It only really matters that the Master stays with us, true to first appointment; that his hand guides all first beginnings of things, sets the patterns for us,—and that we are loyal.

"Your affectionate servant."

END OF VOLUME XXVIII

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